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JANUARY 1989
Volume 161, Number 1

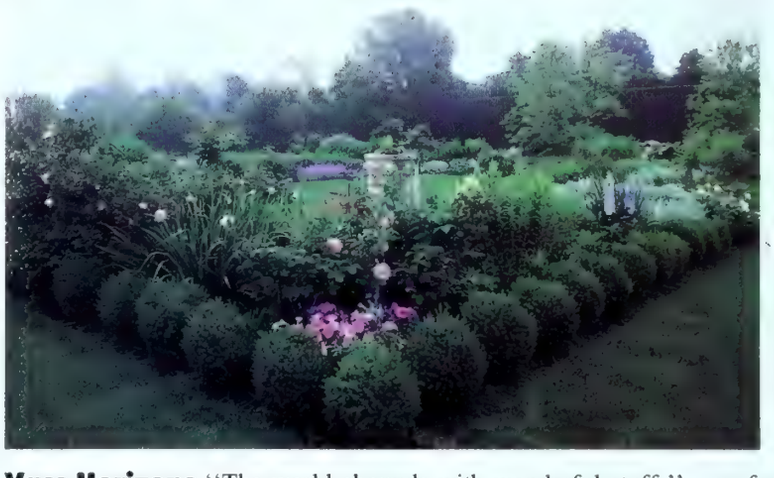


COVER
The terrace of Dick Dumas's *maison* in Provence—once the local café. Page 98. Photograph by François Halard.

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In the penthouse of Manhattan's hippest new hotel, the Royalton. Page 70. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



An antique ma
wellhead cente
Liz Mezzacapp
perennial gard
Southampton. P
82. Photograph
Lizzie Himmel.

Vass Horizons "The world abounds with wonderful stuff," says fashion designer Joan Vass. Jonathan Etra visits her loft and sees what she means **60**

The Royalton Treatment Charles Gandee checks in to the hippest new hotel in Manhattan **70**

Gentleman's Quarters Tom Fallon wanted his place to feel like "an old school pal." And it does, says Mary Cantwell **78**

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Chef's Special Two young architects throw away the recipe for the model kitchen. By Heather Smith MacIsaac **90**

On Audubon Place In laid-back New Orleans, decorator Ann Holden updates a formerly brooding Victorian house. By Nancy McKeon **94**

In the Light of Provence American designer Dick Dumas moved to a twelfth-century village in the south of France, bought the local café, and turned it into his *maison*. By Dodie Kazanjian **98**

Sam Wagstaff's Silver He was a renegade collector who amassed an extraordinary cache of American Victorian silver—some of which he carried around in his pocket, as Ingrid Sischy remembers **108**

Roman Revival Adriano Magistretti transformed a sixteenth-century orangery into a one-room palazzo. By Jonathan Turner **114**

Canyon Hideout When Ned Tanen wraps up each day in Hollywood, he heads home to a few thousand of his favorite things. Pilar Viladas takes inventory **120**

Out Back in Australia A wild and rambling garden behind a tiny nineteenth-century cottage outside Melbourne is Graham and Vicki Geddes's weekend escape—and obsession. By Deborah Bartlett Pitt **126**

Playing with Fire A coat of paint, a bolt of fabric, a few well-chosen objects spruce up the humble hearth. HG takes on the mantel **132**

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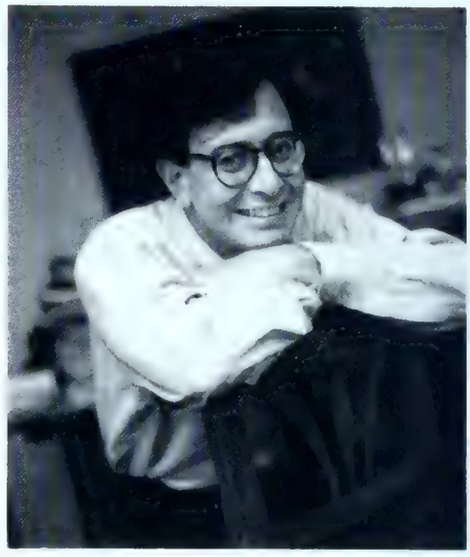
CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



SHEILA METZNER

RUTH ANSEL

"I'd like the pages of today's HG to reflect a very personal, subjective sense of individual style," says design director Ruth Ansel. "I'm fascinated with how people will be living in the nineties—in anything from tents to triplexes. The challenge at HG is to redefine our attitudes toward our surroundings—both the reality and the fantasy." Ansel's designing eye has directed publications such as *The New York Times Magazine, Vanity Fair* (where she established its current look), *Vogue,* and at *House & Garden* six years ago where she introduced readers to the innovative talents of photographers Oberto Gili, François Halard, and Evelyn Hofer.



JACKIE NICKERSON

STUART GREENSPAN

"I would love to sit on Iran's Peacock Throne, although I don't think it looks very comfortable," says Stuart Greenspan after an exhaustive search for the eleven most uncomfortable chairs for this month's Design column. Greenspan frequently writes—while sitting in a cozy desk chair—on the art market for *The New York Observer* and *Art & Auction.*

INGRID SISCHY

"To tell you the truth, I never thought about American silver until Sam Wagstaff couldn't stop talking about it. What he showed me made me want to see more," says Ingrid Sischy, who wrote about Wagstaff and his collection for this issue. A former editor in chief of *Artforum,* Sischy is now a consulting editor at HG. "Discovering art can happen when you least expect it. It's not always something that occurs in a museum," she says—as illustrated in this month's Art column, Artists in Residences.



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS



JOYCE RAVID

LIZZIE HIMMEL

Photographer Lizzie Himmel spent childhood summers in a garden on New York's Fire Island, where her mother "tried to plant on bare sand." Now a gardener herself, she grows things her cats can eat, but her primary contact with the outdoors is through a camera lens. This month she captures the Mezzacappa garden in Southampton.



MICK HALES

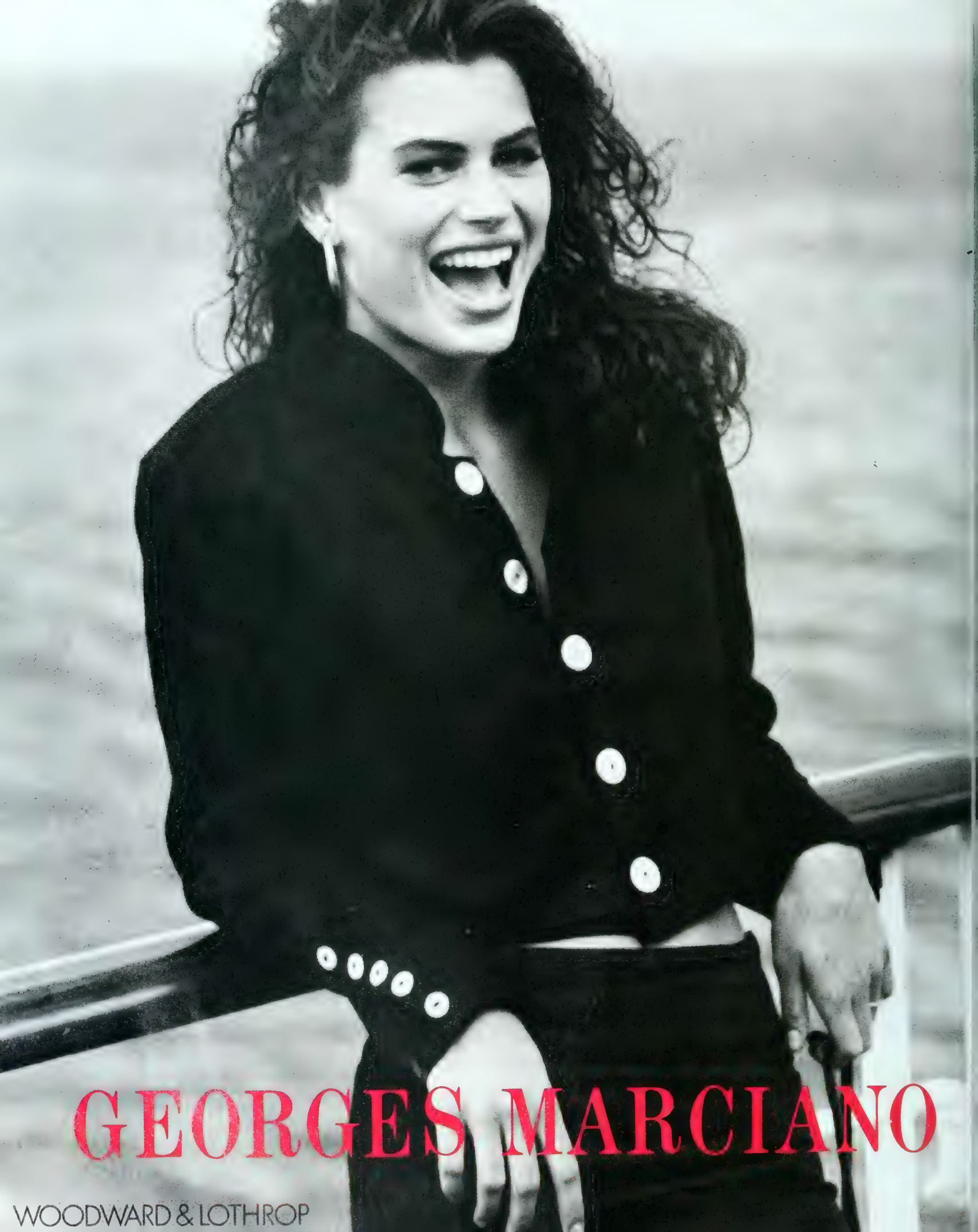
KATHERINE WHITESIDE

"It's fun to analyze how and why a garden works," says writer Katherine Whiteside, who does just that for the Mezzacappa garden. "It's not just the plants or the location but also the expertise of the designer and the personality of the owner." Whiteside contributes to a number of magazines and her first book, *Antique Flowers,* in collaboration with photographer Mick Hales, has just been published by Villard Books.



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NOTES



CLASSICS REVISITED

Tastemaker to nouvelle society in the 1890s, Ogden Codman cleared away the heavy tassels, embroidered velvet, and gaudy molding of Gilded Age interiors and replaced them with the cool lines of eighteenth-century European classicism. His book, *The Decoration of Houses*, written with Edith Wharton, became the definitive practical guide to classic style. Now the exhibition "Ogden Codman and the Decoration of Houses" is on view at New York's National Academy of Design, through January 29.



FINISHING TOUCH

Is this the real turtle or merely the mock? After four years of fine tuning, Washington, D.C., designer Griffin Gould unveiled a faux tortoise chair hand-built from cold-rolled steel and layered with forty coats of oil pigment for the "most elusive faux finish." Chairs to order, beginning at $10,200, from Griffin Gould, Inc. (202) 333-3998.



Lighting Rods

The Light Ray! is an illuminating new take on a familiar idea—track lighting. A trio of halogen lamps on 18-inch telescopic arms ride a 6-foot rail; the trick is in the flexible tubing, which twists and curves whenever the lights are moved, $1,000. From GEO International, International Design Center, 30–20 Thompson Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101; (718) 786-3232.



SHARP DRESSER

Los Angeles artist Annie Kelly's usable sculpture is a funky tribute to Cubism. In the dressing table here, apples and oranges reminiscent of Cézanne's or Juan Gris's break up the piece's boxy lines. The result is a clever multiple-perspective painting in 3-D. Available through the Gallery of Functional Art, 2429 Main St., Santa Monica, CA 90405; (213) 450-2827.

NOTES



PALLADIO FOR SALE

Built in 1554 for a Venetian admiral and his family, the Villa Cornaro in Piombino Dese, Italy, is one of the nineteen buildings by architect Andrea Palladio which still stands. An American professor and his wife spent the past seventeen years restoring and furnishing the house, and now that their work is complete, they have put the villa on the market. "We are treating this great home like a work of Renaissance art, which is truly what it is," reports Sotheby's John Prince, who isn't just indulging in Realtor hype. It comes with 114 frescoes by Mattia Bortoloni and six oversize statues of the Cornaro family by Camillo Mariani. Sotheby's has set a "price guide" of $2.5–$3 million.



FENDI FURNITURE

When the Fendi sisters decided to try their hands at furniture, inspiration came from the clothes that bear their famous imprint. Using their own rich textiles, they designed a line of chairs, tables, and sofas that is as classic as their fashions. At Fendi, Via Borgognona 39, Rome.







Small Pleasures

A childhood spent traipsing around the world with his parents inspired British jewelry designer Theo Fennell's latest collection of miniatures. New in the United States, these meticulously handcrafted pillboxes, made of sterling silver and 18-kt gold, start at $610 at Tiffany & Co., New York. With clients ranging from royals to rock and rollers, Fennell is attracting widespread acclaim for his witty little designs. Your bags should not be packed without them.







FLOWERS FOR DINNER

Graphic porcelain serving plates, each spotlighting one of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe's black-and-white blossoms—a calla lily, an orchid—are a new twist on traditional floral dinnerware, from Swid Powell, New York.



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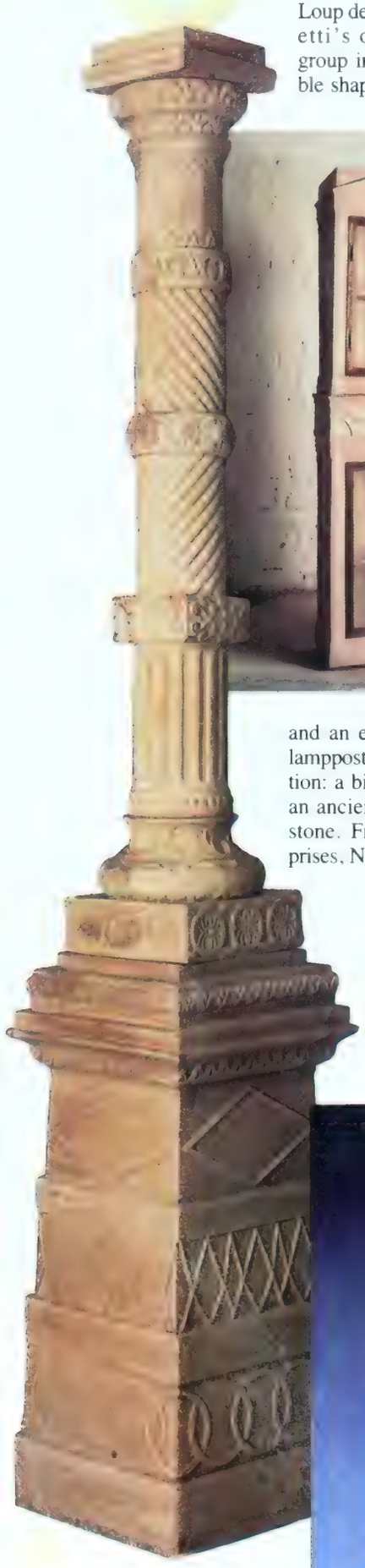
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FOLLIES OF '89

Terra-cotta takes on whimsical forms in a furniture collection designed by the late landscape architect Loup de Viane for Elsa Peretti's own houses. The group includes a coffee table shaped like a doghouse



and an elaborately carved lamppost. The newest addition: a birdhouse replica of an ancient Etruscan tombstone. From Kuma Enterprises, New York City.





A Ship in the Night

French designer Sylvain Dubuisson wanted to make the "most simple thing," so he created a bed with a mast and a sail. Available, with mattress, through Fourniture, 43 rue de l'Evangile, 75886 Paris.



24-Karat Seating

Literally worth its weight in gold, the cloth that has covered royal chairs for centuries and added gleam to the grandest houses is being reintroduced in the U.S. after four decades by Christopher Hyland, New York. Made of 24-kt hand-beaten gold strands woven with silk and fringe to match, this glittering textile is part of a collection (priced at $210–$900 per yard) which brings the Gilded Age to the present.



THE MALL, ITALIAN STYLE

It's surprising that such a well-known and respected architect as Aldo Rossi even agreed to design a large suburban shopping center in Parma, Italy. The results, however, are staggering—no banal sprawl in the not-so-grand American mall tradition. Ten 50-foot brick towers are banded near the top with bold ceramic tile signs that recall the typography used on early twentieth century industrial buildings. Derived from the early modern, rather than classical, past, the Centro Torri complex is bound to become a local monument, and perhaps even an international one as well.



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CASTELBAJAC GLACÉ

Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, whose signature hand-painted canvas coats are as much about art as fashion, breaks ground by breaking walls. In his upbeat Paris boutique off the place des Victoires, the back wall that blocked one of the most poignant perspectives in the capital has been replaced by a towering glass arch. "The last time you could see from here through to the passage Colbert and into the Jardin du Palais-Royal was just before the Revolution," says the designer. "I love having this strong contact with the past and at the same time a window on the future." The boutique is the result of his hand-in-glove collaboration with decorator Patrick Maupeou. What the two of them were after, Castelbajac says, is the atmosphere of the "cell of a warrior monk."



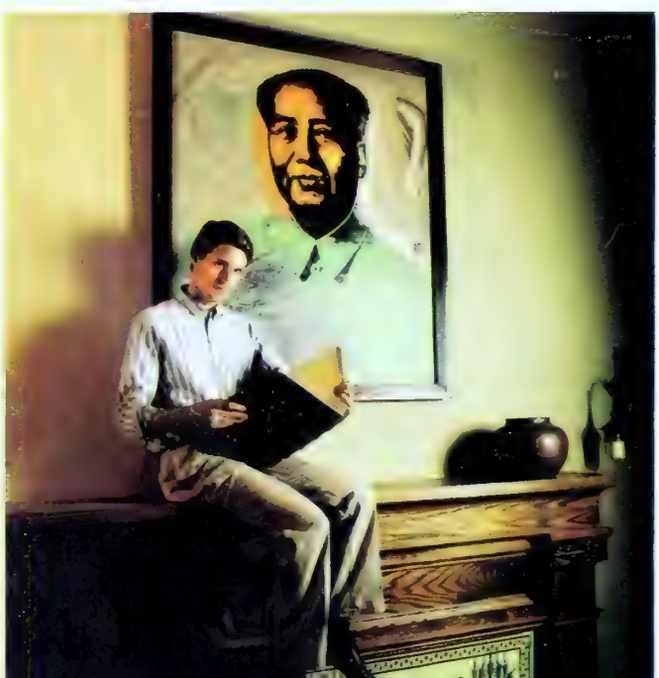




ROYAL REVUE

When William and Mary were crowned in England three hundred years ago, they became the dominant taste-setters of their adopted country. Now there is a fascinating view of how the decorative-arts style named for them influenced different levels of society: "Courts and Colonies: The William and Mary Style in Holland, England, and America," at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, through February 12.

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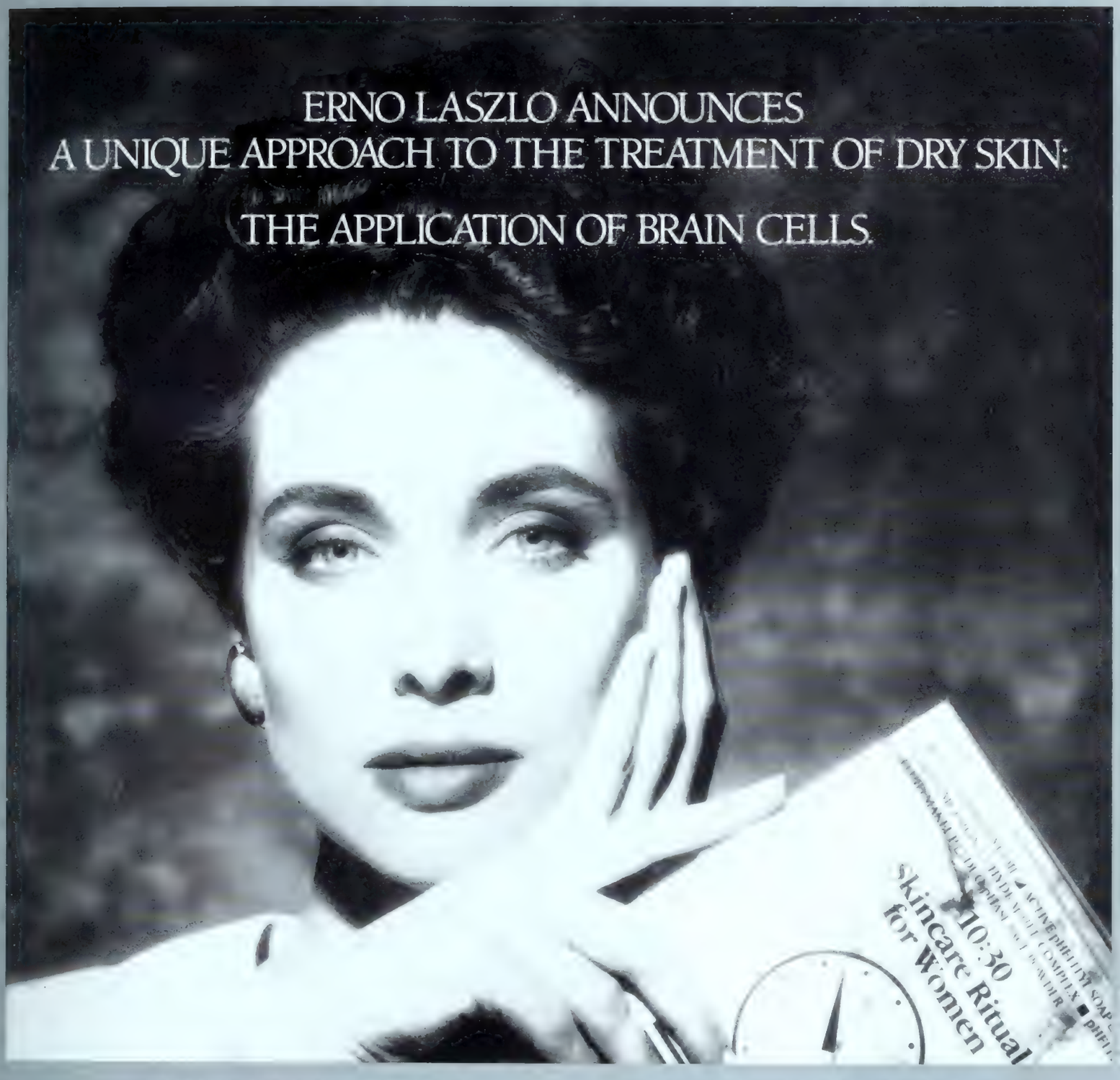


INSPIRATIONS
Jed Johnson's Choice

"Each page of A. Racinet's *Polychromatic Ornament* (1873) is a work of art. It's a beautiful leather-bound book of historic patterns from the ancient Greeks going through the Turks, Moors, Celts, Chinese, Japanese. I often find myself turning to Racinet when I start on a project. Some of my hand-printed fabrics and stencils are interpretations of its designs. In Andy Warhol's house I used a Greek motif for one of the bedrooms. Sometimes I'll see an intriguing color ensemble I never would have thought of, such as beige combined with black and grass-green. Every time I go through Racinet, I see something new, something wonderful."

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Undone in Paris

The editor in chief of French *Vogue* detests decorated apartments, writes Edmund White. Produced by Marie-Paule Pellé

Colombe Pringle is a woman of ripe contradictions, as complex as her hybrid name—her mother is French and her father English and she can scarcely finish a sentence in just one language. She has a horror of decorated apartments, which for her are as appealing as overdressed women. She and her husband, the painter Philippe Royer, long ago resolved never to redo an apartment—never to install a new kitchen or bathroom, for instance. Within that set of limitations, however, they are determined to impose their taste.





A diverse array of objects, above, includes favorite drawing. Right: Paired glass bottles designed by Groult and Lalique and Daum ashtrays.

Philippe, like most painters, is more interested in details than in the overall composition of a place. Painters like corners, moments, objects, whereas someone like Colombe, who is used to assembling a whole magazine every month, looks out for themes and continuities. For Colombe, visual style is compounded of her two nationalities. For instance, her dining room is terribly British—Wedgwood plates, old English silver, Chippendale chairs. Even the curtains are soberly luxurious in the best English fashion: blue on the side visible to guests, but—if momentarily tossed back by a breeze—then silver, for Colombe has fully lined them in a contrasting fabric. In all the rooms the walls are white, but the ceilings are each a different color—green in the dining room, blue and pink and other "Marie Laurencin colors," as Colombe puts it, in the other rooms.



Saturday afternoon en famille. Pringle and her children consume the papers, left. The painting is by Pringle's husband, Philippe Royer. Below: the drawing room, pink moiré sofas, a Bram van Velde carpet, and, by Groult, a leather armchair and black-lacquered desk.

But if the dining room is as English as her banker father, the two sitting rooms are as French as her mother, the writer Flora Groult, whose uncle was couturier Paul Poiret, who virtually invented modern fashion in the early decades of this century. And Colombe's grandfather was a celebrated decorator, André Groult. "So you see, our flat is a mixture of English formality and arty Parisian taste of the 1920s with lots of young abstract painters thrown in," Colombe explains.

A woman from such a family, as distinguished as it is bohemian, naturally comes equipped with fascinating possessions. Scattered about the seven-room apartment are





The Chair by the Window

I don't know how many sweaters my mother's knitted while sitting in her high wingback chair, but surely enough to keep an army warm. They were all knitted for me or my father and, then, my two girls. Solitary as knitting is, Mother always prefers having someone around, which was usually me. We'd talk for hours, Mother knitting while I held the yarn, the two of us solving the world's problems and some of our own as the sun made its way across the window. Whenever I see that chair, I think of her and how lucky I am to be kept warm by her sweaters, and her love.

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works by William Blake and the set designer for the Ballets Russes, Léon Bakst, as well as by Marie Laurencin, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, and Bram van Velde.

The apartment is on the avenue Montaigne, not far from the president's palace and the Champs-Élysées—one of the aristocratic neighborhoods of nineteenth-century Paris. But in this imposing frame Colombe



In the dining room, British formality is enlivened with Parisian aplomb.

strives for casualness, simplicity, and high spirits. Her three children feel free to drag home friends for lunch. Guests are encouraged to sprawl, relax—even a movie star will show up at Colombe's without makeup and in jeans. "What I like," Colombe states, "is formal food for informal evenings. I like every detail to be perfect—the cooking, the visual presentation on the plate, the table setting—but I don't want anyone to notice. I try to make people feel at home."

Although Colombe's husband inherited a château, the family seldom goes there. They have a "country house" that's far more sympatique—ten minutes away in Montparnasse on the Left Bank. "It's Philippe's studio," Colombe says. "And we pack up every Friday and spend the weekend in the atelier. Or sometimes we'll have a big Saturday lunch at the avenue Montaigne, then go over to the studio for coffee while Philippe paints." Her luncheons and dinners seldom grow larger than groups of eight: "If you have twelve, no one talks."

Rich bohemianism is perhaps the dominant phrase to describe Colombe's world, though no single term can capture a woman who's capable of saying, "I hate curtains and have them only in the dining room. Everywhere else I have blinds I made from a richly decadent Venetian fabric, which I like because it's so sad and baroque." Complexity makes for a restless, resourceful editor—and for an unclassifiable way of living. ♠


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Wild Things

Antlers and horns stake out new territories





The natural defense of many noble beasts, horns have too long been associated with gloomy Bavarian hunting lodges and dusty men's clubs. Now, thanks to a few designers fearless enough to venture beyond the slick and the fussy, these prickly untamed appendages are making a comeback.

Horn shapes masquerading as table legs, chairs, and lights dominate the latest work of Paris's high-profile design teams Bonetti and Garouste

Horn chair, above, by David Barrett, upholstered in Clarence House's Jeu de Cartes. Left: Antelope console by Andrew Howarth, from Modern Stone Age, NYC.

Horn-and-brass mid 19th century umbrella stand, left, from James II Galleries, NYC, with a selection of horn and ivory canes, a riding whip, and an umbrella from New York's M. J. Knoud, Hoffman-Gampetro, and Prada. Details see Sources.





Rupestrian fabric, above, from Cedro, Madrid. Left: Ará reading lamp by Philippe Starck, from FLOS. Right: Timney-Fowler Raj fabric, at Christopher Hyland, NYC.

Masquerading as table legs, chairs, and lights, horns have untamed the design world

and Mathieu and Ray. And Philippe Starck honed in on horns for his renovation of the Royalton in New York (see page 70). The primitive instinct has also hit New York designer David Barrett, whose game room chairs, upholstered in a shocking-red playing-card print, stand on spiky deer antlers. At Ann-Morris Antiques in New York chandeliers are composed of tangles of antlers, which are naturally shed by elk and deer each year.

The passion for organic and unruly furniture is nothing new. In the Middle Ages lamps made of interlocked antlers illuminated baronial halls. And in the mid nineteenth century, when Victorian romantics fell for the grandeur of the Scottish highlands, horn settees, hat racks, and umbrella stands became the height of fashion. Closer to home, ranchers in Texas have been sitting on steer horns for generations. They could have predicted that the horn was destined for a new heyday. **Amicia de Moubray**







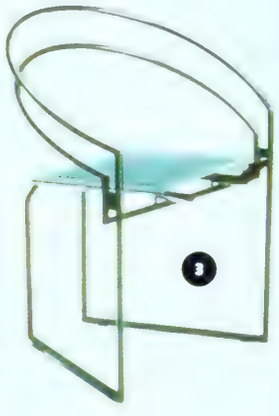
A selection of English horn buttons, right, from Tender Buttons, NYC. Left: Scottish snuff mull, c. 1770, with silver mounts, from Hoffman-Gampetro.

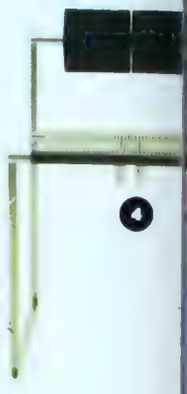
The 11 Most Uncomfortable Chairs

. . . and two that look uncomfortable but aren't. By Stuart Greenspan





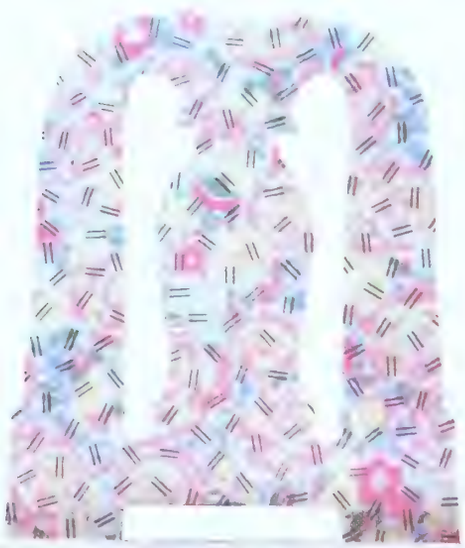




Oh, Botta! Botta! The Botta chair!'' a friend of mine, an architecture and design critic, said when asked to name the most uncomfortable chair of the past decade. ''It's mean how it lulls you into thinking you're going to sink into it, and then that rubber roller hits you in the small of the back like a brick!'' Another friend, a magazine editor, once organized a chair competition and twelve years later still hasn't gotten over the experience. ''I haven't sat in a new chair in ten years,'' she said. Lucky lady. If we could all carry our own old well-worn chairs with us wherever we go, as my editor friend apparently does, our lower backs and overall anatomies—not to mention our psyches—would be in much better shape.

And yet the energy expended by designers, architects, and artists on redesigning that most commonplace of human furnishings now seems boundless. A recently published book, *397 Chairs* (Abrams), records an exhibition sponsored by the Architectural League of New York last year which bears witness to the lengths to which many designers will go. And wherever we sitters venture, whether to a trendy new restaurant, a doctor's waiting room, a boardroom, an art gallery, or simply to friends, we are forced unwillingly and unwittingly into the role of guinea pig.

Not all new chairs are uncomfortable, of course. Some of the ones that look as if they might cause the greatest pain are among the most comfortable.





Divinely comfortable Robert Venturi's bent-plywood version of a Queen Anne chair, left, for Knoll, conforms perfectly to the body. Details see Sources.

The line designed for Knoll in 1984 by architects Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown is cartoonlike, bent-plywood ripoffs of historical furniture styles—Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Art Deco—strikingly, some would say tastelessly, painted. Though they look as if they belong in a child's playroom, they are divinely comfortable. Each chair's seat and back, all of a piece, conform subtly but perfectly to the body. The legs are just the right height and heft for real people, and most important, the chair actually *gives*—just slightly, without sacrificing support, but enough to allow the flexibility required for comfort.





Looking even less arresting as places to perch are Scott Burton's Rock chair sculptures, which he has been making for some years. The rough bulk of the stone contrasting with the mirror-polished seats and backs makes these chairs look like resting places for gorillas. But through

"Those who don't try anything new are apt to grow old quickly."



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some alchemy known only to the artist, one could happily sit in them forever. Similarly, a two-piece bench of boulders by sculptor Isamu Noguchi, installed in the lobby of the new Annenberg Building at New York's Mount Sinai Medical Center, is always occupied—although more conventional seating, not nearly such a hit with the public, rests unnoticed nearby. One can only assume that if such seating were harmful, it would not be part of a hospital's permanent furnishings.

What is shocking about many of the new chairs is that, in contrast to the accommodations of Burton and Noguchi, comfort is the promise, pain the experience. My personal choice for the most uncomfortable chair of the decade is the one designed by architect Richard Meier **1**. Meier, it seems, has a profound Frank Lloyd Wright complex—he finds it necessary to design not only the house but everything in it. And like Wright, he produces furniture to suit both his aesthetic and his ego, in the process showing almost total disregard for human comfort.

My first encounter was not with Meier's chair but with its complementary stool. There it gleamed in all its Wiener Werkstätte–derived glory: fine dark lacquer, elegant inviting lines. I approached, and as I sat, my rear end hit the razor-sharp edge of the seat; then I caught my lower back where it's most easily hurt and simultaneously lost my equilibrium as the badly balanced stool started to tip over. The Meier chair has only one advantage over the stool: its center of gravity is lower, so falling off is less likely. Falling off the stool, however, almost guarantees you'll never go back. Once you're in the chair, politeness demands that you stay put. At least for a while.

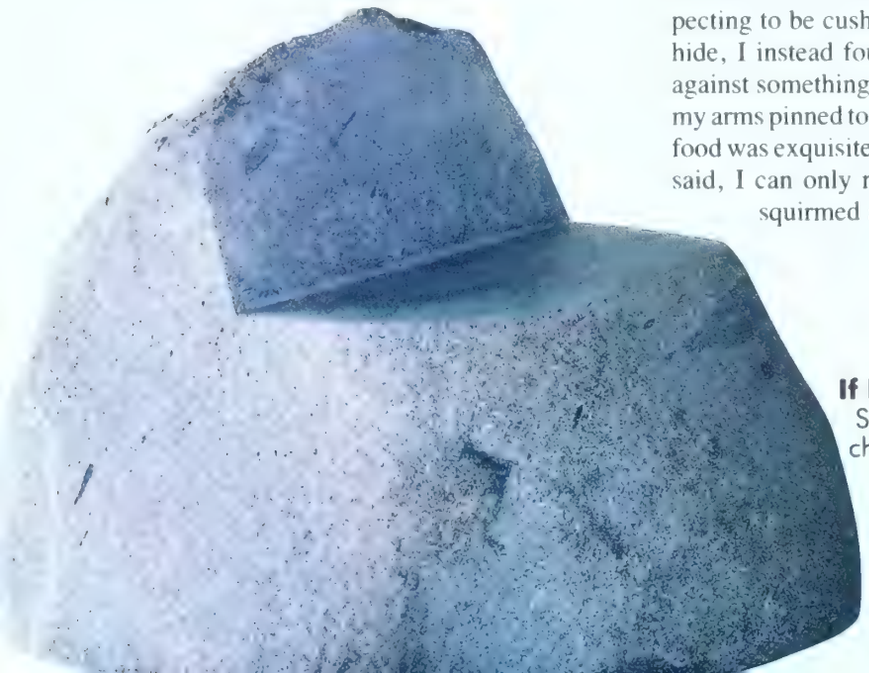
In a restaurant you're really trapped. Recently at a newly opened fancy Italian dining spot, I was given the choice of a plush banquette or Mario Bellini's Cab chair **2**, a glorious-looking armchair with a metal framework covered in leather. Expecting to be cushioned by the luxurious hide, I instead found my bottom lodged against something hard and ungiving and my arms pinned to my sides. Although the food was exquisite, as all the reviews later said, I can only remember how much I squirmed and how numb I felt at the end of the interminable meal.

There are plenty of other newly designed chairs that offer less than nothing in the way of comfort. Mario Botta is twice a winner in this category with his Latonda chair **3**—two flaring steel straps doing double damage to the sitter's back while wobbly legs and seat keep the rest of the body in a state of anxiety that only reaffirms the sadistic nature of the Prima design **4**. The true wizard of torture, however, is the celebrated young French designer Philippe Starck, whose inability to seat people—the Dr. Sonderbar **5** and Pat Conley **6** chairs are two examples—has not interfered at all with his success, either among critics or the merely fashionable who follow their leads. Starck's Richard III lounge chair **7**, designed for President Mitterand's apartments in the Élysée Palace must be singled out even among his own dubious achievements. How, we ask, can a lounge chair not be comfortable? Sit in this one.



How would you like to sit for an hour with a hammer pressing into your shoulder blade?

But Starck tries too hard to be hard; if he'd tried a little less, he might be at the top of this list of insupportables. Olivier Gagnere's stackable chair **8** and René-Jean Caillette's RJC chair **9**, meanwhile, seem in a dead heat for total discomfort. Mark Zeff's Victoria chair **10**, designed to be slipcovered, is so insubstantial that you never know what you're getting into and should be avoided at all costs as hazardous to your health. And then, if only to add the ideological to the physiological, one must mention Linus Corraggio's artful Hammer and Sickle design **11**. How would you like to sit for an hour or two with a hammer pressing into your shoulder blade, glasnost or not? ▲



If looks could kill Scott Burton's Rock chair sculpture, left, appears to be a "resting place for gorillas"—but people love to sit on it.





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Escape Routes

Who is Andrew Harper? And why does he get to "research" the world's most peaceful and unspoiled places? By Cynthia Gorney

Ten years ago this February, in the middle of a week when he was supposed to be at work, a man with a midlife crisis was sitting in his house outside Washington, D.C., and contemplating, as he describes it now, "my 870th idea." There was an amazing amount of snow on the ground, which was our man's excuse for not reporting to his office: he worked as an administrative assistant to a member of Congress, a job he liked but had spent the last 869 ideas trying to figure out how to escape.

He wanted out. He was tired of working for companies and offices. He wanted to run things himself. He had thought about the things he liked and the things he was good at, and it occurred to him that he had developed a certain following as both writer and traveler. He had worked in advertising for many years, which was where he wrote, and on his vacations he and his wife generally managed to end up in places nobody had ever heard of—wonderful elegant places that were brilliantly staffed and made for terrific stories as soon as the family came home.



The *Hideaway* reporter hides away in Sun Valley, Idaho.

The blizzard of February 1979 took three days to subside, and by the time it did, a typewritten newsletter called the *Hideaway Report* had issued forth from the kitchen table. "A Bahamian Island for Robinson Crusoe," read the opening headline, and the newsletter went on to exclaim about a tiny Caribbean retreat where there was no electricity and the only access was by boat from Nassau. It also described the splendid and oddly temperate island of Tresco, in the Isles of Scilly, off the southwest coast of England, and a place in Virginia where paying guests could lodge in a log house in the middle of a tree farm. "I remember that place," says Harper, now 48, gazing ruefully at the first issue of *Hideaway Report*. "Couldn't feature it today. It was too rustic."

Harper took out advertisements in *The New Yorker* and *The Wall Street Journal*—"wrapping myself in a mantle of respectability," he says—and within a year his monthly newsletter had 350 subscribers, a thousand after two years, and after three, enough to convince him that it was worth the gamble to quit his job and turn the *Hideaway Report* into something more ambitious than his own brightly written accounts of places he had once visited. Ten years after the great Washington snows of 1979, Harper sends the monthly *Hideaway Report* to 15,000 subscribers—he has about 200 openings now, but will accept no more than that. Those fortunate globetrotters pay $85 a year to read the accounts of his carefully annotated travels among what his newsletter calls "peaceful vacation and executive retreats for the sophisticated traveler."

They are rustic no longer. A glance through the September 1988 *Hideaway Report* finds Harper exulting in a Fijian resort called Turtle Island, observing that complacency appears to have beset the staff at the New Mexico resort called Rancho Encantado, and answering a reader's query about the best cruises along the Nile. July finds him in Bali, Bangkok, and a richly appointed mountain cabin in Montana; June sends him floating down the Dutch canals on a barge stocked with down comforters and nightly chocolates. February has him snorkeling outside his bougainvillea-draped lanai in Belize. You can see that what we have here is a midlife crisis resolved with some flair.

"I love it," Harper says. He is slouching contentedly at the desk in the great light-filled house he and his wife built two years ago in the Idaho ski town of Sun Valley, where they moved when the *Report* had established itself firmly enough to liberate them from Washington, D.C. When Harper is asked about his favorite hideaway now, he usually ends up telling people it is Sun Valley, since his sorties in search of hideaways—this may be difficult to swallow, but Harper says it with great sincerity—are undertaken, after all, in the line of duty.

"For me no trip is a vacation," he claims. "I always think of it as business." Harper





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says he travels with none of the conventional travel writer's amenities: he never uses the Andrew Harper pseudonym when he checks into a hotel, never identifies himself as a travel writer, and never accepts complimentary airline tickets or hotel lodgings. "I never introduce myself to the general manager," he says. "Housekeepers are great; they'll show you any room you want to see. Anyway, if a hotel doesn't show you a room, then it's not much of a hotel. Most Europeans, before they even check in, ask to see their room. I think Americans aren't harsh enough in that respect."

One place was so dismal that his chief memory is of waiting for the plane to take him away

Since he saves most of the *Report* for hotels and resorts he particularly likes, Harper leaves out more than half the places he visits. Some of those, he says, are real bombs. He remembers one French Polynesian place so dismal that his chief memory is of waiting for the airplane to take him away. "And your most welcome amenity is a flyswatter. And you and who knows how many other people have been deceived by the guidebook."

Harper is unenthusiastic about guidebooks, mostly because the material seems so dated. He says his readers send him no fewer than 250 letters a month suggesting places he should visit. He also finds his hideaways by sitting around asking himself odd questions he doesn't know the answers to. What's the highest resort in the United States? (Irwin Lodge, above Crested Butte, Colorado, altitude 10,700 feet, accessible only by lodge-run Sno-Cats or snowmobiles.) Where did John F. Kennedy honeymoon? (San Ysidro Ranch, part of the time, near Santa Barbara, charming cottages and horseback riding.)

Harper followed the reports of fugitive financier Robert Vesco for a while; the story had a certain intrinsic interest, of course, since Vesco was being rather famously pursued around the western hemisphere by an assortment of flatfoots who wanted him to own up to his shady dealings back home. But what Harper really wanted to know, as Vesco rumors surfaced on one Caribbean island after another, was whether he was finding terrific hotels as he fled. "I'd heard he was in Barbuda, north of Antigua, and that there was a delightful hotel there and that *60 Minutes* was going to do a piece on Barbuda and Vesco and was trying to get the crew into the hotel. The hotel turned down the crew. I said, 'Somebody who turned down *60 Minutes*—this is going to be great.' " He checked in incognito, Harper says, and it was.

Culled from conversation and bits of his newsletters over the past year is the following sampler of Harperisms.

Three places you think you want to visit but don't really:

TAHITI "Polluted, crowded, noisy, obnoxious. The prices are generally outrageous for value received, and for whatever reason, the Tahitian people do not come across as warm and hospitable. They come across as indifferent and aloof."

BERMUDA "It had a certain charm years ago, and I think the problem is they're overdeveloping as far as the number of hotels and the number of cruise ships coming in. In fairness, I think they're beginning to cut back on the number of cruise ships."

SAINT THOMAS "Overdeveloped. There are so many other more beautiful places in the Caribbean where the people are friendlier, where there is less congestion."

Three places you do want to visit before everybody else catches on:

ANGUILLA "It's starting to take off; two of the ten top hotels in the Caribbean are right on that island, and the people there are so kind and sincere."

NEW ZEALAND "Delightful country. New Zealand is the United States of 1950. People buy a car there, and everybody in the community wants to come over and look at it."

BALI "One of those mystical places that travelers visit once and remember for the rest of their lives."

Three places to go immediately after winning the lottery:

VILLA SAN MICHELE, ITALY "Elegant and atmospheric, 28-room hotel hewn from fifteenth-century Franciscan monastery commanding glorious hilltop views over Florence and the Arno Valley." Double $600 and up, including American buffet breakfast and choice of à la carte lunch or dinner for two. Via di Doccia 4, 50014 Fiesole, Italy; 59451. U.S. contact (800) 223-6800.

THE POINT, NEW YORK Former Rockefeller mansion, now a hotel. "Upstairs in the boathouse is the most wonderful room—you can hear the slapping of the water, and there's a wraparound porch on three sides." Boathouse room, $650, including all meals and drinks. Saranac Lake, NY 12983; (518) 891-5678.

TIGER TOPS JUNGLE LODGE, NEPAL "Unique and very special. Fabled outpost perched on stilts among trees. Typical day includes a morning safari on elephant back to photograph the big game. Bengal tigers and leopards glimpsed only at night from specially designed blinds constructed near the lodge." Double $400, with meals and elephant safaris. Box 242, Katmandu, Nepal. U.S. contact (415) 346-3402.

Three excellent dollar values:

HOTEL LA MARIPOSA, COSTA RICA "Crowns a secluded bluff offering spectacular vistas of the Pacific, embracing jungle terrain tumbling down mountainsides to deserted crescent beaches that rank among the most beautiful in the world." Double $135, including breakfast and dinner. Manuel Antonio Beach, Box 4, Quepos, Costa Rica; 77-03-55.

HOTEL PALACIO DE SETEAIS, PORTUGAL "Stunning mansion hotel near Lisbon, lovely grounds and staff." Double $150, including breakfast. Avenue Barbosa du Docage 6, 2710 Sintra, Portugal; 9233200.

KUPU-KUPU BARONG, BALI "Spectacular views of terraced rice paddies plunging downward to the waters of the Ayung River valley." Double $115, including breakfast. Kedewatan-Ubud, Bali, Indonesia; 23172.

Three places to go for unfettered romance:

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At first she thought it was the Golden Alaska Caviar, or the chilled vodka. But when his face took on that ear to ear grin, the one she hadn't seen for a while, she knew it was more.

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"We're already married," she said.

"Again," he said.

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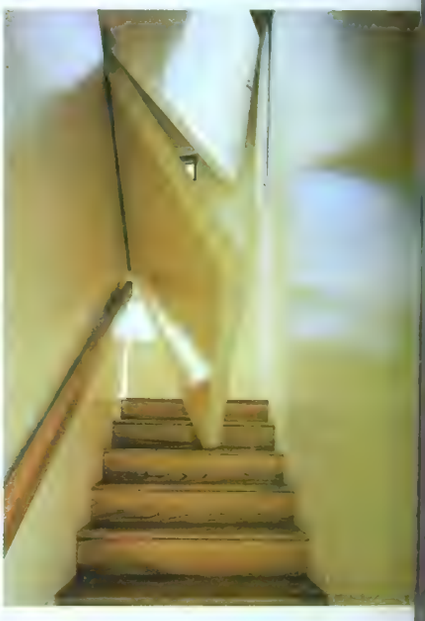
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Clockwise from far left: A bookrack in Paolini's "guest room" in Ghent; Kosuth's censored Freud, Zero & Not, Ghent; in a Seattle backyard, GEO-TV by Galligan and Loseno; Ireland's aggressive Santa Barbara installation one of Kemps's series 5 maxime's, Gh





Artists in Residences

The newest art events are taking place in the privacy of other people's houses. By Kenneth Baker



Art today looms larger in public awareness than ever before, yet, strangely, the more art surrounds us, the harder it is to connect intimately with any work in particular. When a blockbuster museum show attracts great numbers, people find themselves forced to trudge en masse past the art like window-shoppers. Recently, though, art events that address these dilemmas have begun to take place in Europe and America. Neither exhibitions nor performances in the conventional sense, the new format is a delicate collaboration between citizens and artists—a dovetailing of art and private lives. The prototype was the "Chambres d'Amis" show that took place in Ghent, Belgium, over a three-month period in 1986. In 58 private houses artists installed works done in response to the settings made available for them by their hosts.

"Chambres d'Amis" inspired the recent "Home Show" organized by the Santa Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum (CAF). (The two-year-old Seattle program "Homes for Art," sponsored by Nine One One Contemporary Arts Center, has so far only presented works outside people's houses rather than inside them.) The "Home Show" crossed the threshold, bringing artists and visitors into the living spaces—into the psychological and domestic spheres—of some very game Santa Barbarans.

None of the ten "Home Show" hosts put themselves on the line more openly than David and Pat Farmer, who allowed collaborators Kate Ericson and Mel Ziegler to remove the cabinet, closet, and passageway doors from all the rooms in their ranch house. The artists piled the doors upright in the living room, roughly according to height, where they stood bunched up like nervous Boy Scouts at attention. The open cabinets seemed to inhale light and air as if they had been awaiting a chance to show their stuff. Ericson and Ziegler laid bare a landscape of consumer still lifes embodying the most unconscious choices Americans make about the way they live. Trying to see just where these instinctive decisions might lie was very much like trying to read a more conventional work of art. Yet no judgment on the visitor's part was called for. In fact, the piece gave a new edge to the old adage about people who live in glass houses.

More physically imposing was David Ireland's installation for CAF director Betty Klausner and her husband, Bob. Ireland rendered a stairway nearly im-



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passable by lodging within it two huge varnished white slabs that looked like renegade walls making a break for the downstairs doorway. People who slipped around these barriers and up the stairs got a picture-window view of the Pacific for their trouble.

Ann Hamilton's piece was the most enigmatic and lyrical of the bunch. She took over an airy high-ceilinged room at the center of a modern house, a room that divides kitchen and laundry from bedrooms and den. She covered the walls with eucalyptus leaves embedded in sheets of wax. She piled a snowdriftlike mound of singed gilt-edged white shirts on a table and stationed a performer in a chair to stare silently at the results for the duration of the work. Two vaporizers filled the room with the scent of eucalyptus. Were all these shirts meant to bring to mind the laundresses that reappear in French painting from Fragonard to Daumier to Degas? Or were they a kind of symbolic calendar related more to the life of the house than to memories of art? Filled with references to labor, as Hamilton's installations typically are, the piece seemed to emanate both resignation and the physical release that follows a job well done. I could imagine the work slowly instilling in the house's owner, Jill Barnitz, the need to maintain it permanently, mute performer and all.

Can art really license nosing around a stranger's bedroom?

How many times have you passed a work of art in the street without recognizing it on sight as art? The "Home Show" often offered such instructive confusions, seamlessly integrating into its homely settings the art that made this a challenging event.

Joseph Kosuth, who has been making use of texts and the ideas of Sigmund Freud in recent years, chose the house of psychiatrist Jon Tatomer. (Kosuth also took part in "Chambres d'Amis," where he likewise worked in the house of a psychiatrist.) Visitors were directed to an upstairs bedroom in Tatomer's brown-shingled cottage. Entering a little uneasily—can art really license nosing around a stranger's bedroom?—one discovered that the walls and ceiling were painted black with MODUS OPERANDI stenciled in white on the wall above a chest. Two nearly identical color photographs of the room—one omitting and one containing the phrase on the wall—flanked the fireplace.

The black paint job obviously was Kosuth's own modus operandi in this situation. But what about the perfect rows of vintage Penguin paperbacks between two glass decanters on top of the chest and packed into the niche above the fireplace? Did Kosuth move these volumes from elsewhere in the house or leave them where he found them? Were they forms in Kosuth's art or contents of the psychiatrist's life? Could they be both?

Such quandaries—however refreshing to the eye and mind—are experiences that most public art and conventional exhibitions are designed to obviate. Yet, since Marcel Duchamp declared a few items of common manufacture to be his "work" over seventy years ago, twentieth-century artists have periodically made art "disappear" as a means of directing our attention to what is, or can be, considered an aesthetic experience. The "Home Show" proved that the rift between art and life may be usefully narrowed without artistic compromise, just by loosening a little the customary bounds of privacy and exclusion. The process strikes a soft convivial note too seldom heard in our culture, one that we may hear more often in the future. ♠ *Editor: Ingrid Sischy*

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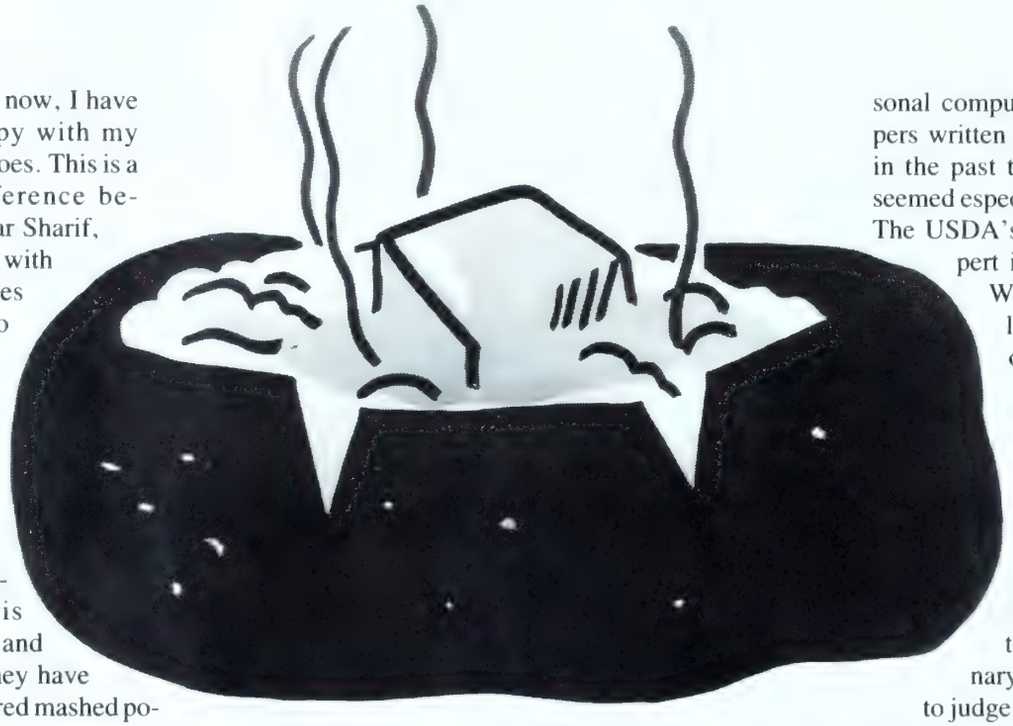
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Do the Mash

Lumps are easy, Jeffrey Steingarten assures us; gumminess is the real potato challenge



For some time now, I have been unhappy with my mashed potatoes. This is a pivotal difference between me and Omar Sharif, who is so pleased with his mashed potatoes that, according to the glossy magazine on my desk, he always has a second helping. His mashed potatoes really belong to Joël Robuchon, the brilliant chef-owner of the Paris restaurant Jamin, and for several years they have been the most honored mashed potatoes in the world. They are also an escapade in animal fat. Judging from the recipe in Robuchon's *Ma Cuisine pour vous,* he beats a half pound of butter into each pound of boiled potatoes. In the ten minutes it takes Omar Sharif to clean his plate, he will have swallowed three times the maximum daily dose of fat allowed by the U.S. Surgeon General before he gets to the main course. This is precisely why mashed potatoes and the other fashionable comfort foods have become so important to us. They let us feel chic and trendy without having to eat tuna carpaccio and fava beans. Considering the smear campaign against dietary fats being waged by the surgeon general and his ilk, mashed potatoes are a godsend.

But while Omar Sharif swans about Paris, my mashed potatoes still get gummy on me. Sometimes they go cataclysmically wrong, turning sticky and gluey or doughy and pasty, bonding to my teeth and gums and the roof of my mouth, coating my tongue and throat.

As luck would have it, the instant mashed potato industry is even more panicky about sticky potatoes than I am. An average potato, on its long journey from loamy meadow to those packets of dehydrated granules on your supermarket shelves, undergoes such intricate torture that its aptitude for gumminess is amplified many times over. Industry scientists, whose careers depend on preventing potatoes from turning out that way, publish their findings in various technical journals here and abroad, which a teacher in Atlanta named Shirley Corriher, who is writing a book on the science of cooking, showed me how to find with my personal computer. Of the 341 papers written on mashed potatoes in the past twenty years, thirty seemed especially worth reading. The USDA's mashed potato expert in California, Merle Weaver, was particularly helpful to me over the telephone.

What follows is a series of small suggestions for making good mashed potatoes and one big suggestion. Whether to label the latter a major breakthrough in home culinary science is for others to judge.

Why Your Potato Turns Gummy. Like other living things, a potato is composed of millions of cells all cemented to one another. Lining the walls of each cell are hard, closely packed microscopic granules of starch, impervious to the water that fills the rest of the cell. But when you heat a potato to about 140 degrees Fahrenheit, the starch granules begin to absorb the water around them, and by 160 degrees they have swollen to many times their original size. The starch is now a gel, a viscous complex with water, and fills up most of the cell. But the cells are still strongly bound to one another, and if you try to mash the potato now, the cells will split rather than separate and the starch gel will ooze out of them. This is called free or extracellular starch, and it is the enemy. Free starch turns mashed potatoes gummy.

As the temperature and cooking time increase, the cement between the potato cells—pectic material similar to the pectin that thickens jams and preserves—begins to degrade and the cells can now separate from one another. This is a good time to mash your potatoes. With further cooking, the cells begin to weaken and rupture, and some of the gelled starch leaks out. If fifteen or twenty percent of the cells in your potato are ruptured, you will be very sorry.

Buying Your Potato. One common way of categorizing potatoes is by their starch content. A mealy or floury potato like the Russet Burbank is dense, high in starch, low in water, and, despite the distasteful sound of the word "mealy," generally preferred in this country for mashing. A waxy potato like the White Rose is low in starch, high in water, and often specified in French reci-



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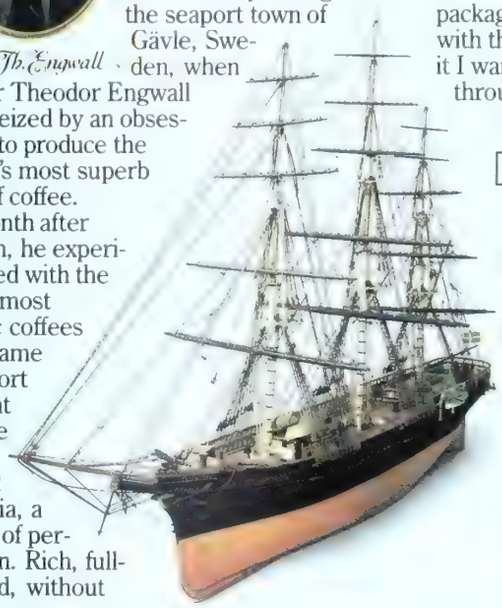




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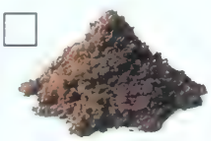
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pes. (Joël Robuchon's potato is the BF 15; translated from the French this means a small yellow-skinned potato with dark yellow waxy flesh.) The adjectives mealy and waxy refer to the texture of the potato after you cook it. Mealy potatoes become fluffy and almost grainy when you mash them; waxy potatoes become creamy and smooth.

Once you have decided which type of potato to cook, just try and ask your greengrocer or the guy stamping prices on laundry soap at your supermarket to point out the waxy potatoes and the mealy ones. Your reward will be an uncomprehending stare. But you can test the potatoes yourself. Buy one of each and, when you get home, mix a bowl of brine with nine and a half cups of water and one cup of salt. If a potato sinks into the brine, it is high in starch and will cook up mealy. If it floats, it belongs in the waxy category—unless it suffers from a potato ailment called hollow heart, in which case it will probably float in anything. All the potatoes from my grocer sank.

Mashed potatoes let us feel chic and trendy without having to eat tuna carpaccio

I used only large mealy Idaho russets in my mashed potato experiments. Avoid recipes that fail to specify which type of potato to use. Also avoid recipes that call for something like "six medium potatoes" without giving their total weight. Potatoes vary in size even more than human beings. If the cookbook specifies neither potato type nor total weight, discard immediately.

Peeling and Cutting Your Potato. The potato peel lobby would have you believe that all the nutrients are in the skin. Nothing could be further from the truth. If you peel your potatoes and cut them into pieces of the same size, they will cook evenly and quickly. Tiny pieces cook fastest but lose more nutrients and flavor because their total exposed surface area is larger. The best compromise is to cut peeled potatoes into slices between five eighths and three quarters of an inch thick. Wash them under cold water to rinse off any free starch released when you cut open the cells in peeling and slicing.

Cooking Your Potato. This is where we part company from all domestic mashed potatoes that have gone before us.

Years ago the instant mashed potato industry found that if you precook potatoes in 160-degree water for twenty minutes (twice as long for waxy varieties) and cool them, the amount of free starch in the final mash will be reduced by half. Without this discovery the instant mashed potato industry would today be manufacturing laundry starch.

I have experimented with both techniques and am guardedly optimistic that precooking may be the answer to our prayers. It appears to work like this. Cooking a potato is a two-stage process. The starch swells and gelatinizes within the cells when the potato reaches 160 degrees; then, nearer to the boiling point, the pectic cement between the cells degrades and the potato can be safely mashed. Precooking separates these steps. By cooling the potato slices after the starch has gelled, a process called retrogradation takes place in which the starch molecules bond to one another and lose much of their ability to dissolve again in water or milk, even if you later rupture the cells through ricing or mashing and even if you overdo the final cooling a bit. Retrogradation retards gumminess.

For the first time anywhere industrial precooking and retrogradation can now be brought into the home kitchen. The use of a thermometer is vital. Put the peeled and washed slices into a pan of 175-degree water. Keeping the pan on a low flame and adding a little cold water now and then, you will find it easy to maintain the water within a few degrees of 160 for the next twenty or thirty minutes as you go about your other tasks. The slices will become tough and resilient and lose their translucent appearance. Drain the potatoes and transfer them to a bowl into which you run cold tap water, until the slices feel cool to the touch, and leave them there for the next half hour. Then proceed to the final cooking, either simmering or steaming. Some recipes have you put your potatoes into cold salted water before bringing them to the boil. An elaborate Swedish study has shown that potatoes cooked this way produce a stickier final mash and sometimes develop an odd flavor.

Last night I tested four versions of mashed potato on my guests. The precooked version came in first. It was smooth, not gummy, and had a robust earthy potato taste. The runner-up had been boiled in salted water in the usual manner. It verged on the pasty but tasted good. The other candidates were hopeless.

Mashing Your Potato. Mash immediately after you drain the potato slices. The goal here is to separate the cells without rupturing them, and the perfect temperature for achieving this is about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. As the potato cools to room temperature, the pectic cement hardens again and many more cells break open when you mash them, spilling out their sticky starchy gel. At 50 degrees half the cells will rupture.

Any cookbook that sanctions the use of a blender or food processor for mashing should be carefully shredded. People who like to use a hand masher because the resulting lumps remind them of their mothers' cooking ignore the fact that this technique repeatedly abuses the already mashed portions of the potato while you seek out the solid pieces that remain. A ricer is best because each potato cell passes through it only once, and all the pressure is applied in a vertical direction. In contrast, a food mill shears more cells apart by scraping them across the screen as you turn the handle, but it is possible that our precooking technique will permit the use of a food mill without fear of gumminess and produce a perfectly smooth result at the same time. Further experimentation lies ahead.

Steamy cooked potatoes should be dried either before or after mashing. You can return the slices to the pan, cover them with a folded kitchen towel, and shake the pan every so often for the next five minutes. Or you can rice the potatoes back into their pan and stir over low heat for a minute or two until a film appears on the bottom of the pan. Use a softly rounded wooden spoon. Be gentle.

Enriching Your Potato. How much butter you add is your business. I find that a stick of butter for every two pounds of potatoes (serves four to six) is a bit austere but that Robuchon overdoes it with three or four. If you beat in the butter first and then hot milk or cream (over low heat), you can achieve any consistency you like, from runny to stiff, but if you do it the other way round, it is hard to know how much milk to add. Georges Blanc advises incorporating the butter right away, keeping the potatoes warm, and adding heavy cream at the last minute. If you hold mashed potatoes for a while over warm, not simmering, water, don't cover the pan completely or the flavor will turn on you and gumminess set in.

Should your butter be very hard or very soft when you beat it in? Do you dare to use a whisk? (Michel Guérard says never.) Do waxy and new potatoes precook successfully? Is steaming better than boiling?

At present I am at a complete loss for answers to these remaining questions. My next set of experiments begins tonight, and I will not be altogether happy with my mashed potatoes until the whole truth comes out. ♠

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Sleepers Awake

Margot Guralnick investigates the great American coverlet



Long before the days of the decorator, household upholstery and fabrics served as beacons distinguishing the old guard from the up-and-coming. Colonial Americans of means snubbed the native homespun used by their neighbors and bought all their cloth goods (down to their bloomers) from British trade ships. Such was the status of imported bed curtains that they were listed in wills alongside silver and landholdings. But as trade relations with England grew increasingly strained and the quality of native cotton improved, it became customary, and eventually essential, for every family to have its own spinning wheel, dye vat, and rudimentary loom. With this equipment women fought off the chill of their drafty bedrooms by creating coverlets in bold geometric patterns.

Named after the French *couvre-lit*, meaning bedcover, these cotton-and-wool constructions are always woven and therefore easily distinguishable from quilts, which are pieced together with needle and thread. Due to the narrow width of household looms, however, coverlets were often made by joining two panels with a flying stitch. According to a Southern wives' tale, the ones with uneven seams kept the evil spirits at bay. Most, nevertheless, were painstakingly matched down the center.

The course of coverlet weaving in America changed dramatically in the 1820s with the arrival from France of Joseph Marie Jacquard's laborsaving loom attachment. Activated by a chain of punched cards that look like player-piano rolls, this complex mechanism made it possible to produce what was a week's work in a day. More important, the Jacquard enabled coverlet designers to venture beyond the strictly geometric and experiment with curvilinear forms. The result was an exuberant outburst of patriotic mottoes, swooning birds, and voluptuous blossoms.



The Jacquard device also ended the heyday of the housewife as weaver. Expensive and too tricky for amateurs to operate, these improved looms became the province of skilled professionals, virtually all of whom were men. Most had recently emigrated from Europe, where mechanization was sweeping the textile industry.



Mobs of disgruntled weavers from the British Isles set-





Clockwise from top right: Peacock-embellished detail of a Pennsylvania coverlet, c. 1840, from Connie Hayes. Ohio coverlet, c. 1840, bordered in the Christian and Heathen pattern, from Cora Ginsburg. Midwestern coverlet, c. 1840, of birds feeding their young, from Melinda Ventre. An 1830 floral coverlet with patriotic base by Archibald Davidson, from Melinda Ventre. French walnut sleigh bed, c. 1840, from Pierre Deux, NYC, with coverlets from Hirschl & Adler Folk. Border of an 1843 New York coverlet by Harry Tyler, whose signature lion appears in the corner block, from Hirschl & Adler Folk.

tled in New York and New Jersey during the 1830s and began evolving a distinct style of double-weave coverlet (characterized by two mirror-image layers of cloth) in blue and white or red and white, famous for their boldly graphic designs. Among the most celebrated are Harry Tyler's vigorous floral patterns framed with fruit trees and anchored in two corners by his trademark stalwart lion as well as the year and his customer's name.

Transplanted German weavers, during this same period, typically followed their countrymen to Pennsylvania and Maryland, where they developed a tradition of making multicolored single-weave coverlets. Borrowing motifs from the decorations painted on their native pottery and furniture, these artisans saw to it that their customers slept under swirling kaleidoscopic arrays of roses, fanciful peacocks, and full-blown hearts.

Few patterns, however, remained exclusive to a single state or locale, since by the mid nineteenth century, Jacquard coverlet designs could be purchased through mail order. Weavers themselves were also known to travel. To escape the encroaching competition from power-operated mills and factories, many headed for Ohio and Indiana, where coverlet manufacturing flourished under a hodgepodge of influences. Christian and Heathen, an 1840s pattern that delighted Midwesterners, features a New England townscape infiltrated by Chinese pagodas and palm trees.

The fashion for Jacquard coverlets raged from 1830 to 1870, a period when most weavers worked with wool spun and dyed at home by their customers. Indigo was the best source for colorfast blue, though it had to be dissolved in so-called chamber lye—a fancy term for urine. Most reds came from madder, but tiny South American insects, when dried and crushed, produced the precious shade of scarlet called cochineal. Families who couldn't afford to pay weavers in cash—$2.75 was the standard fee for a coverlet—typically bartered for their bedcoverings. William Lowmiller of Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, dyed yarn and wove several coverlets in exchange for firewood and potatoes. Other weavers accepted whiskey and sides of beef. The Civil War, however, brought an abrupt stop to these lively negotiations, since most wool went into making uniforms and blankets. Coverlets were even recruited for use as hospital tablecloths. After the war mass-produced aniline-dyed textiles captured the market, and manually operated Jacquard looms became archaic.

Long overlooked as garish and Victorian, Jacquard coverlets have just begun to attract attention thanks to a recent landmark exhibition at Hirschl & Adler Folk Gallery in New York. Though many were cut up and used as door curtains—or, worse, as ironing-board liners and horse blankets—a good number received heirloom treatment and have weathered the years remarkably well. Fortunately, prices have yet to surge. At antiques shows and estate sales it's still possible to discover fine mid nineteenth century coverlets, free of tears, wear marks, or moth holes—all conditions to be avoided—priced at $500–$1,500. Sought-after motifs such as eagles, trains, and presidential portraits can hike the value to $2,000–$5,000, and top-of-the-line coverlets, signed and dated by recognized masters can go for as much as $10,000–$15,000. Hung on a wall, these textiles add upscale Americana vigor to any room. Draped across a bed, they marry past and present—and they also inspire the warmest and deepest sleep. (For coverlet dealers see Sources.) ♠

Editor: Sarah Kaltman

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Miller High Style

The Met's wily Modern design curator corners the objects of his affection

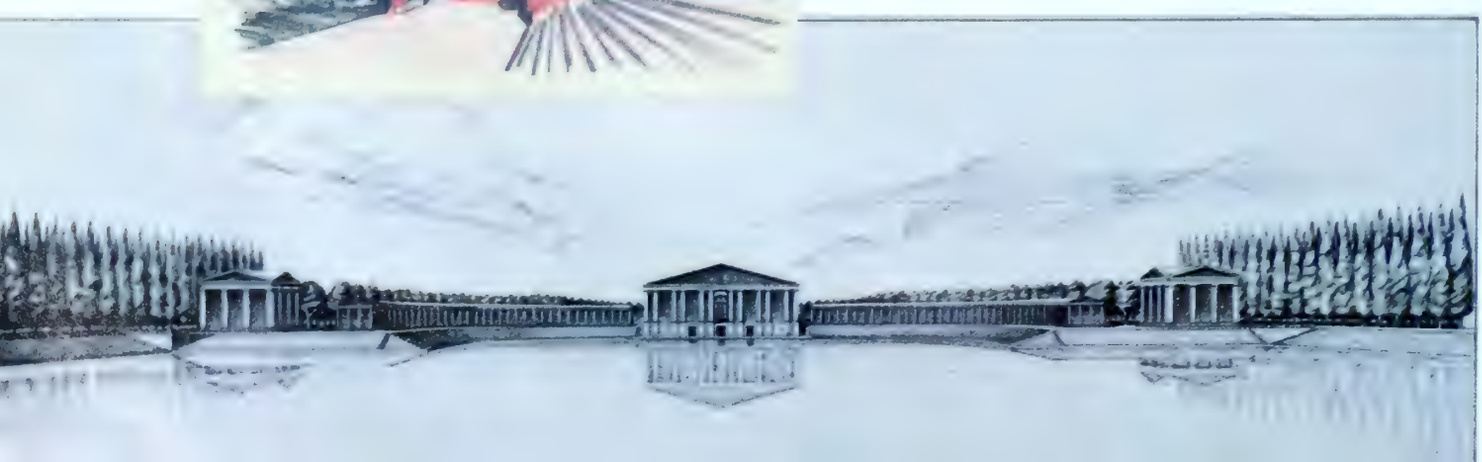
The enterprising R. Craig Miller, associate curator of twentieth-century design and architecture at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, has many competitors but few serious rivals. The past year has seen much movement among the city's other design curators. Stuart Wrede was named director of the Museum of Modern Art's department of architecture and design last March. Christopher Wilk, a rising star in the profession, left an associate curator's post at the Brooklyn Museum to become assistant keeper of twentieth-century furniture and interior design at London's prestigious Victoria and Albert Museum. And Dianne Pilgrim, Wilk's old boss at Brooklyn, has been appointed director of the Cooper-Hewitt, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design. Through all this change Miller has been quietly but aggressively forging ahead with his impressive acquisitions program, the most recent results of which are currently on view at the Met in two small but superb exhibitions.

The wide writ the Met established for itself from the early days of this century has helped. It now commands an almost unsurpassable head start in the inclusive approach now favored among many historians of the decorative arts. The galleries of the MOMA design collection, locked into an orthodox definition of Modernism, are virtually unchanged from the way they were twenty years ago. The Cooper-Hewitt's inadequate physical plant has made acquisitions a troublesome issue. Brooklyn has neither the funds nor prestige to make a serious bid for the best. Only the Met among the New York museums has the cash, clout, and catholic scope to put together what is becoming this country's definitive modern design survey.

Miller's industriousness is evident in the two simultaneous shows: one, the second in a series of objects from the permanent collection, replaces the selection that had been up since the opening of the twentieth-century wing in early 1987; the other show highlights the museum's growing archive of modern architectural renderings. Since the Met is already strong in many areas—French Art Deco, Scandinavian Moderne, European silver and glass—Miller has moved decisively into postwar American, Italian, and Japanese Modern and Postmodern design, as well as studio crafts to round out his holdings to an encyclopedic scope. From the sinewy handmade wooden settee of Sam Maloof to the anorectic metal seating of Mario Botta, from the knockdown plywood chair of Joe Colombo to the silver and semiprecious-stone tea service of Mario Bellini, the installation is testimony to a broad-minded but sharp-eyed impresario. Miller's pick of architectural drawings, prints, and books is equally discerning. Among them are a richly detailed perspective of a Venetian palazzo by the nineteenth-century French architect Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, sketches by Frank Lloyd Wright for the Coonley Kindergarten in Illinois, and several prime works by Michael Graves, who almost single-handedly revived the art of architectural drawing during the 1970s. It all adds up to a veritable blueprint of our times, underscoring Miller's role as a masterful builder himself. **Martin Filler**







R. Craig Miller, top left, with 1987 Sottsass candlestick and 1977 Jan Yoors tapestry. Above: Chair by Shigeru Uchida, 1973. Lef Les Temples du Lac, Paris, by Ricardo Bofill, 1982. Inset: L.A.'s MOCA, by Arata Isozaki, 1983.



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The Good Side of Bad Taste

Herbert Muschamp defends lava lamps and other ugly stuff



"Taste belongs in the mouth," one of my design instructors used to say, his lip curled with all the contempt a Modernist could muster. The target of his scorn wasn't bad taste or good taste; it was the very idea of Taste, the fickleness of subjective preference.

What was his problem? Why was taste so distasteful to Modern architects and designers? Granted, they had a revolutionary ambition—to endow architecture with the cool, efficient objectivity that technology was thought to possess. But as heirs of the Enlightenment, Modernists were also answering a deep philosophical need: to substitute the rule of reason for the capriciousness of faith.

Taste, to us, may be mainly a device for ending tiresome arguments over the color to paint a room or the selection of a sofa—chacun à son goût, we say with a sigh—but two hundred years ago taste was a subject on which arguments raged among the best minds of Europe. To Enlightenment thinkers, taste was as important an issue as the nature of reality or truth. Taste was fundamental to the whole Enlightenment enterprise of erecting a rationally organized society.

To some philosophers, taste was a form of unconscious reasoning. The purpose of aesthetics was to make this a conscious process. The new "science of perception" presumed that there were laws governing visual experience comparable to those Newton had formulated for the behavior of moving objects. Given adequate cultivation of the senses, reasonable men would surely agree on which pictures were good or bad, which rooms beautiful or ugly.

To advocates of Modernism, it seemed that architects and designers had finally succeeded in shaping the environment according to a universal standard of reason. Aesthetics, after all, had concerned itself exclusively with art objects that had no utilitarian value. Functionalism dispensed with the entire issue by creating an architecture in which form and utility were one. Here was a style of architecture that was not really a style, one whose visual form reflected not subjective preference for the way buildings ought to look but the bare facts of how they stood up. And it was an international style: Modernism was reason made manifest at last over the entire globe.

The problem was that by the time this heroic undertaking had made headway, reason was losing its reputation as the salvation of mankind. A gamut of twentieth-century horrors—not only the sterile glass-box city but also the threat of nuclear apocalypse—had been laid at the door of the house of reason. Science and technology were no longer liberators but tyrants worthy of the ancien régime.

That is why, about twenty years ago, bad taste began to take on a positive cultural connotation. A kaleidoscopic ideal of pluralism replaced the uniform aesthetic of good design. First Susan Sontag lauded camp, and suddenly you couldn't buy a Tiffany lampshade without taking on a second mortgage. A few years later Robert Venturi came out for "messy vitality over obvious unity." Then John Margolies scandalized the Architectural League's Modern faithful with an exhibition of the Miami Beach hotel architecture of Morris Lapidus. Then the gates opened to a flood of raucous images which continues to cascade before our dazzled eyes: the Las Vegas strip, Googie coffee shops, Graceland, the Madonna Inn, the film sets of John Waters and Jonathan Demme, boomerang Formica, lava lamps, fiber-optic flowers, the gilded excess of the Spellings and the Trumps, William Eggleston's color photographs of tastefully tasteless interiors, Kenny Scharf's Day-Glo paintings, Izhar Patkin's Polynesian curtains, Nathalie du Pasquier's fabrics, plastic laminates by Ettore Sottsass.

To place a value on all of these images of bad taste is not to advocate hideousness. It is to recall visual culture to the Enlightenment ambition to free us from oppressive dogmas, including those with which we restrict ourselves. "What is intoxicating about bad taste," wrote Baudelaire, "is the aristocratic pleasure of not pleasing." Baudelaire's was an aristocracy not of wealth or class but of mind, the elite of those who recoil from received ideas. It turns out that there are no universal laws of visual expression. There are conventions that change from culture to culture, season to season, house to house. And although these conventions are all fascinating to explore, we don't want to trap our minds within a single configuration. We want the freedom to move with ease between the house of reason and the home of instinct. We want a place for everything—but not necessarily everything in its place. ♠

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Benson's Burners

The lighting of an Art Nouveau master comes out of the shadows



One of the most neglected areas in nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts has been lighting fixtures made of nonprecious metals. Thus it's remarkable that several vanguard collectors and astute museum curators have shown new interest in W. A. S. Benson, a long-forgotten master of lighting and the leading English designer of metalwork candlesticks, lamps, sconces, and ceiling lights during the early days of electrical illumination. Though less famous than his great mentor, William Morris, or his increasingly esteemed contemporary Christopher Dresser, Benson is now considered a leading figure in the Arts and Crafts movement. The well-educated William Arthur Smith Benson (1854–1924), son of a well-to-do barrister, was in the same class at Oxford as Oscar Wilde. There he came under the influence of Morris, who urged him to take up metalworking. His choice of career, though unconventional for someone of his upper-middle-class background, indicates the rising prestige that the industrial arts enjoyed during the Aesthetic period.

By W. A. S. Benson, clockwise from top, pair of candlesticks, mantel candlestick, candelabra variants, oil lamps and candlesticks.







Yet Benson was no back-to-basics craftsman. Unlike some of his naive contemporaries, he had an acute sense of who his audience was. He opened a smart shop on London's Bond Street, sent his pieces to be sold at Samuel Bing's influential Maison de l'Art Nouveau in Paris, and eventually became managing director of Morris & Co., for which he also designed furniture, wallpaper, and accessories.

Benson's undeserved obscurity is in part because of the deceptively low-key quality of his schemes. Generally executed in brass and copper, sometimes silver-plated, they are less showy and elaborate than other Art Nouveau metalwork produced in Britain during Benson's peak years of 1880 to 1914. And compared with the flamboyant *lampadaires* of his French and Belgian counterparts, his designs appear positively austere. Unlike Dresser, who went in for forms bursting with animal vitality, Benson was a virtuoso of the sinuous line; it was the difference between a pipe organ and a violin. Functionally forthright and cleanly modeled, Benson's objects possess a gracefulness that epitomizes Art Nouveau at its purest, freed from the confusion and sentimentality that made much of the convoluted "wet noodle style" merely silly. A daring sculptor, Benson was adept at the formal control that allowed him to carry off bold proportions and unexpected twists and turns. Dresser insisted that all ornament taken from nature must be stylized; Benson used many naturalistic motifs but stopped well short of direct representation, even though his utilitarian objects are alive with luxuriant tendrils, leaves, and petals.

Ingeniously constructed, delicate but durable, and marvelously original, Benson's designs have such lively sculptural interest that they are virtually a medium unto themselves when measured against most other fin de siècle metalwork. One suspects that for those who have snapped up so much of this artist's output in recent years, the burden of living with these extraordinary creations is no more onerous than inhabiting rooms full of exotic orchids. Benson at his best cultivated some precious hybrids indeed. **Martin Filler**

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Catch of the Day

Rhoda Koenig finds something fishy in every corner of Anissa Helou's London town house



Anissa Helou's neat London dwelling south of the Thames seems to have more fish than the river. The three-story Edwardian terrace house is a testament to Helou's piscine passions: fish paintings and fishing gear line the art consultant's walls, fish books fill the hall bookshelves, and fish even leap up the staircase like salmon making their way upstream.

Helou, 36, was introduced to fishing through romance; then her collecting instinct took over. "I had this French boyfriend I went to Majorca with, and he was a very keen fisherman. I started to buy nice rods and reels to use, and I noticed that the old ones were totally unwanted. Having an acquisitive nature, I bought those as well. I used to give them to him but after a few presents I thought better of it." Helou's taste proved to be ahead of the fashion: piscatorial paraphernalia has become so popular that the sort of antique reel Helou bought for under $200 a few years ago now costs three and even four times that much.





Anissa Helou, center, is ready to take on the trout from her sea-inspired staircase lined with piscine prints and paintings. Above: The fish are jumping on a Victorian bamboo frame and watercolor.

Helou believes that anyone with imagination and a spirit of adventure can duplicate her success. A good eye, she says, is more important than unlimited funds. "The rich are very timid. They follow the trends—they don't make them." She is writing a book with an antiques dealer friend about her approach to collecting, one that, she says, applies to grand things and small. "You must anticipate the fads, look for variations on what is currently popular."

Her own life is a study in diversion and serendipity. Born in Beirut, the daughter of a civil engineer, she was sent to a French convent school, but the secular works she read—Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, and Camus—created a longing for the world outside Lebanon. She had a brief career as an airline hostess—"a scandalous thing to do at the time"—settled in England, and landed a job at Sotheby's. As the auction house's "Middle Eastern lady," she traveled to Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Iran to promote sales and attract buyers of Islamic art. Then she branched out to British paintings and jewelry and eventually went off on her own as a freelance art consultant. She now has a number of wealthy Arab clients, including the Kuwaiti royal family, but still insists on value for money. Mondays find her scouring the London salesrooms, often muttering that this or that is much too expensive.

Helou's house didn't seem like a bargain to the friends who visited right after she bought it: "They all



The 18th-century kitchen shelves, above, hold a cache of vintage brass reels, British art-pottery tiles, and a fish-form cruet set.

thought I had gone crazy.'' The former owner had been lavish with ''sixties deep purple,'' and the bathroom had a platform tub and shag carpet. Helou laid parquet floors, knocked the tiny rooms into a few bigger ones, and brightened them with a skylight. Now painted off-white, within and without, the house is a pristine backdrop to her revolving display of Victorian paintings, Arts and Crafts furniture and, of course, her fish of several dozen kinds.

From the entrance hall, where a bluebird-trimmed book stand holds *The Philandering Angler* and *Fishes I Have Known,* one can see that Helou's collection partakes of her adopted country's whimsy and eccentricity. Grand and humble marine life mingle throughout the house—Millet's and Burne-Jones's studies of salmon and cod hang near a cache of colorful fish earrings scooped up in a net. Victorian gentlemen in top hats cast their fly rods before a stately country house in one painting; a nasty-looking fish menaces a voluptuous Art Nouveau nude in another. Helou proudly points out her array of reels, including two rare eighteenth-century Scottish models made for trawling. Surprisingly, the fishing tackle she actually uses is modern—''I'm a bit snobbish about it—I use only split-cane or carbon-fiber rods and Hardy's reels.''

The pièce de résistance of her seafood menu is the stairway painted by Scottish artist Ann Spinks. Each riser bears a different sea dweller, many with droll or startled expressions. On one step, a conger eel wriggles; on another, a pike glides by; on a third, a toothy fish is set to chomp on an unwary bather's big toe.

Helou's collection is confined to inanimate creatures (''I like them dead''), but her green Art Nouveau aquarium was once home to a pair of Siamese fighting fish with a recklessly passionate and tragic love life. ''They were having a courtship. The female leapt out onto the carpet and the male followed.'' Though Helou often casts her line just for sport, she doesn't balk at eating some of the fish that come her way. ''When my boyfriend and I went to Hampshire, he caught a ten-pound salmon with a dry fly. We brought it back to London and made sashimi.''

After a little time in her marine environment, one sees fishiness in all sorts of unexpected corners. At a bend in the hall a little marquetry cupboard bordered by fish depicts a man and a woman bent over their teacups in earnest conversation. What are they telling each other? Helou giggles. ''Fish stories, of course.'' ♠

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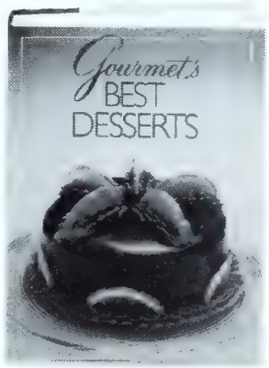
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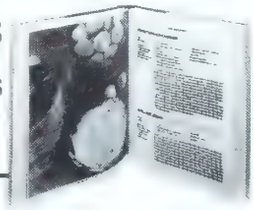
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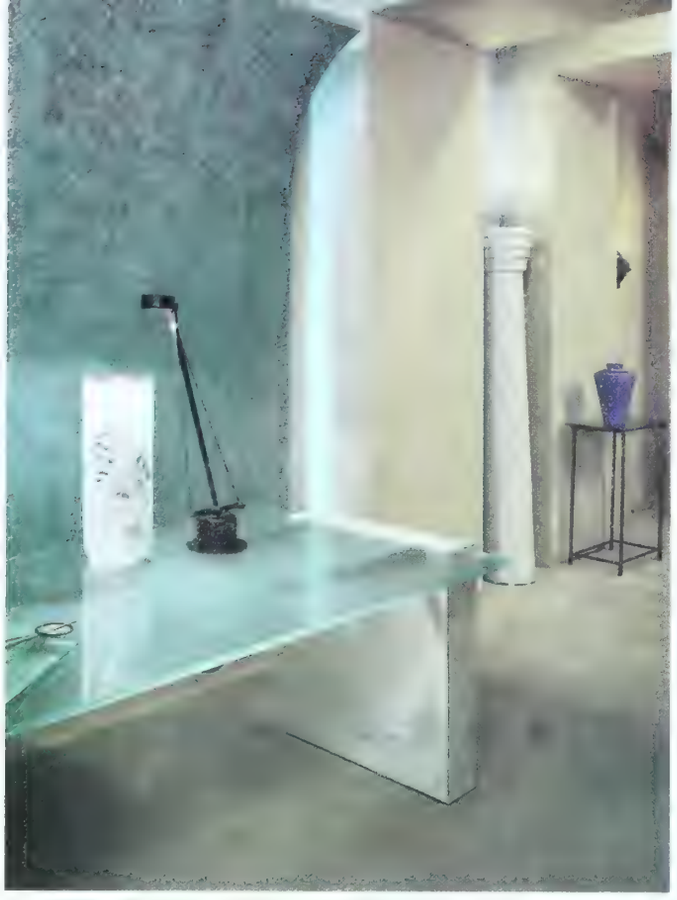
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Getting Plastered

Reinventing the wall—and a ceiling or two. By Heather Smith MacIsaac



You could say tenacity alone has built Shelby and Stephen Balser's plaster business, Art In Construction. From a mom-and-pop operation started in 1985, it has grown to a company of eleven artisans with residential and commercial work ranging from 500 to 10,000 square feet. In promoting and perfecting their work, they have admitted, "We are relentless, even overzealous. We feel plaster combines qualities of flexibility, beauty, and endurance that rival no other."

Anything less than such strength of conviction and physical toughness would never have seen the Balsers through mastering an art headed toward extinction. They chose to take on a material difficult and time-consuming to produce, to expand its range of form and color, to satisfy the most demanding clients, and to tackle union animosity and designer prejudice. "It took getting several of our projects published before the design profession was convinced that plaster could compete with marble or faux finishes."

The Balsers are a learn-by-doing story. In 1979, Steve, who had studied forestry, and Shelby, then a doctoral candidate in English, started out in the renovation business together "with a bucket of tools and a saw. Little by little we did more plasterwork until we made the commitment to it alone." The Balsers invested five years in perfecting first the three-step process of flat plasterwork (two undercoats and a finish or polish coat) and then the equally demanding craft of ornamental plastering. They became expert at running moldings—a process by which a metal template is passed through wet plaster to form a desired profile—and at casting pieces such as rosettes and garlands.

Tinting plaster was the inevitable next step. "We were producing ceilings that were so sharp they looked like ice, and then painters would roll latex over our work. We became convinced that fresh plaster should—and need—never be painted." Shelby and Steve went back to the books, way back to medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, and back to the rudimentary tools of their trade—trowel and hawk—to investigate adding pigments to the polish coat. Most of the colors are derived from oxides: black, red, and yellow from iron oxide, blue from cobalt oxide, green from chromium oxide.

The Balsers have never stopped experimenting and never said "it can't be done." For Fox-Nahem Design they executed a thirty-foot-high elliptical room whose seamlessness required that the finish coat be done in one shot. Eight plasterers, working on four-level diamond-shaped scaffolding, did the job in an hour and a half. For Mary Tyler Moore and Dr. Robert Levine they mixed brown, blue, and yellow with four reds to match a particular red. And for Richard Gere they performed the fanciest and fastest footwork yet. "At our first meeting, he mentioned a plaster wall integrating straw which he had once seen in an ancient teahouse in Kyoto. We headed uptown for an art bookstore, were directed to a Japanese bookstore, and reappeared at Gere's doorstep within hours holding a photograph of what we thought he had in mind. He said 'That's it exactly,' and we had the job." That's it, precisely—that's the way the Balsers have earned the success of Art In Construction. ▲



For the store Clodagh, Ross & Williams, top left, Art In Construction shaped a "curled" wall of tinted plaster. Top: Steve Balser. Middle: A restored ornamental ceiling. Bottom: Plasterwork for an interior by Doris LaPorte and Diane Provenzano.



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EDITOR'S PAGE

JANUARY 1989

This month marks the debut of a new kind of decorating feature for HG. Our story Playing with Fire presents five very different ways to dress up a mantel. If this sounds alarmingly homespun, you will be further surprised to know that I have no shame about using the currently unfashionable term ''decorating.'' Interior design—though I admit to resorting to it in weaker moments—seems to me a circumlocution. What's wrong with decorating? Isn't it the most logical and personal extension of connoisseurship? Who doesn't want the perfect painting or object—and who *does* feel that the prize is fully won before it has found its perfect spot at home? A final word: decorating, as we see it, isn't about buying a complete look. It's more a case of embellishing and that cringe-provoking verb ''personalizing'' than adhering reverentially to the chapter and verse of someone else's scheme. There's lots that is highly personal in this issue, from the white expanses of Joan Vass's midtown Manhattan loft to the venerable comforts of Tom Fallon's Greenwich Village apartment. Dick Dumas in Provence, Ann Holden in New Orleans, and Adriano Magistretti in Rome were their own decorators and clients. Ned Tanen worked with a decorator but layered on the things he loves—the most modern way to work with a professional, we think. The point is to make it your own. We're here to fan the flames of desire for that last refuge—your home.



A mantel painted purple against yellow satin walls, part of HG's new look at the hearth. Page 132.

Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief



Guarding the dining room, a wood horse built from skids found on New York streets by artist Gene Vass, the designer's ex-husband. Bleached fir wood floors, white walls, and high windows provide a light and airy setting for Vass's kilims, plants, and sculptures. Details see Sources.



Vass Horizons

•

"The world abounds with wonderful stuff," says fashion designer Joan Vass. Jonathan Etra visits her Manhattan loft and sees what she means

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE





On a child's stool perhaps large enough for a cup, Joan Vass sits, knees together, arms locked in front, chin on hands, slowly folding in on herself like a neutron star or an origami elf. A fashion designer of great influence and success, Vass makes no effort to live fashionably. Her New York loft, where we are talking now, is in a nondescript building surrounded by Indian food stores, welfare hotels, and a Con Edison facility. Once a factory, the loft had since been shrouded with carpets and draperies. Vass bleached the floors almost white and uncovered cement rectangles—originally used to support machinery—which she had painted to look like patterned rugs. "You have to solve your problems or leave them," she explains. Few problems seem left.

I have the most peculiar feeling, though, that Vass would like to disappear. She is an odd amalgam of modesty, self-effacement, and confidence. She quotes Beau Brummell: " 'If you notice me, I am not well dressed.' Beau had the right idea." Simplicity characterizes Vass. "I live very simply. The word is 'plain.' " She is dressed in a black-and-white sweater and black skirt. The clothes she designs are never fussy. "I make the clothes I've wanted all my life—easy-to-wear and comfortable clothes for modern women." The loft, like Vass's other creations, is simple and clear.

But simplicity is deceptive. "At a party where everyone is overdressed, the woman in plain black or white commands all eyes." Vass is hiding to be found out. "I'm an isolated figure in fashion. I'm not in the mainstream." Her goals are more profound: "My intention in the house as well as my work is to rise above fashion and trend, to enter a world that lasts. Style is something that lasts." Vass has set herself no mean task. But she's quite up to it—she is indeed possessed. Her hair is gray, her soft round face indented by concern. "I work all the time. I would get into a lot of trouble if I didn't work. My mind would go completely." *(Text continued on page 150)*

A forest of woode geometric columns, rig by Gene Vass flank a metal staircase that leads up to the pentho Above: A Baroque put suspended from the skylight. Antique wood doors open onto a coa closet. Left: Vass, in h living room, holds a 19th-century ironstone c and saucer with chinoiserie influence.

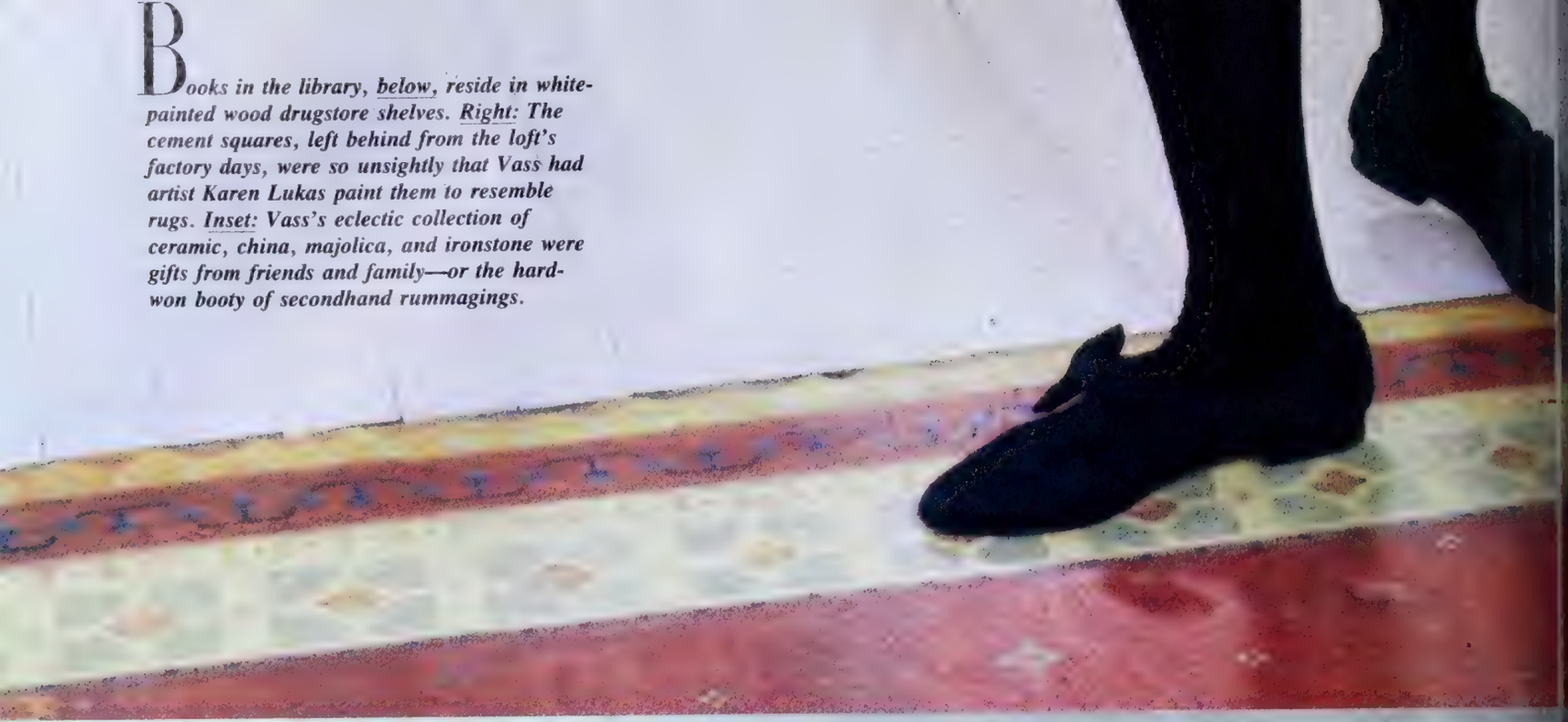
DEBORAH Tu



The metal-and-glass Art Deco table, which Vass found on one of her trips to Connecticut, holds some of her white antique-pitchers and cobalt blue glass from the 1930s. Resting on the lip of an American pine cupboard, filled with more pitchers from her large collection, is a striking Fornasetti tray. At left are some of Vass's institutional wooden chairs from Schlapp Mobel—very comfortable and "I love things that stack," she says.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

Books in the library, below, reside in white-painted wood drugstore shelves. Right: The cement squares, left behind from the loft's factory days, were so unsightly that Vass had artist Karen Lukas paint them to resemble rugs. Inset: Vass's eclectic collection of ceramic, china, majolica, and ironstone were gifts from friends and family—or the hard-won booty of secondhand rummagings.









In the bedroom, right, characteristically piled with books (Vass is a passionate late-night reader), a bed of her own design with a favorite Mexican tray. The chair, reupholstered in Clarence House fabric, once belonged to Vass's parents. To the left, a miniature inlaid Italian chest. Above: A view of the Chrysler Building from the rooftop garden.





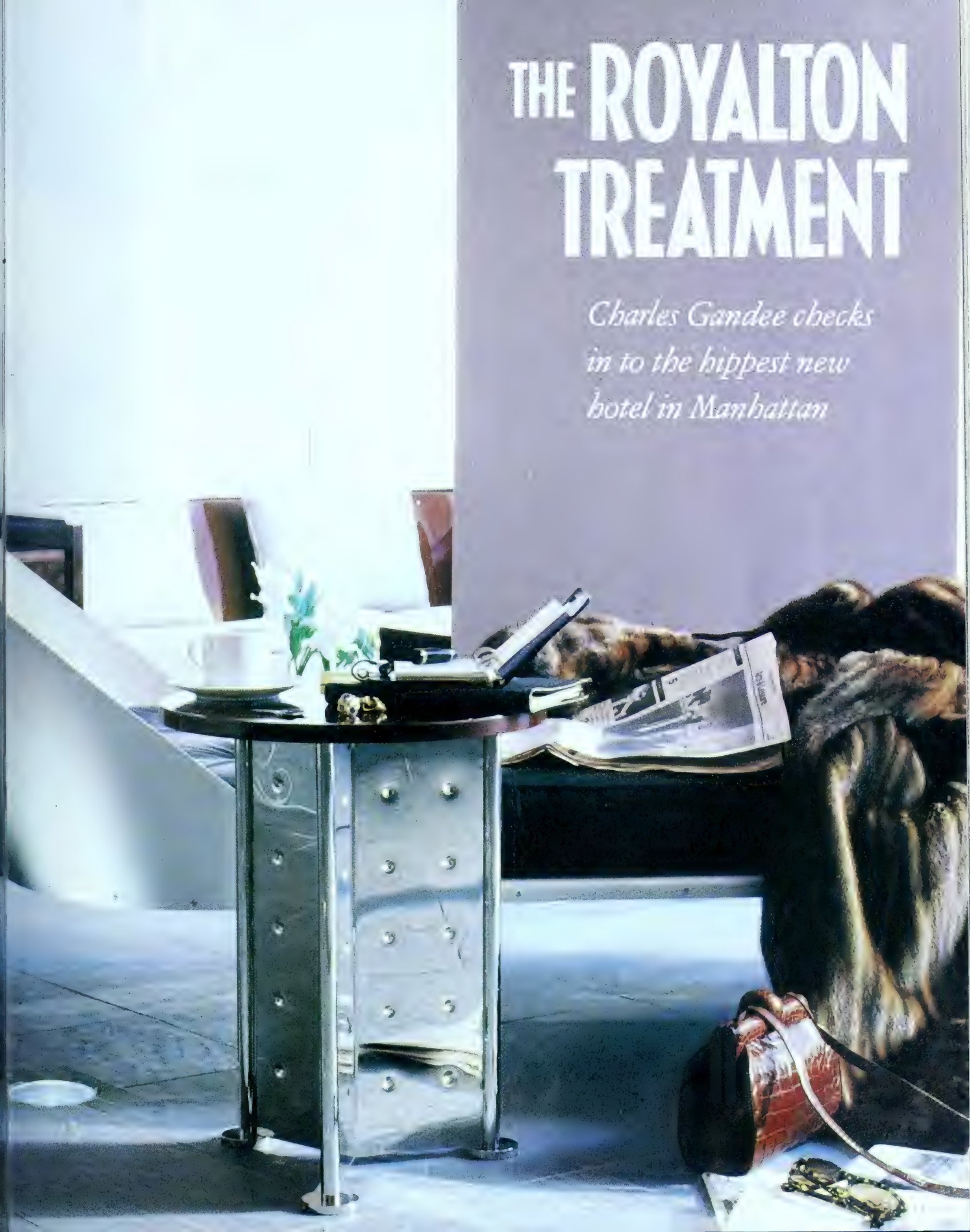


A pair of Mao-jacketed doormen, left, stand guard at the West 44th Street mahogany doors of the Royalton in Manhattan, the latest work of French designer Philippe Starck. Above: Sixteen floors up in the penthouse an aluminum-and-leather chaise longue and a glistening aluminum-and-wood side table offer travelers a coolly elegant reception. Details see Sources.

MICHAEL MUNDY

THE ROYALTON TREATMENT

Charles Gandee checks in to the hippest new hotel in Manhattan





Among the things that Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager are sure of—and Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager are sure of a great many things—is that in order to succeed in Manhattan, a hotel must offer its guests more than luxury, convenience, amenity, design, style, and service. What more could a hotel possibly offer, you ask. Attitude. Lots of attitude.

"In a nightclub people will tolerate almost anything, in a hotel people will tolerate almost nothing," reports Schrager, who knows all about both nightclubs and hotels. He and Rubell not only masterminded such infamous New York pleasure palaces as Studio 54 and Palladium, they are also the proud co-owners of the wildly successful Morgans. Their most recent venture is the Royalton, perhaps the only hotel in Manhattan that stands a chance of eclipsing Morgans's 94 percent occupancy rate.

The secret of Schrager and Rubell's success is their radarlike instinct for what's in and what's out, for what's hot and what's not, for who's hip and who's had it. An aura seems to surround the places they create—an aura that a lot of people find irresistible. "We make magic," explain the partners matter-of-factly.

To help cast the spell, Schrager and Rubell tend to enlist the assistance of high-profile aesthetic wizards—for example, French designer Andrée Putman (Morgans) and Japanese architect Arata Isozaki (Pal-

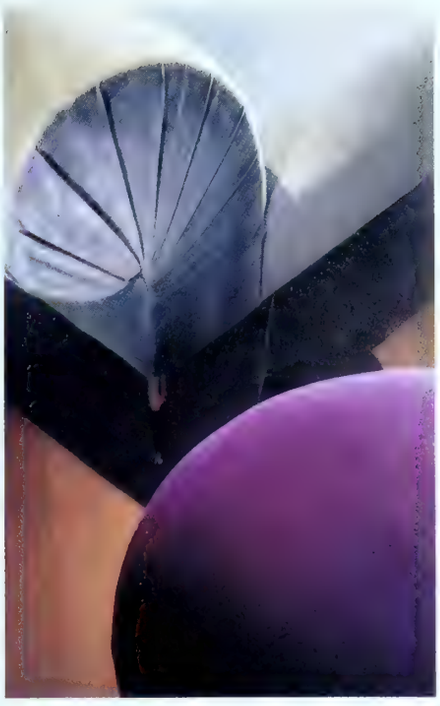


A cobalt blue carpet with a winsome poltergeist motif, opposite, forms a runway-style path through the Royalton's mahogany-lined lobby. Horn-shaped wall sconces create a curious frieze of lights, and cast-aluminum legs give a quirky twist to the traditional seating pieces Starck specified. Above: In one of the deluxe guest suites, a velvet- and silk-cushioned banquette wraps a glass-enclosed alcove that overlooks a permanently tilted midnight-blue lounge chair.



A padded cell, left, purportedly served as Starck's inspiration for the baby-blue bar tucked into a corner of the hotel lobby. The black-and-white terrazzo floor and spiky café tables and chairs enliven not only the aesthetics but the acoustics as well. "Everything in this hotel is custom-made," boasts co-owner Ian Schrager. And looking around the Royalton, right, visitors must agree. Guest rooms offer a range of visual amenities, from slate fireplaces and seaworthy mahogany bed enclosures to glamorous mirrored bathrooms and fresh flowers plunged into the hollow leg of a glass coffee table.





















ladium). To transform the down-at-the-heels ninety-year-old Royalton into the last word in $190 to $1,200 per night accommodations, they looked to the great Gaul, Philippe Starck, the self-described "rock star of design."

Starck has nothing if not a flair for the dramatic, which is fine by Schrager and Rubell, who, after all, liken their partnership to Rodgers and Hammerstein's. For the duo's latest $50 million production Starck devised a moody mise en scène in which the Old World collides with the brave New World in the lobby. Picture a shimmering mahogany wall that has sprouted glowing glass horns; envision a chorus line of sweet little chairs with delicate white skirts and stiletto-like aluminum backrests; consider exquisitely crafted metallic handrails modeled after asps, complete with beady eyes and viperous mouths. So effective is Starck's tour de force that one has the sense that the Royalton wasn't so much designed as choreographed.

Upstairs in the guest rooms, Schrager and Rubell implored Starck to lower the aesthetic rheostat. Which he did, with a little help from architect Anda Andrei, color expert Donald Kaufman, lighting consultant Paul Marantz, and decorator Stephen Sills. Though the rooms are still not exactly what your mother would call cozy, they do have a seductive allure, with their perfectly swell bathrooms, slate fireplaces, and sumptuous beds. After all, even travelers in the fast lane need a good night's sleep. ▲





Against the marble backdrop of the restaurant bar, a pair of harpoon-legged aluminum stools, below, stand at the ready. The sinuous line of the snakelike footrail is repeated as a somewhat threatening backrest for a lobby sofa, opposite. Inset: Royalton owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager flank designer Philippe Starck.



The living room, "like the well-worn reading room of a men's club." Opposite: Tom Fallon at home.

GENTLEMAN'S QUARTERS





n Fallon wanted his place
to feel like "an old school pal."
d it does, says Mary Cantwell



A wooden screen, left, hides the kitchen. Below: A Dutch marquetry bed, c. 1820, and, on the wall, "two old guys I like together." Opposite: Ivory chopsticks in a bamboo holder and American Impressionist paintings.



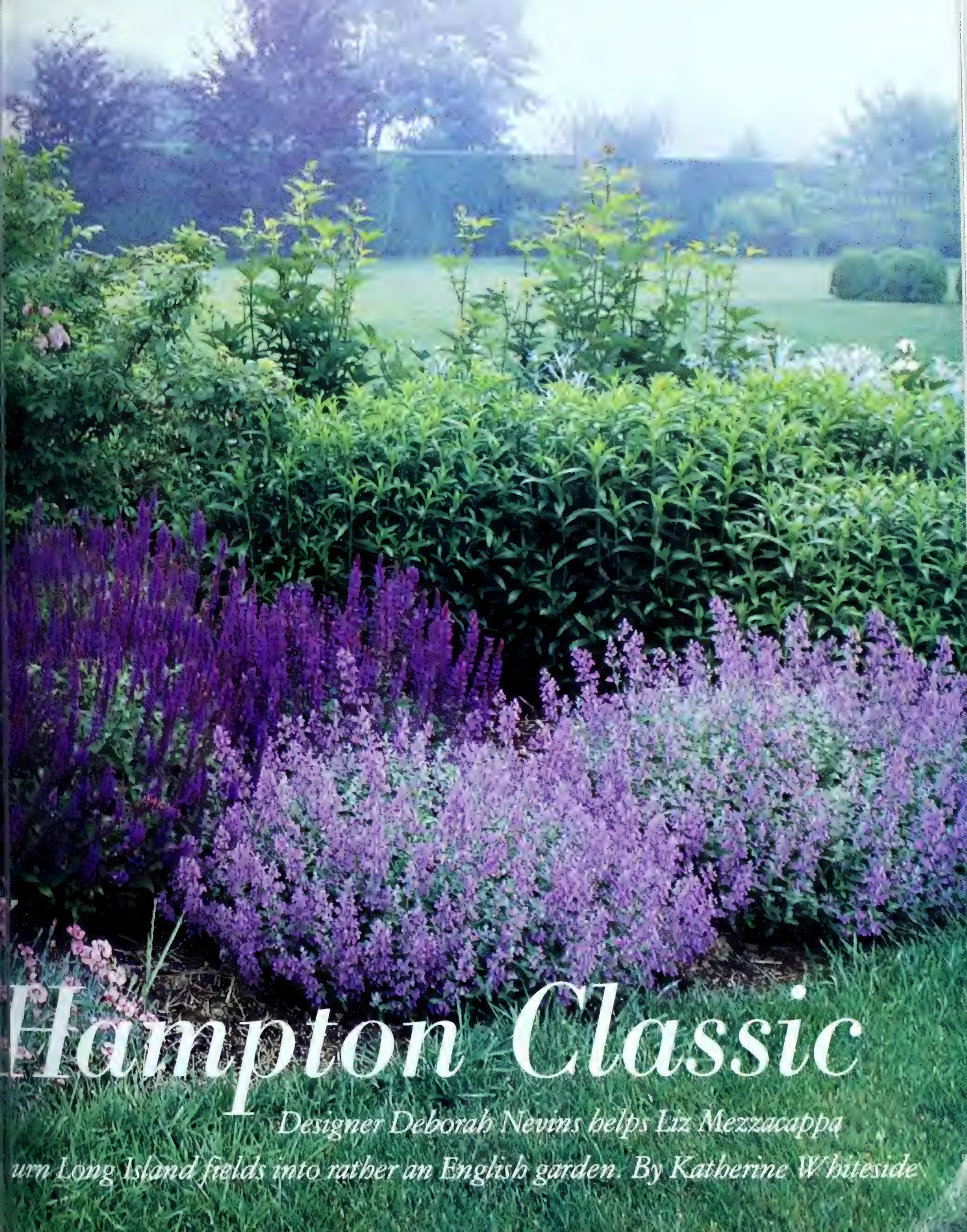
Twenty or so years ago Tom Fallon, who is promotion/advertising director for Bill Blass, bought pair of mounted albino tortoiseshells in a ondon antiques shop. When he brought nem back to New York, he realized that is apartment—a small studio—couldn't ossibly live up to them. So he moved. What else? His next apartment had a baroial fireplace, leaded-glass windows openng onto a garden, and as little furniture as vas feasible: king-size mattresses covered vith industrial carpeting and set about the latformed living room. That was the way nings were in those days. By the time he noved (nineteen years later) to the apartnent down the hall, he was "damn tired of ." He wanted sofas, chairs, pictures, ugs—cozy. That's the way things are nese days. In some forthcoming history of merican decoration, the 1980s will oubtless be touted as the decade in which verybody wanted to come in from the cold.

The three windows in Tom Fallon's livng room look out over the treetops of a reenwich Village street. The fireplace, hich is bracketed by those mounted albio tortoiseshells, is slightly smokemudged, the leather chesterfield and chair bit tired, and the Oriental rugs are showng their age. Books and magazines are iled helter-skelter, and a marvelously fusy draft curtain, which looks as if G. K. hesterton might have owned it last, hangs om wooden rings in the vestibule. That his place was created only yesterday is carcely believable. One would swear that om Fallon had been sitting in the middle f it, slowly accreting possessions, for an on. And that his great-uncle had sat there r an eon before him.

Tom Fallon's stuff comes from auction ooms, antiques shops, junk shops, yard ales, and, on one memorable day in 1975, om a filthy Chinese warehouse. In the ving room, for instance, are family phographs, modern Japanese oils in old ames, a burled-walnut dining table, an nlikely Art Deco-ish settle from Santa Fe, Biedermeier cabinet, a Sepik River totem ole from New Guinea, a fertility symbol lso from New Guinea, a Thai bas-relief, hinese pottery, assorted animal skins, a ngth of African fabric, a George IV armhair, a cartoon for a painting of Napoleon aving for Elba, and eight or ten small oils f Long Island's North Fork by a man amed Terrell, who was painting there ound 1918. *(Text continued on page 151)*



English-inspired borders in a new Southampton garden include old-fashioned cottage flowers such as low-pink Geranium cinereum 'Ballerina' and Dianthus × allwoodii, plumes of 'Bridal Veil' astilbe, spikes of salvia, nepeta, and tall roses.



Hampton Classic

Designer Deborah Nevins helps Liz Mezzacappa turn Long Island fields into rather an English garden. By Katherine Whiteside



The English flower garden followed the English around the world, and prosperous colonials in Bermuda, India, Africa, and Australia adapted the essential product to new environments and made it their own. Growing up in Melbourne, Liz Mezzacappa was exposed to the Australian version, and she recalls her heritage as she relaxes on the porch of her Southampton house: "Grandmother's garden was completely higgledy-piggledy—mulberry trees festooned with silkworms, rampant passion fruit, frangipani, fig trees, English cottage favorites like poppies, lupines, daphnes, and the most incredible roses. Memories of her garden are dear to me."

Although Liz Mezzacappa's garden is more orderly than her grandmother's polyphyletic jungle, her Australian background shows up in the determination that turned four acres of potato field into a fine garden in four years. "This is our first house and first garden, but I have been planning everything in my head for years," she laughs. "I'm a stubborn perfectionist and willing to try and try again to get something exactly right. My husband has a motto for me—'Often wrong, but never in doubt.' " Liz knew, however, that her horticultural visions needed some down-to-earth expert advice. During a series of gardening lectures at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, one speaker, Deborah Nevins, particularly caught her attention. "So I just rang her right out of the blue, and we got along immediately."

Nevins straight away put in hedges and brick paths and transplanted almost all the large trees. With the framework complete, it was time to plant. In order to point out exactly where flower beds settled into the new landscape, Liz leaves the wooden porch at the back of her house and walks inside through several rooms to the library and then out French doors onto an end terrace. She smiles and says, "This was one

Graceful gooseneck loosestrife, Lysimachia clethroides, native to China and Japan, thrives in the white garden, left, blooming well if kept moist. Right: Also in the white garden, clouds of baby's-breath, Gypsophila paniculata, float above points of iris leaves, Veronica spicata 'Icicle', and physostegia.





"There were a few plants
I simply refused to have.
I hate bergenia,
anything resembling a daisy,
and anything red"

of my visions: to walk out of the house, onto a terrace and then out into a garden. But how to go about it?

At first I wanted an enclosed octagonal or circular perennial garden. But walls and hedges were inappropriate because of the lovely borrowed scenery of the surrounding fields. Debby took my thoughts and made them work."

The perennial garden, which is rectangular, serves a central focal point. Its own lushness and color set it apart from the lawn, self-contained but with wide open prospects. Situated exactly on axis with the main mantelpiece of the house is a large pink Verona marble wellhead, which complements pink, blue, lavender, white, and purple in the flower palette. "There were a





few plants that I simply refused to have. I hate bergenia, anything that resembles a daisy, and anything red.'' Only old favorites were planted—cranesbill (*Geranium cinereum* 'Ballerina'), bee balm (*Monarda didyma* 'Croftway Pink'), lamb's-ears (*Stachys byzantina*), fragrant 'Sarah Bernhardt' peonies, spiked catmint (*Nepeta mussinii* 'Blue Wonder'), and pink clouds of queen-of-the-prairie (*Filipendula rubra*). The accompanying roses are all pink: 'Thérèse Bugnet', 'Königin von Dänemark', 'Sarah Van Fleet', and 'Frau Dagmar Hastrup'.

At a slight distance from the perennial garden is a tennis court. Not wanting another boring hide-the-court hedge, Liz and Debby imaginatively dropped the tennis court by four feet, then transplanted large caliper apple trees into neat rows. Branches almost touch horizontally, and tops are trimmed to hide net and court but not countryside.

From her favorite chair on the back porch Liz explains how the rest of the garden got going. ''All the excitement was at that end of the house, and we wanted something pretty here. So we put a white and pink shrub border down one side. Then we laid out flower beds. All the same old traditional plants but only in white. The perennial garden is constantly changing and, therefore, stimulating. But this scene from the place where we most often sit is very peaceful. The different flowers come and go, but because they are all white the view stays quiet.''

Although the Mezzacappa garden is only a few years old, it avoids the dreaded ''skinny-garden syndrome'' with generous massing of plant material. There is a big bed of foaming white astilbe near the pool and, near the tennis court, a long wide island of purple, blue, and white iris interplanted with richly colored peonies. Climbing plants have also been generously deployed—quick-growing 'New Dawn' roses on the house, 'Leverkusen' scrambling up the garage, creamy 'Sombreuil'—an antique rose from 1850—wisteria, and clematis on pergola, pool house, and porch. This may be *terra nova,* but good planning has made it soft and pretty. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Garden views. Left to right: Brightly colored Centranthus ruber enlivens the soft purple of nepeta. Dramatic play on texture makes green leaves an important element in the perennial garden. Tiny hot-air balloons, the buds of platycodon, open as deep purple flowers. English boxwood defines beds of 'Iceberg' roses and artemisia 'Silver King'.



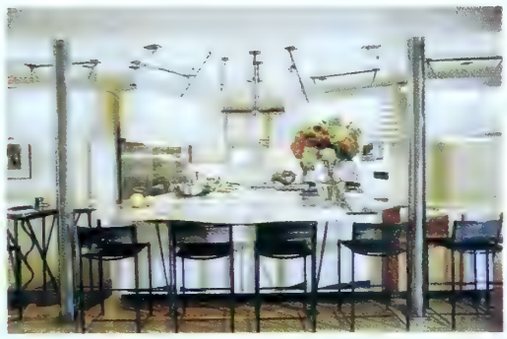


Antique marble wellhead centers the rectangular perennial garden. Annuals such as petunias fill in gaps until perennials mature. 'Thérèse Bugnet' roses, creamy aruncus, blue delphiniums, and iris add height.



Chef Panish's audience is treated to a cornucopia of color and shape on the guest side of the "biggest kitchen island known to man," this page and opposite right. Cabinets suspended on steel brackets and fronted by perforated corrugated aluminum hover like sculptural clouds above the counter. Opposite left: Larry Panish encircled by salmon, his favorite fish. Details see Sources.





CHEF'S SPECIAL

Two young architects throw away the recipe for the model kitchen.
By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Move over, Barney Greengrass, the Sturgeon King: here comes Larry Panish, the Lord of Lox. At six feet two inches, Panish is many times bigger than a bread box, but it is unquestionably his outsize personality that this kitchen by Anderson/Schwartz Architects was cooked up for.

A graduate of the other CIA (Culinary Institute of America) and an owner and shaker behind two hopping New York restaurants, Moondance Diner and Lox Around the Clock (soon to be joined by a third, Pipeline), Larry Panish is a master chef who "knows his stuff," says Frederic Schwartz, partner in charge of the project. Naturally that meant working into the plan equipment he's used to, commercial appliances like a Traulsen refrigerator and a Garland stove. "But he's also a guy who lets you go," adds Schwartz appreciatively, meaning Schwartz and project architect Marc L'Italien were able to throw into the pot many an unexpected ingredient. A twenty-foot-long counter made up of a stainless-steel work surface and fifteen different marbles and granites is the centerpiece of what can only be called a chef d'oeuvre of kitchen design. ▲


OSITION BOOK



On the chef's side of the island, left, the palette is neutral and workmanlike, but the pattern is lively. The squiggly pattern of the sandblasted mirror doors of the cherry cabinets was computer-generated. This page: Marble and granite erode at the edges of the counter to dodge existing steel columns that were stripped and burnished.

MICHAEL MUNDY



In laid-back New Orleans, decorator Ann Holden updates a formerly brooding Victorian house. By Nancy McKeon

ON AUDUBON PLACE

The man sitting next to decorator Ann Holden at the Mardi Gras party couldn't figure her out. All around her the chic women of New Orleans were weighed down with floor-length dresses, major makeup, serious jewelry: Southern womanhood in full feather. And then there was Holden: a little makeup, frizzled hair, and a trim jacket and shirt over a short tight sequined skirt. ''He finally said to me, 'You're either very unstylish, or you're the most confident woman in this room,' '' Holden says, and you can figure out for yourself what the right answer was.

Holden's Mardi Gras man would be equally baffled by the designer's house in Audubon Place, a turn-of-the-century enclave with Victorian-style houses in lazy laid-back New Orleans. Why, he might wonder, are the antique French chairs in the sitting room hidden beneath slipcovers made of ten dollar a yard off-white canvas? Why is the living room furniture mainly upholstered in cream or beige? And why do the curtains, even in the formal rooms, hang from bare metal pipes? But if he could spend a sunny afternoon in

TINA FRE







"I could cover everything in beige," Ann Holden says. In the sunlit living room, opposite, a creamy elegance prevails with spots of color—paintings, flowers, and favorite objects. Top: The deep russet walls in the sitting room are a rich backdrop for the neutral furnishings: Holden updates her antique chairs with canvas slipcovers designed by Holden & Dupuy. Scalamandré silk curtains hang from raw metal rods. Above left: Pale tones warm the sunroom. Above right: Antique French candlesticks and a new terra-cotta bowl filled with pears.

The floor in the entrance hall, left, is pickled and framed by a stenciled geometric pattern. The iron and faux bronze console table, designed by Holden & Dupuy, incorporates 17th-century Portuguese tiles. Below left: Dried hydrangeas in an antiq wood urn, an example of Holden's penchant for muted colors.



one of the front rooms, nestled in one of the overstuffed sofas, he might also wonder why this house of baronial proportions seems so blissfully comfortable.

Languor and sensuality are as New Orleans as zydeco Cajun bands and wrought-iron balconies. Holden, with Ann Dupuy, her partner, has spent the past eleven years translating those qualities into vibrant rooms. And they've done it right at home—half their decorating jobs have been in New Orleans—winning over many of the same ladies who would sooner give up their Mercedes than their Mardi Gras balls.

"Our style doesn't scare people here," Holden explains. "What we've given them is a new look but with their own antiques."

Antiques, specifically French antiques, exert powerful appeal in the heart of this former French territory. Glittery chandeliers and girandoles, fauteuils, and Rococo-style mirrors fill the warehouse-size shops that line Royal Street. If you



The Holdens' master room, right, painted ay and decked out in f-white cotton piqué, is straightforward but not severe. ough the doorway, a ovated dressing room includes enormous closets between irrored walls. Below: A comfortable chair in a corner of the bedroom, perfect for reading.

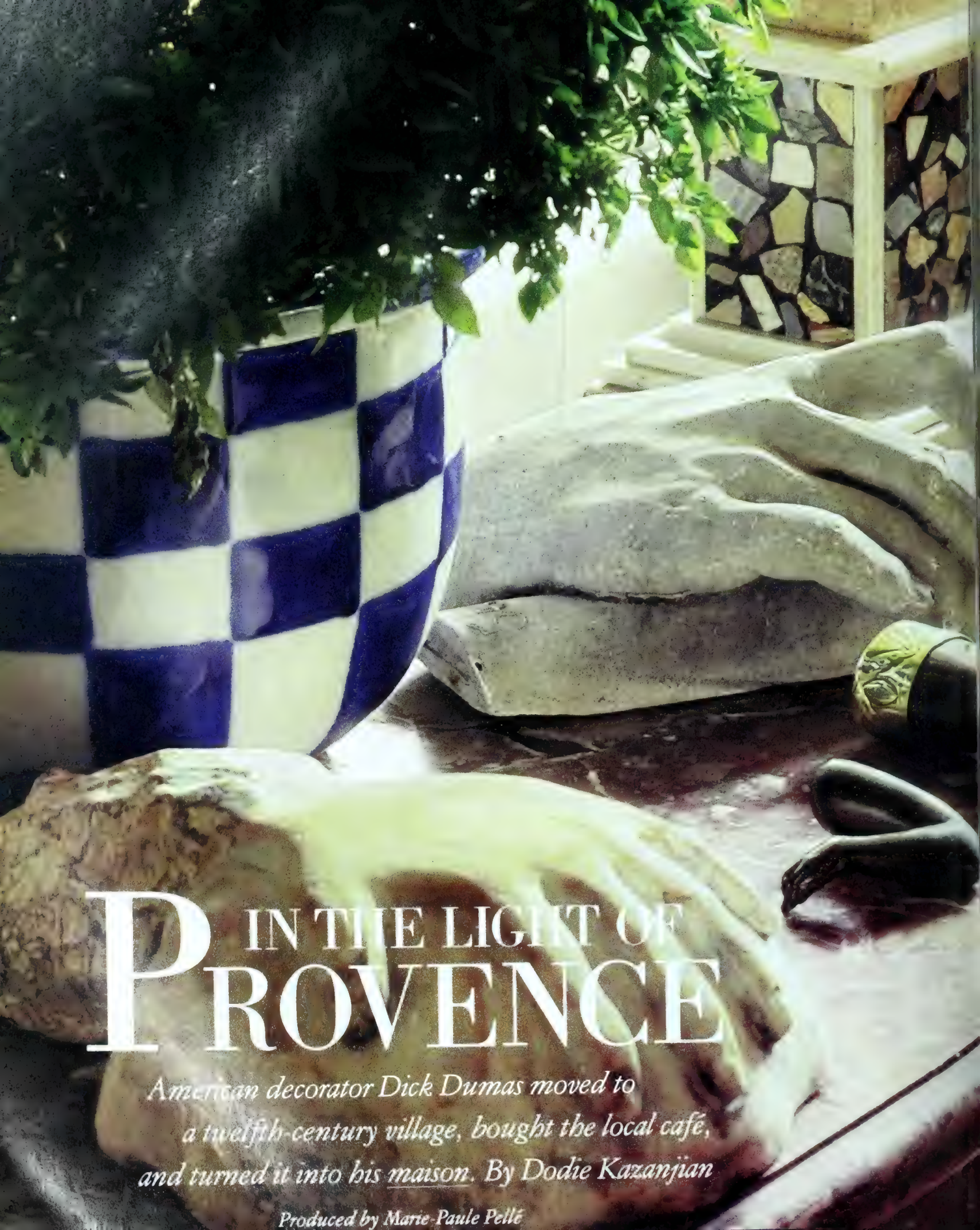


weren't hungry for classic French style before, a stroll down Royal Street will sharpen your appetite. Holden says, "You just don't go out to a store here and buy all new furniture. Everybody has things from their family. Everybody uses antiques."

But, Holden and Dupuy decided, people of their generation also wanted an easy look that would be simpatico with young families. So in the house Holden shares with her stockbroker husband, Jim Reid Holden, and their two "very active" sons, Porter, 11, and Thacher, 9, she de-emphasized some of the heavy architectural details that once made this 1905 house majestic but brooding. "It was real serious Victorian," says Holden. But the wainscoting in the dining room, once dark, is now beige. Ditto for the wide wood molding surrounding the windows. The dark wood floors throughout the first floor are now pale and cool.

The results of this clean *(Text continued on page 151)*

TINA FREEMAN



IN THE LIGHT OF PROVENCE

American decorator Dick Dumas moved to a twelfth-century village, bought the local café, and turned it into his maison. By Dodie Kazanjian

Produced by Marie-Paule Pellé



Dumas's collection of hands, in marble, plaster, wood, and metal, left, on an 18th-century Louis XV marble-top table. Above: Blue green entrance doors open to the terrace with its view of the Luberon.

FRANÇOIS HALARD



It was love at first sight.'' This is how decorator Dick Dumas describes his meeting with Provence 25 years ago. ''I went to stay with a friend on my way from Paris to the Côte d'Azur and fell violently in love with this dramatic countryside.''

Two years later he bought his first house in Provence, in the Vaucluse, and two and a half years ago he bought his fourth, a ''greasy spoon'' restaurant in Oppède-le-Vieux. ''It had only one thing going for it—a view to die for—and that is really what I bought,'' says Dumas. The view takes in a twelfth-century village and the Luberon, ''a *gentille petite* mountain. Not grand and Swiss. All the houses sit in the shade because the mountain is there, but I see them in that beautiful north light. So I sit on my terrace and look out and it looks like the background of the Mona Lisa.''

Dick Dumas is a ''maniac'' about houses. If he could, he would have five hundred of them: ''I'm sort of a doctor of houses. I love them, and when they're in pain and need to be fixed, I feel it's my duty to fix them.''



A twelve-point stag's head found in Philadelphia is superimposed on one of the brass mirrors that surround the library, right. The round table is for working and for meals. There is no fixed dining room—Dumas believes in eating wherever you like. Above: Dick Dumas leans on a plaster horse's head on his terrace—''the view looks like the background of the Mona Lisa,'' he says.



FRANÇOIS HALARD









Provençal stripped of the provincial clichés. Clockwise from top left: Dumas's bathroom features an early automobile jump seat, with his shoes on the steps leading to the bedroom. A reflecting globe sits on a wooden pedestal. In the guest room, breakfast is served at a Louis XV leather chair with a portrait of Napoleon on a petit-point pillow. Wooden birds perch in an old wood-and-wire cage. Back view focuses on one of Dumas's own button-on slipcovers. On the terrace a Souleiado paisley cloth from Pierre Deux covers a Dumas-designed table, with a built-in white sofa surrounding the loggia. Fragrant cedar beads encircle a 1930s marble bust made for the "Colonial Exhibition" in Paris. A 19th-century artist's articulated iron mannequin poses on the terrace wall. Details see Sources.









FRANÇOIS HALARD



Twelfth-century stone houses in Oppède-le-Vieux, seen from Dumas's terrace.







His greasy spoon, the Café Gite, had been for sale for two and a half years and was in serious need of surgery. "It was Ye Olde Provence with a capital Ye Olde. I'm very much against Ye Olde. If it's old, fine. But I don't want a copy of an old. So I took all the neo-Provence out of it." Dumas cleaned it up and stripped it of all its provincial clichés. He lightened it by using a lot of beige paint, especially on the putty-brown ceiling beams, and knocked down walls to open the space. He made the terrace into a big outdoor drawing room.

Dumas used to be a fashion designer—he began with the famous couturier Charles James and later designed junior clothes on Seventh Avenue under his own label—and his approach to decorating sometimes reflects that. All the sofas and French chairs in his house are wearing slipcovers that button on, with their lower buttons undone in back. "You know, the way a man doesn't button the last two buttons of his waistcoat, or a woman doesn't button the last three buttons of her skirt. I thought that's the way slipcovers should look." This isn't the first time buttons have figured in Dumas's designs. It happened when he moved to Paris from New York in the early sixties and started what became

In the long drawing room, left, upholstered furniture designed by Dumas surrounds a 17th-century fireplace. A huge bronze sculpture by local artist Nicky Nicolina is on the far wall. Above: A 19th-century ivory-and-mahogany English cribbage board frames a portrait of a child.

FRANÇOIS HALARD

an enormously successful shop called Fourteen on the rue de l'Université. "It specialized in decoration and antiquities and amusing junk—whatever could be used by people who live a good life."

He bought from a taxidermist about three hundred glass eyes of "owls, tigers, and God knows what" and made them into buttons for women's suits, cuff links for men, buckles for shoes, and clasps for handbags. When people saw his shop with its white leather walls and white floors and spotlights, some of them asked him to decorate their flats. "I had no training in decorating," he says. "With design, you've either got it or you don't. I could design tin cans—anything. Anything."

Dumas believes he is related to Alexandre Dumas, but he isn't certain; his grandmother was embarrassed by the rumor of the novelist-dramatist's illegitimate birth and did everything she could to squelch the connection. "It's either Alexandre Dumas *(Text continued on page 149)*







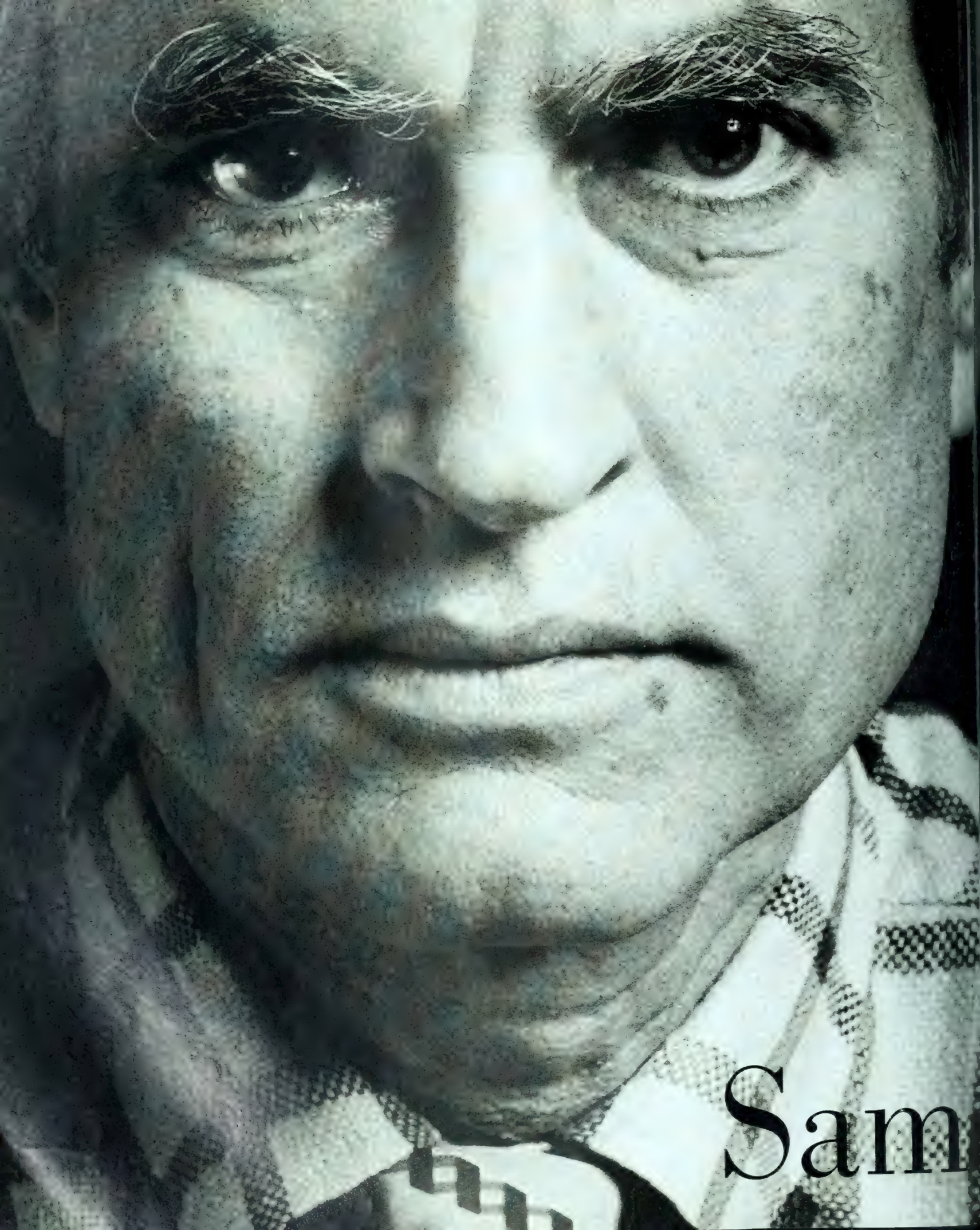


Dumas's bedroom, top, once the attic, looks out to the castle in ruins. A faience cat by Gallé and a collection of World War I miniature silk hats sit on a Louis XVI bureau plat. Above: In the guest room Souleiado chintz frames four-poster beds Dumas made with plumbing pipes painted in faux tiger. The floors are natural oak rubbed with white paint.

FRANÇOIS HALARD



Dumas painted the terrace trees with white lime—an 18th-century remedy to ward off bugs—because it reminds him of the tropics. The floor is made of bricks placed on a bias to lead the eye to the view. The windows are curtained on the outside in billowing white cotton to keep the sun off the house.


Sam



Four Gorham seafood servers, with mussel shell bowls lashed onto bamboo handles, are supreme examples of the 1870s craze for naturalism. Opposite: Sam Wagstaff in 1979.

Wagstaff's Silver



BY INGRID SISCHY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Sam Wagstaff looked and acted as though he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It always seemed to me that he was the handsomest man in the world. And it always seemed as though he could have been anything and done anything he wanted. He could have, and he did. He was known first as a dynamic curator of modern and contemporary art—working at the Wadsworth Atheneum and the Detroit Institute of Arts—and then as a collector. He was really a collector all his life, but he went at it full time in his last twenty years. This is where his genius came out.

Still, people were surprised when he started to focus on American silver in 1984. We're talking about someone who ate out, opened a can, or ordered takeout, so the very idea of silver pieces cluttering the shelves seemed out of character, too fussy and retro for a man who traveled so light. That's why collecting photography, the modern medium of light, had matched his image so well. But here, too, when he first started buying pictures and talking about photography as more magnetic for our time than painting and sculpture, he didn't find unanimous agreement in either art or collecting circles. In fact, in the early 1970s, there were very few people having serious love affairs with what a person with a camera could achieve. Yet by 1984, when Wagstaff sold his collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photography to the Getty Museum, he had more than proved his argument, so much so that you could hear something virtually blasphemous in the chauvinistic New York art world—an admission of envy that the most important private collection of photographs was on its way to California.

With American Victorian silver Wagstaff's prescience becomes evident again. And again, when he first entered the field, only he and a few others wanted the stuff. Most connoisseurs disdained its eccentric designs, its democratic use of mixed metals, its embracing of sources as diverse as Alaska, ancient Greece, and the East; they preferred something more European, less wild. Wagstaff and those few others comprised a tiny world where everyone knew everyone else and agreed that everyone outside that world was dead wrong. That was part of the fun for Wagstaff—the intimate underground aspect of collecting, the renegade angle that challenged the ruling orders of taste. Wagstaff's air of entitlement came in especially handy. *(Text continued on page 148)*



"This is a collection sifted through my eccentricity"
—Sam Wagstaff

Fed up with the stodginess of French Classicism, Victorians ventured east. The star of Wagstaff's collection is an 1881 Gorham compote, above, supported by costumed elephants and draped with a Persian blanket exquisitely detailed down to its silver-gilt fringe. Opposite: An Eskimo's reindeer-driven sled leaps across frozen terrain on a Gorham centerpiece, c. 1870, made for serving ice cream.



"The collection is quite bizarre as to individual piece, even more bizarre in totality"—Sam Wagstaff

Gazing at herself in the mirror, a mermaid, above, perches as the handle on a c. 1870 Gorham silver-gilt yachting trophy with an engraving of schooners racing neck and neck.
Opposite above: Japanese-inspired mixed-metal designs, like this Whiting & Co. water pitcher with applied copper leaves, made American silver the hit of the 1878 Paris Exposition.
Opposite below: Gorham's 1871 polar ice bucket and harpoon-shaped spoon salute the U.S. acquisition of Alaska in 1867.







ROMAN REVIVAL



A bust of Juno, goddess of women, at right, gazes down on the Roman apartment of designer Adriano Magistretti. The gilded-wood and bronze sun-shaped chandelier sheds light on a green faux marble dining table set with English Regency candlesticks. A pair of terra-cotta garden seats, c. 1900, mimic an ancient Roman design. Ornamental mahogany scallop shells, c. 1800, flank the Turkish sofa by Magistretti's own Pediment Design. Details see Sources.

FRANCOIS HALARD



Adriano Magistretti transformed a sixteenth-century orangery into a one-room palazzo. By Jonathan Turner

Produced by Marie-Paule Pellé

Juno gazes down from her pedestal. Behind her the warm Roman sunlight streams in through an arched window as footsteps echo on the cobbled streets outside. As she surveys her territory, Juno poses in dramatic silhouette. This morning the studio apartment of interior designer Adriano Magistretti, with its vaulted ceiling and sparse, precise furniture, is pretending to be a stage set.

Magistretti's apartment on the ground floor of a late sixteenth century palazzo in the heart of ancient Rome has led a theatrical life. Originally it was simply an arcade in the courtyard of a palace built in the district of the Eternal City favored by Florentine cardinals. Opening onto the gardens, it was used as an orangery where musical and theatrical performances were most likely staged. Later the arches were bricked up, and the space was turned into a stable. The horses and carriages eventually disappeared, and when Magistretti rediscovered the enclosed arcade in 1983, it was little more than a dilapidated basement with a sloping sandy floor.



A vaulted niche, above, part of a 17th-century Roman fountain behind the apartment, houses Apollo resting in a grotto. Left: Adriano Magistretti overlooks the palazzo courtyard from a stone alcove outside his apartment.

"Because we are sitting on the same level as the River Tiber, this area is rather damp," says Magistretti in measured tones. "So I raised the floor to let the air circulate. Then I repaired the existing pillars and painted them in Florentine gray. It was all a question of putting back. Now, at certain times of the day, the apartment comes into its own magic. In the evening I play with the electric-light switches, but during the morning, sun and clouds cast their own spells."

Adriano Magistretti designs his conversation as cautiously as he designs his interiors. He weighs the accuracy of every phrase he uses, as though he could be sentenced in a court of grammatical law for hasty expression. Similarly, his choice of furniture is restricted to a formal vocabulary of refined objects. His apart-

ment, like his sense of decorating, is calmly mesmerizing and an affront to indecency.

The statue of Juno is not the only figure scrutinizing Magistretti's domain. Against the far wall, flanking a faded circular fresco of a forgotten woman visiting a cardinal, a married couple, captured in oils by Gaetano Piattoli in about 1750, focuses their sharp eyes on the visitor. Some of the furniture may be transient, but Magistretti feels that these painted characters are intrinsic to his apartment. The maiden name of Magistretti's mother was Piattoli, and her ancestors were the founders of the Academy of Florence. The pair of canvases portrays the straight-backed union between Anna Maria, last of the Medici, and William, the elector palatine. As such, they contribute to the anachronism of a converted Florentine stable in the center of Rome. Between the arches hang oval medallions with profiles of half a dozen Medici, and the fleur de lis, emblem of the original palazzo, is painted as a frieze onto the column capitals as an additional Florentine touch.

Thomas Corey, with whom Magistretti established Pediment Design in New York five years ago, sits on a Turkish-inspired sofa and looks in the same direction as Piattoli's double portrait. The opposite wall features a bookcase with a gilt-ridden eagle perched on top and a sky-blue fresco painted with stars in what Magistretti refers to as the Giotto pattern. Next to volumes of Nubian architecture and Egyptian interiors, the shelves display titles invented by friends. The bookcase, though, conceals *(Text continued on page 149)*





A 1934 cast-iron lamp, left, by Alberto Gherardi stands between a cherry-wood Austrian Biedermeier chair, c. 1815, and a 17th-century stucco and papier-mâché medallion of Lorenzo de' Medici. Above and overleaf: A sky-blue fresco dotted with stars arches above a wall of faux Biedermeier bookcases. The outer pair conceals doors leading to the kitchen and bath. The fresco rests between pillars decorated with golden fleurs de lis, the palazzo's emblem. Hand-carved pinecones adorn the bookcases; the nearer cones are larger, creating a trompe l'oeil effect.

FRANÇOIS HALARD

His apartment, like his sense of decorating, is calmly mesmerizing and an affront to indecency



FRANÇOIS H



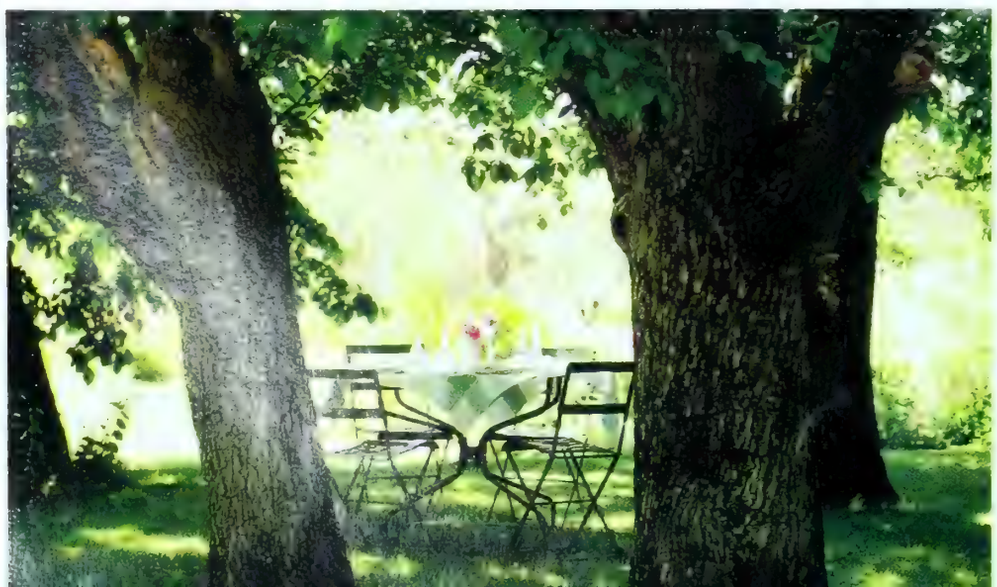
A friend and his son prune a white cedar tree in the barren paddock beyond the Geddes garden. Opposite: Poppies and Russell lupines.

California poppies, opium poppies, geums, and carnations, left, border a winding gravel path. Opposite: 'Albertine' roses and weathered chairs on the front veranda. Below: Lunch among the elms.

Geddes has mixed up red, gold, and tangerine, "which sounds horrible," he says, "but is actually wonderful"

Just an hour and a half drive out of Melbourne, Graham Geddes, one of Australia's top antiques dealers, spends his weekends in a tiny 1840s miner's cottage tucked at the end of a dirt lane with land meandering down to a tree-bordered river and a profusion of flowers along narrow gravel paths. Roses and jasmine climb a woven-iron gazebo that Geddes designed and had built a year ago. Morning glories sway from an arbor, and on the cottage itself 'Albertine' roses swarm up the veranda and over the roof.

The henhouse, also designed by Geddes, was originally intended to accommodate a guinea fowl breeding program that proved too successful. "We had guinea fowl coming out at the rate of about ten a week," Geddes marvels. "You'd wake up and there'd be this incredible noise going on and what seemed like thousands of the birds parading past your window. They're the maddest things. I'd be bending over in the garden and a guinea fowl would fly out at seventy kilometers an hour and hit me on the head. I was attacked by about fourteen of them once and that was it—I just couldn't stand it any longer."



Sitting now in a small thicket of elms just outside the kitchen door, Geddes looks about him. "This place means everything to me," he says. "You can be a real person here. Whatever you do for a garden, it repays you a million times. It's like having a whole family to look after."

The surprise comes not from the sentiment but from the fact that Geddes's passion for gardening is just four years old. It was his wife, Vicki, who first piqued the interest, he says. "Then I became a bit obsessive about it."

After finding the cottage, which had the remains of two flower beds, the elms, and no water, Geddes felt daunted by the proj-

ANDRE





"I think we could break the world record for delphiniums, heightwise, anyway"





ect ahead. Ambitious plans that had been inspired by prowls through leading European gardens, including Sissinghurst, Knole, and Giverny, had to be restrained by the realities of the Australian climate and the limitations of his property. To that end, he began to study his immediate surroundings, noting what he liked and, more important, what grew well in the area.

Armed with basic information, Geddes had to learn the nitty-gritty of plant performance. "Initially I had no idea how perennials, for instance, were going to behave in chronological order," he explains, "so I had a number of experimental beds, in the first couple of years, to see the flow of things. Now we have columbine, delphiniums, lupines, and hollyhocks, in that order. Dispersed among them are the early roses, which, if they're deadheaded, will flower again before Christmas. Then we've got stocks and lots of creeping campanulas, which are really beautiful. I also like white morning glories, poppies, and cornflowers.

"The garden is essentially cottage style. I use a lot of local flowers like periwinkle, which is a great ground cover for dry areas. All the daisies and roses also grow particularly well here. Then there are the high cornflowers and nice summery perennial things such as scabiosa, ragged-robin, snapdragons, sweet william, and the geums. *(Text continued on page 151)*

A picket fence, left, separates the color and intimacy of the cottage garden from the wide brown paddock. Snapdragons, sweet william, and purple delphiniums lead the way to a vine-covered lych-gate. Above: Old-fashioned roses climbing up the veranda.

ANDREW GASH



High-keyed yellow satin from Scalamandré sets off a purple mantel. Louis XV chinoiserie clock from Bernard Steinitz & Fils, Sheffield beaker from Joel Mathieson. Left: Fire blower and Louis XVI andirons from William Jackson. All mantels painted by Sara Nesbitt. Details see Sources.





MICHAEL MUNDY



PLAYING WITH FIRE

A coat of paint, a bolt of fabric, a few well-chosen objects spruce up the humble hearth. HG takes on the mantel





The Quadrille stripe, left, aligns the G. Flamant 1928 bronze head and Malevich teapot from Primavera, Anasazi pot from Wallengren Gallery, c. 1910 plate from Garvin Mecking, lamp from D. F. Sanders, portrait by Herb Ritts, glass bowl from James II Galleries. Above: English finials and French garden ornaments from Garvin Mecking. Top: Giacometti andirons from A. Smith.

MICHAEL MUNDY



Tartan fabric, right, in a new palette from Christopher Hyland highlights a group of 19th-century objects. Racehorse paintings and marquetry mirror from John Rosselli, carpet balls and model Gothic castle from Garvin Mecking, Georgian mahogany candlesticks from James II, brass fender and screwdriver-cum-poker from Stair & Co., George III bucket from Florian Papp. Above: Hessian soldier andirons from William Jackson. Mantels from Readybuilt Products.

MICHAEL MUNDY

A red mantel, left, balances Regency candelabra from James II, 18th-century family portrait from Vito Giallo, and George III silver cups from J. Mavec that echo the Clarence House chintz. Tools from William Jackson, andirons from Stair & Co. Below: The mantel picks up motifs from Brunschwig toile. New England fireboard, c. 1890, from Garvin Mecking, Tramp Art clock from Limited Editions, brass shell sconces and candlesticks from James II, English rail-style brass fender from Danny Alessandro, fire tools and andirons from William Jackson, basket of wheat from Pierre Deux.



Styled by Jacques Dehornois
Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Sarah Kaltman

Straight from the Hearth

What's hot in fireplace equipment

Sparks are flying out of forges nationwide thanks to a new generation of blacksmiths who have been adding their own imprint to the ancient craft. Using traditional methods of heating and hammering metal, these artisans have come out with a surprising array of fire tools that range in look from early American to whimsically modern and sculptural. Here, HG gathers the most striking new designs in wrought iron and some timeless classics as well. For a list of working blacksmiths and dealers that carry fireplace tools see Sources. ♠







Top right: A 19th-century English fender, $9,500, and a Victorian screwdriver-turned-poker, $450, both from Stair & Co., with a George III bucket, $4,950, from Florian Papp. Right: Matthew Smyth andirons, $660, from Luten Clarey Stern. Bottom right: Firescreen by Jerry Hoffman, $1,400. Bottom: Louis XVI andirons, $3,400, at William H. Jackson. Below: Bear andirons by Jeffrey Funk, $2,500. Left: Ivan Bailey tongs, $1,000.







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Old Glories

Sam Pennington predicts high-stakes American furniture may be the bargain of the year





Americana's hall of fame. Left: The $2.75 million Cadwalader wing chair, the most expensive piece of furniture ever sold at auction. Below left: Detail from a $594,000 Charles Honoré Lannuier pier table. Below: The $1.045 million piecrust tea table, the first piece to break the million-dollar mark. Right: A rare Philadelphia Neoclassical secretary, c. 1815, that sold for $302,500 in January 1987.





Boston chest-on-chest, estimated to bring $70,000–$100,000 at Christie's on January 21.

Americana takes center stage in January. At New York's prestigious Winter Antiques Show, mobs gather to ogle the legs on curvaceous Queen Anne chairs and admire six-figure highboys. Clustered around the show are a series of less regal antiques fairs where the pickings are more attainable. But many buyers hold out to see what the New York auction houses have to offer since late January is when Christie's and Sotheby's trot out their best pieces. New England auctioneers, too, have gotten the message. They now save some blockbusters for their winter sales.



Three years ago, after thirty years of a steady bull market, prices for the best American antique furniture began rocketing to unheard of levels. The cost of middle-range things—late eighteenth century flattop highboys, maple tall chests, and country slant-front desks—soared upward as well, and for a time it looked as if only the very rich would ever be able to afford early American furniture. But in recent months prices at the top have started to seem erratic. This January some of these very same high-end examples of American craftsmanship could be bargains. Of course, it all depends on a number of crucial, but hard to predict, factors: the economy, the desires of top collectors, and, most of all, what the auction houses serve up. To understand why 1989 may be remembered as the year of opportunity for American furniture collectors, it's worth recalling some scenarios from the past.

January 25, 1986. New Hampshire collector Eddy Nicholson and Dean Failey, Christie's American furniture expert, excuse themselves from a luncheon Nicholson is hosting during the break from Christie's Americana auction. In the privacy of the men's room Nicholson gives Failey some bidding instructions that are to rock the market. When the group reconvenes at Christie's, a superb Philadelphia Chippendale tilt-top piecrust tea table comes on the block. It is estimated to bring $350,000–$500,000. Normally the auctioneer asks for a bid below the low estimate and moves the price up in increments of $25,000. This time he opens the bidding at $550,000, and the usually blasé group of auctiongoers lets out a gasp. All eyes focus on Harold Sack, dean of American furniture dealers, whose firm sold this same table for $15,000 in 1953. Sack doesn't budge, and the auctioneer starts to wield his hammer when a phone bidder offers $575,000. Then, with the flick of his gold pencil, Sack enters the bidding and stays in it to $925,000. The table goes to Nicholson. With the ten percent

buyer's premium, the total price comes to $1,045,000. In the auction world the event is akin to beating the four-minute mile. The million-dollar barrier has been broken.

January 31, 1987. A 1775 wing chair discovered in a Pennsylvania garage appears at Sotheby's. Made in the highest Philadelphia Chippendale style for the revolutionary war general John Cadwalader, the chair's chief attraction is its spectacularly carved hairy-paw feet. Sotheby's tags it with a $700,000–$900,000 estimate and removes its slipcover to show off a masterful frame stripped of upholstery and riddled with nail holes. Leading collectors in the field, including comedian Bill Cosby, show up. To everyone's surprise a wild-card bidder, young New York dealer Leigh Keno, enters the competition and walks away with the chair for $2.75 million, a world record for any piece of furniture. (Trade sources insist Keno was bidding on behalf of Richard Dietrich, a very private Pennsylvania collector whose foundation lends Americana to museums.)

May 28, 1987. Word on the Cadwalader sale travels, and anyone who owns an old easy chair starts to think it's worth a fortune. Sellers assume American furniture will continue on a straight path to the stars, but there are signs that the $2.75 million may be the apogee of the price boom, the last star burst. Christie's offers a rare matching highboy, lowboy, and two chairs from a Philadelphia family. Before the sale the Sacks say they're prepared to go up to $4 million for the set. With a few fast bids it's theirs for $1.76 million. A shell-carved Newport secretary bearing a $1.4 million reserve fails to provoke a single bid and gets returned to a very unhappy consignor. People blame everything from the ups and downs of the stock market to overly ambitious auction houses. Whatever the causes, the outlook seems bad for sellers but good for buyers.

January 30, 1988. Sotheby's American furniture sale is a disaster with piece after piece failing to attract the minimum acceptable bids set by the consignors. Forty-two percent of an important collection goes unsold. Christie's fares little better.

June 4, 1988. Hoping to stir up the competition again, Christie's offers another great Philadelphia wing chair, putting a conservative $400,000–$600,000 estimate on it. Only one collector is interested. The chair sells on a single bid for $440,000. Failey, who expected the piece to bring at least $1 million, tells the press the buyer "pulled off the coup of a lifetime."

Some sober truths have emerged about the auction market at the top. Only a few million-dollar pieces of furniture exist, and there are just as few buyers who can afford them. Fine condition and provenance are crucial and can mean the difference between a record-breaker and a run-of-the-mill price. With so much at stake these days, buyers are warier than ever of paying top dollar for damaged goods. Of course, if a real masterpiece surfaces, the competition could get fierce again. At Christie's October 1988 sale a rare early eighteenth century kneehole desk painted with the chinoiserie decoration called japanning was estimated at only $6,000–$8,000. When Christie's put it on exhibit, however, the desk—once used as a sewing-machine stand in a New York apartment—was recognized as the first major piece of japanned furniture to come to market since 1975. Collector Eddy Nicholson was three hundred miles out in the African bush on safari when his advisers cabled to say the piece should be in his collection. He arrived at the Mount Kenya Safari Club (founded by the late William Holden) just in time to call in a whopping bid to Christie's. The desk was his for $240,000.

It's also possible that a collector could come out of left field with an open checkbook. Last June at a Richard Oliver auction under a tent in Kennebunk, Maine, shopping-center developer and manuscript collector Emile Dumont paid $440,000 for a Simon Willard tall-case clock. Dumont said he bought the clock for its historical importance, believing it had been a witness to the Boston Tea Party.

Dumont's purchase illustrates the flag factor. American furniture is not yet an international market like Impressionist paintings. Some say it's not going anywhere until the Japanese develop a taste for the ball-and-claw foot, an idea that's not so farfetched since the motif has an Oriental origin—the dragon's claw clutching the pearl of wisdom. So far there's been little need for translators in American auction rooms. But as one auctioneer says, "The nice thing about this business is that you never know who's going to walk in the front door or whether they'll want to pay in dollars or yen."

January Sales

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
January 11: Old-master paintings
January 20: American prints
January 21: American furniture and decoration

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
January 11: Belle Époque
January 25: English and Continental furniture and decorations

Guernsey's
136 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 794-2280
January 21: Maxwell's Plum restaurant furnishings and decorations (held on premises)

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
January 12: Old-master paintings
January 13: Old-master drawings
January 21: English furniture
January 25: Chinese export porcelain
January 26: Prints
January 27–28: American furniture, silver, and folk art

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94103; (415) 861-7500
January 10: Furniture and decorative arts
January 11: Oriental art, Victorian paintings
January 12: Oriental rugs and carpets

Butterfield & Butterfield
7601 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046
(213) 850-7500
January 24–25: Contents from estate of antiques dealer Don Badertscher
January 24–25: Walter Winchell memorabilia

Skinner
Rte. 117, Bolton, MA 01740
(508) 779-6241
January 14: Americana
January 27: Art glass

Richard Oliver
Rte. 1, Plaza 1, Kennebunk, ME 04043
(207) 985-3600
January 8: Americana

Richard Withington
RD 2, Box 440, Hillsboro, NH 03244
(603) 464-3232
January 7: American furniture

ANTIQUES SHOWS

Art at the Armory
68 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10010
(212) 777-5218
January 19–22

Winter Antiques Show
7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67 St. New York, NY 10021; (212) 665-5250
January 20–29

Historical Annapolis Antiques Show
Medford National Guard Armory, Hudson St. (off West St.), Annapolis, MD 21401
(301) 224-9735
January 27–29



White Sales

With slopeside condos at an all-time low, skiers are racing to invest in a piece of the rock

There isn't a skier alive who hasn't fantasized about owning a slopeside vacation house. Those enamored of the sport and the singular allure of Western ski towns dream about blazing fireplaces and high-beamed ceilings, down comforters, a huge Jacuzzi, enough room for friends, all within walking, or better yet, skiing distance of the lifts.

In the late 1970s and early '80s that was an attainable dream—one that even came with built-in tax advantages. In those heady days, property values were soaring and hammers were pounding in resorts like Keystone, Colorado, and Sun Valley, Idaho. But the hammers started to go quiet in 1982, when the people who fueled the booms in these Western ski towns—oil-rich Texans and wealthy Mexicans—suddenly saw their economies crumbling and abruptly stopped investing.

At about the same time, a 1986 tax change was in the wind which would dramatically curtail rental-expense deductions allowed on second homes, and the condominium market ground to a halt. People were still skiing—and loving it—but they were staying in hotel rooms or renting their pick of hundreds of newly affordable unsold units. The unlucky were stuck holding real estate that was dropping in value at a terrifying rate.

The good news is that today the worst seems to be over, and the skier who still longs for that chalet in the pines can discover tremendous values. This is particularly true in the areas hit hardest by the slump—those that cater more to middle-income skiers—where prices are as much as fifty percent lower than they were at their height.

In the tonier resorts, such as Aspen/Snowmass and Vail/Beaver Creek where million-dollar properties are common, buyers are returning in droves to snatch up luxury condominiums and town houses, often at reduced rates. Even more significantly, a new breed of buyer is emerging—a buyer who doesn't have any intention of giving up his second house to renters for most of the year, a buyer who actually plans to *use* the place.

COLORADO

For skiers who like a fast-paced cosmopolitan vacation, few areas have the glittery appeal of Aspen. The skiing is superb, with Ajax, Buttermilk, Snowmass, and Aspen Highlands all within minutes of one another. And after the lifts close, Aspen is pure fun. There is big money in and around Aspen (after all, neighbors include Jack Nicholson, Danny Sullivan, and Goldie Hawn), and, predictably, the real estate is pricey.

Although the market had slowed considerably by the mid eighties, now affluent buyers of big-ticket properties are back. In the restored Victorian mining town of Aspen unimproved land is so scarce that lots with nondescript houses are being purchased just for the acreage. Developers are also building two-, four-, and six-unit town houses in downtown Aspen (the first since the late seventies) and putting them on the market for $750,000–$1.4 million. Close to forty of these are under construction or will be within the year, and a number have been presold.

Ten miles up the road, in Snowmass, buyers who are willing to sacrifice the Aspen address or who are looking for a mellower environment are getting more for their money. Most properties in this community have ski in–ski out access and dramatic views. The same property that sells for $600,000 in Aspen would be listed at about $400,000 in Snowmass, according to B. J. Adams of Snowmass Real Estate in Snowmass Village. Best buys in both areas are to be found in less luxurious 1,000-square-foot two-bedroom condominiums built prior to 1975, now selling for $150,000–$250,000—down in some cases by $100,000.

In Summit County, an hour and a half from Denver, the buyer is very much in control. The area real estate—which includes the ski resorts of Copper Mountain, Keystone, Breckenridge, and Arapaho Basin—is priced lower than it has been in eight years, according to Tom Massaro of RE/MAX Properties of the Summit in Frisco.

The primary market in Summit County for condominiums is in the $80,000–$100,000 range for a two-bedroom, two-bath unit with a pool and health club facilities. More luxurious properties are greatly reduced as well: for example, a deluxe slopeside unit in Keystone which sold for $400,000 when new is now selling for $250,000.

If you don't care about being at the base of one of the ski mountains, there are some bargain-basement opportunities a short drive away in the town of Frisco on the shores of Lake Dillon where a new marina is in the works and an eighteen-hole golf course has been proposed.

A view of Snowmass Village near Aspen, above, which has 55 miles of ski trails. Below: In the village, Woodrun Place has 55 condominiums for rent.





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UTAH

People come from all over the world to sample Utah's famous fluffy, deep powder snow. The top resorts, ranging from the no-frills challenge of Alta to the superposh ease of Deer Valley, are all an hour or so from the Salt Lake City airport, making this area particularly attractive to out-of-town investors.

Park City, a good-looking former mining town, has condominiums whose prices, which averaged $182,000 in 1985, have fallen every year since to the present average of $94,000. Gump & Ayers Real Estate broker Rick Widdows thinks the market has bottomed out and is now on the upswing again. "But no one expects to see the price appreciation we had in the early eighties. The boom-bust days are over," he says. "It's a much healthier situation." And a much more affordable one.

Sales are particularly strong in Park City for condominiums under $100,000, according to Widdows. For that price, the buyer might find a two- or three-bedroom, 1,400-square-foot unit on one of the local golf courses or within minutes of the ski resort.

Up the road, the upscale Deer Valley ski area has also taken its share of big hits, despite being marketed to affluent clientele. According to Bob Wells of Deer Valley Resort, property values have come down seventeen percent from peak, and inventory on resale units is about double what it should be.

The shift in the market has created a trend toward smaller units in the Deer Valley area. Over the years a standard two-bedroom condominium had expanded to 2,000–2,500 square feet. Now 1,000–1,200-square-foot units are being planned (the first in three years) which will be more attractive to buyers burned by the new tax law.

If present owners consent, eleven more units may be added to the exclusive full-service Stein Eriksen Lodge 54-unit slopeside condominiums, which sell for about $500,000–$700,000 and command rental rates of $1,000 a night—a further sign that the market is reviving.

The Snowbird/Alta area in Little Cottonwood Canyon has been able to remain relatively strong through the lean years, thanks largely to the limited availability of property—95 percent of the area is owned by the forest service, and the five percent that is not has been almost entirely developed. There are over two hundred condominiums in the canyon and only that many more will ever be built, according to Alex Miller of Snowbird Realty. Such limited supply has kept demand and prices high and meant buyers could count on paying about $110,000 per bedroom for condominium units.

IDAHO

Sun Valley has always been associated with romantic, larger-than-life figures like Ernest Hemingway, Gary Cooper, and Averell Harriman. But in recent years when hard times hit this grande dame of ski resorts, the place seemed to be in danger of losing its vitality. Happily, though, after three years of "nothing going on," real estate sales are up, and Sun Valley is thriving again, according to Phil Conger of Sun Valley Realty.

The dramatic turnaround has been spurred by what Conger thinks is the buyers' realization that condominium prices, down 20–25 percent from their peak, are as low as they are going to go. Properties are "moving at bargain-basement prices," says Conger. No new condominiums have been built in the area in five years, rental housing is increasingly difficult to find, and the detached single-family luxury house "has priced itself out of the market." These factors, along with a generally stronger economy, have resuscitated the condominium market in Sun Valley.

Prices for a three-bedroom 1,600–1,700-square-foot unit in Sun Valley are averaging about $145,000–$185,000, with two-bedroom units selling for $65,000–$70,000. The condo market isn't the only thing that's heating up in Sun Valley: huge single-family houses are being bought by stars like Clint Eastwood and Brooke Shields—and helping to keep Sun Valley's glamorous image alive and well.

Meg Lukens

Ski Condominiums

COLORADO

From RE/MAX Properties of the Summit, Frisco (303) 668-5300

Lagoon $169,900

This 2,000-square-foot condominium unit—with three levels, four decks, three bedrooms, two full baths, two half baths, and a Jacuzzi room—has unobstructed views of Lake Dillon and of a proposed golf course. It is minutes from all four major Summit County ski resorts.

Mountain Side $81,900

This furnished unit, in a strong rental complex, is next to the forty-mile bike trail that runs from Breckenridge to Vail. Deluxe one-bedroom loft, one bath.

From Snowmass Real Estate, Snowmass Village (303) 923-2006

Deerbrook Townhomes $1,100,000–$1,450,000

Fifteen new slopeside 3,000-square-foot units with ski in/ski out access, have three bedrooms, Jacuzzis, and garages. Within walking distance of shops and restaurants.

From Kelly Properties, Aspen (303) 925-4971

Spring Street Townhomes $975,000

Two new 2,400-square-foot town houses have three bedrooms, three and a half baths. Located in the heart of Aspen.

Aspen Square $259,000

This two-bedroom, two-bath unit is in a complex directly across the street from the new gondola and within walking distance of shops and restaurants.

UTAH

From Gump & Ayers Real Estate, Park City (801) 649-8550

The Ridge $275,000–$325,000

Seven new luxury mountainside 2,100-square-foot units. A short walk from ski lifts, they have three bedrooms, three and a half baths, attached garages, hot tubs, and views.

Racquet Club $79,000–$92,000

Several resale units of two or three bedrooms on the Park Meadows golf course. Two miles from the ski lifts, they offer direct access to cross-country skiing in winter.

From Snowbird Realty, Snowbird (800) 453-7122

Sugarplum Phase I $550,000

This furnished three-bedroom unit in a six-unit property has 3,000 square feet, three bedrooms, three and a half baths, atrium ceilings, hot tub, garage. Ski access to Snowbird.

The Village at Sugarplum $245,000–$265,000

Four two-bedroom 1,600-square-foot units in a classic ski-lodge complex have garages, two and a half baths, and direct ski access to Snowbird.

The Lodge at Snowbird $250,000

This 1,000-square-foot furnished unit has one bedroom, two baths, fireplaces, use of common pool and Jacuzzi. Located at the base of Snowbird, it is within walking distance of restaurants and shops.

IDAHO

From Sun Valley Realty, Sun Valley (208) 622-3392

The Villager $92,500

Located in Sun Valley, within walking distance of shops and restaurants, these 1,000-square-foot furnished units have two bedrooms, garages, views of the mountains.

Prospector $155,000

These 1,100-square-foot units have two bedrooms, two and a half baths, and are within walking distance of Bald Mountain lifts, a few miles outside Sun Valley.



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Sam Wagstaff's Silver

(Continued from page 110) Arrogance served—such a smooth way to get beyond the rules of the game. He didn't even have to attack orthodoxies he didn't respect; he simply appeared above it all. You could say he was a bohemian in patrician's clothing—a combination that guaranteed surprises.

Such as the time silver spoons were coming out of his pocket. A few of his friends were at the restaurant Da Silvano, seated and waiting for him. When he showed, he had that swallowed-a-canary look he could get. Even before sitting down, so it wasn't the slightest bit subtle, he pushed away the existing flatware from each of our settings and produced a set of spoons he had just bought, saying they were for strawberries and ice cream. At dessert, he wouldn't hear of any of us begging off. (He couldn't identify with dieters, which always provided me with an excuse to eat uncomplex carbohydrates.) He wanted us to taste the spoons, to feel the solidness of the scoop compared to the melting ice cream that filled it. We did as we were told (each for our own reasons). The spoons were left to sit on the plates, returning to his pocket, after a cursory wipe with his napkin, only when the waiter was clearing the way for coffee.

Wagstaff made his silver earn its keep; it was used, which was his way of drawing us into the excitement. I remember waiting and waiting for one Christmas dinner at his apartment, not because the food wasn't ready but because the silver vessel he had chosen for the stuffing had to be polished until it came up to par. This was in 1985, before he had amassed the approximately six hundred pieces that would eventually make up his collection, built largely in just over two years and cut off by his death in 1987. He would keep some of the objects lined up on the white floor of the living room in front of the windows, adding to the glamour of the view down to Fifth Avenue as it goes into Washington Square. Despite the chicness, some problem with air trapping had developed between the floorboards and the white linoleum. Walking around was like treading on Bubble Wrap, and the sound of popping would punctuate conversation. So at his place even the acoustics contributed to the Wagstaff electricity, the expectation that he would unwrap and reveal something amazing. I was never disappointed. In a way, it was permanent Christmas up there; but outside in the middle of nowhere he could give you this feeling too.

Many years ago a bunch of us were on the beach having a picnic. Sam decided to take a walk and disappeared into the distance. Sometime later we spotted him way up on the beach, heading back toward us. As he got closer, we spied these bizarre jumbled things dangling from both his hands. When he reached our temporary camp, he bent down, handing out his treasures, and said, "I've made you sandals and brought you something else to eat." Our Poseidon had collected bark, seaweed, beach plums, and other plants and found materials; he claimed some of it could be eaten, and the rest he had tied together into shoelike contraptions with bits of net and string.

This food he offered and these sandals he had made rendered it utterly clear that Sam Wagstaff couldn't stop collecting and that his compulsions were free from extrinsic notions of status. This isn't to say he was a socialist. He would go very high in the bidding. And this isn't to say that he didn't discriminate among people—but he argued with people's discriminations against certain materials. The point is that he particularly liked to choose the orphans of art, the stuff that hadn't quite been let into the pearly gates of fine art. Wagstaff never cared if others agreed with his choices—that was their right or, more accurately, their problem. Consensus wasn't his aim. He had a favorite free-spirit story, which goes along these lines: the art dealer Betty Parsons once asked some people what the difference was between cats and dogs and after hearing their answers gave her own—cats aren't afraid for their jobs. Nor was Wagstaff. His job was to get us to look.

In a fundamental way he put out-of-fashion American Victorian silver through the same regenerative process that he did the bark and string of our sandals that day on the beach. Silver had seemed to me a leftover, useless to the needs of modern life, all that polishing a pain in the neck. But because of Wagstaff's eyes I looked again. Many people did, and the history and pleasure of American silver made in the second half of the nineteenth century is once again a subject.

Sometimes I think his decision to collect these works, particularly silver of the 1870s and '80s, was like sending us a message in a bottle. As our decade spins in its fin de siècle mood, the analogies between then and now multiply, and the old objects become radically contemporary in the context of today's ornamentalism, stylism, decorativism, and, of course, our social Victorianism. Wagstaff did it again; he threw the light onto objects that were waiting for him as though in the wings. He is, in a roundabout way, responsible for yet another light turned on them—Robert Mapplethorpe's photographing some of them for this issue of HG. Silver is photography's elemental relative, and Wagstaff always wanted his friend Mapplethorpe to show the beauty in these things, usually considered ugly and scorned, as only a Mapplethorpe can do.

On January 20, 1989, the Sam Wagstaff Collection of American Silver goes up for sale at Christie's. Picture him sitting in the audience, shining as much as the pieces. ▲

Canyon Hideout

(Continued from page 124) eye for design," he adds.

Tanen at one time collected Art Nouveau and Art Deco, but he has given away those collections, as well as several others, to friends who appreciate them. One of these friends is screenwriter and director Joel Schumacher, with whom Tanen often trades objects. The two men share not only the same decorator—David James—but also a taste for things Southwestern and Mexican. "My entire Precolumbian collection is from Ned," Schumacher notes. "He has great taste." Schumacher maintains, however, that his own collections are far more modest than Tanen's. "I always tell him that my house looks like the gatekeeper's cottage compared with his."

Although he has had other collections that have come and gone, Tanen's enthusiasm for American Indian artifacts has never waned—nor has his taste for "primitive or folk art, usually with some sense of humor." That would explain the painted dancing chicken on the living room shelf or the Day of the Dead skeleton figure, wearing a sombrero and playing a trumpet, that inhabits a slot in the stone chimney.

His quirky approach to collecting has nothing to do with "what you think you ought to be looking at—it's about enjoyment." This attitude makes him something of a rarity in Hollywood, where a collector is born every minute and a collecting trend every fifteen. But then how many collectors number among their holdings over two hundred varieties of cactus—and why? Ned Tanen's answer is rather collectible itself: "I guess they remind me of me. Somewhat solitary—and bristly." ▲

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

Light of Provence

(Continued from page 106) or Jean-Baptiste Dumas, the nineteenth-century chemist, who my grandmother would've much preferred. Or it could be a Louis or Paul Dumas, just a nice plain farmer from Provence. You know, my name in French means of the farm. Mas means farm and *mas* combined with *du* is a name of this region. So I had the instant feeling that I came from here." In fact, he was born in Bryn Mawr and moved to Detroit when he was twelve. After serving in the navy during World War II, Dumas went to Hollywood and had bit parts in movies with Loretta Young, Van Johnson, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge. Then he studied acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City, which led to a season of summer stock in Pennsylvania where he met his actress wife. And when his marriage ended in the early 1960s, he decided to go and live in Paris.

He likes his houses to be understated but nevertheless clearly stated—classically stylish but with a sense of humor. "I love bright colors—occasionally," says Dumas, who is wearing black jeans and a black sweatshirt over a bright pink tennis shirt, all from the Gap. "I like them now only as a touch, as a thing that lifts a dark color." He painted his swimming pool navy blue because the "water becomes the most beautiful sapphire, such a deep fathomless blue that you absolutely want to jump in." He used firebricks for the floors throughout the house and on the terrace because of their color—"a warm lobster bisque with lots of cream in it." But to change the rhythm, the bricks are laid out in different patterns. For instance, on the terrace they run on a bias, which takes your eye to the big view, and in the drawing room they run on straight lines, like stripes, exaggerating the length. He embedded a nineteenth-century terra-cotta fragment of a sculpture of Caesar on a wall in the loggia; he feels that Provence belongs to Caesar. "It's tough Roman country. Tough winters. Brutally hot summers. Extremes. In July and August you drop dead from the heat. Then until Christmas it's marvelous. Shirtsleeve weather. Dinner out. But February and March—run. Go anywhere you can because it can be miserable, rainy, cold.

"Always this idea of sweet little Provence. It ain't sweet. It's a tough life. There are working farmers who produce enormous amounts of fruit—melons, cherries, apples, peaches, pears, grapes. It has none of the glamour of the coast. The false glamour. No casinos. No nightclubs. Provence shows no signs of bursting with progress. That's what has kept it from being ruined."

Just when you think Dick Dumas has settled down, he turns around and starts another profession: "My real love now is designing furniture." He won the Roscoe Award for the outdoor furniture he designed to go under the big Picasso wall decorations at the Château de Castille near Uzès. His outdoor Gothic furniture, along with fabrics and china depicting his impressions of life in Provence, is being made in Europe by Sun House, and he's negotiating with an American company to produce a line of leather, wood, and steel Postmodern furniture designs. "I'm a jack-of-all-trades and—I hope—a master of the furniture trade."

He is certainly the master of his fourth house in Provence: "I think I'll never find another one like it. I doubt whether another spot exists where everything happens in such an extraordinary way. Those sunsets. The light. New York has great light. Paris has great light. Provence has superb light. There's a kind of light that's magic. Magic, magic, magic. And it's here in Provence." ♠

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

Roman Revival

(Continued from page 117) two doors, the left one leading into the kitchen, the right onto a staircase going up to the bathroom.

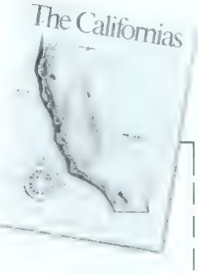
"The bathroom and kitchen are carved out of the narrow room that was once for the stable boys," explains Corey from the sofa with the accent of a native New Yorker. "The bookcase is an architectural disguise, like the antique device of not being able to see the next room."

If the apartment itself functions as a game of camouflage, so too do its contents. At first glance the rugs resemble Oriental carpets; instead they are woven hemp stenciled with colorful designs. The seventeenth-century desk has a writing surface made from rare *breccia di Sicilia* marble; the green serpentine marble on the dining room table is decidedly faux. The bookcase masquerades as Biedermeier; the Medici medallions imitate bronze. Even Juno is not as she seems: although her head is from the second century, she is a Roman chip on marble shoulders from the Renaissance.

"There is no date to a good object," says Magistretti. "I find it offensive to have a

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Roman Revival

signed piece such as a Hermès ashtray or Lalique ware. I don't like decorative knickknacks." He defines knickknacks as useless clutter, a term that appeals to Corey's sense of humor. "I don't appreciate small scale," continues Magistretti with a voice as smooth as béchamel. "Rather than furnishings, I prefer to decorate with furniture."

Despite a marked affinity for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, Magistretti's apartment is an unspiked cocktail, a mixture of ingredients of studied nonchalance. The thronelike red chair, all plush and majestic, confronts the spinsterish Tyrolean dining chairs. The tub forms of armchairs upholstered in suede and elephant skin are echoed in a pair of terra-cotta garden seats from turn-of-the-century Florence. Twin English Regency candlesticks on the dining table salute the 1930s lamp by Alberto Gherardi, a cast-iron icon with a pair of blackbirds roosting under the shade, which gamely stands at attention nearby.

The white curtain that shields the main room from the front door billows in the breeze. A noisy group of people pass by walking toward Campo Marzio around the corner. In this square, on May 29, 1606, Caravaggio took part in a brawl that ended when he stabbed and killed his friend Ranuccio Tomassoni. Compared with the bustle and violent history of the streets outside, Magistretti's apartment is a refuge, a barrel-vaulted stronghold of restrained dignity. Meanwhile, the statue of Juno looks on. ♠

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

Vass Horizons

(Continued from page 62) She put together her vast two-story space in slightly more than a year, and claims she isn't finished yet.

The primary components of this house are light and air. High windows are barely encumbered by translucent white blinds—initially she had just the glass but discovered that neighbors were looking in. Kilims cover the bleached flooring. A Deco table is surrounded by institutional wood chairs. "Once upon a time all the furniture was modern. I am committed to my time, and I embrace the future," she avows. But gradually, other styles intruded—an early nineteenth century chair, old American pieces. She inherited furniture from her parents and had it reupholstered in Clarence House fabric.

Tall forms of wood—geometrically carved columns, a life-size Trojan horse with a hollow compartment for children to play in—break the space. A Baroque putto hangs in the central hall. Latin American animal masks protrude from the walls, plants drift out of corners and shelves, flowers bloom in abundance. Vass is a plant addict. Her rooftop greenhouse, built around an atrium, doubles as a skylight over the center of the loft. The terrace is a wilderness of trees, shrubs, and greenery. Squirrels climb up the fire escape and devour her strawberries. She is planning a garden of scents: rose, lemon, thyme, rue, rosemary, and lavender. At six in the morning she may be up watering, pruning, planting, repotting. The guest room is also on the roof. Futons line the walls under curved skylights without screens. Visitors have been known to sleep with goggles on. Dawn can be terrifying.

In the bedroom is an immense fluffy bed; in the bathroom a freestanding porcelain tub from which the Empire State Building is visible. In a cabinet—actually a pie safe, to cool pastry, from New Mexico—is a reef of shells, scallops, winkles, conchs, coral, all arranged by shape and size. Vass is a collector. In another pie safe is her cache of ceramics, china, majolica, and ironstone acquired at flea markets and secondhand shops, or as gifts from family and friends.

Her favorite collection is of 1939 World's Fair memorabilia: rings, penknives, a thimble, whistle, matchbooks, silverware, glasses, and plates, all with the trylon and perisphere languidly displayed. "The fair changed my life," she confesses. "I saw modern art, modern architecture. It set me on the road to being a lover of my own times, to being for the world of tomorrow, and, of necessity, to learning about the world of the past."

She does not eschew delight. "I like the best of everything. I'm very catholic in my taste." Then, the inevitable reconsideration: "Probably people think my taste is dreadful." But they cannot question her enthusiasm. "The world abounds with wonderful stuff, jazz, Bach, books, painting, sculpture." Vass, needless to say, likes clothes. A walk-in closet as big as a living room has racks with upper and lower levels—she got the idea from painter's scaffolds—and shelves that climb up the walls to the ceiling. Her taste in people is rigorous. "I like my children. They're good citizens. They have opinions about almost everything. I'm sick of people without opinions. It means they haven't thought." ♠ *Editor: Paul Sinclaire*

On Audubon Place

(Continued from page 97) sweep are rooms that soothe, rooms where beige melts into cream melts into ivory melts into the lightest wash of gold. A note for purists: nothing is irreversible since the paint can be stripped, and most of the original architectural detailing of the house has been removed.

Holden's neutral backgrounds are deceptively plain; in fact, they require considerable time and effort. Walls get skimmed and then glazed. Floors get pickled and subtly stenciled. Ceilings are sometimes papered, even when the walls are not. In essence, there is nothing easy about achieving this easy-looking style.

Relying on such a simple treatment also means that each piece is that much more important—which is why the inexpensive canvas is covering the fine French chairs. And why the sitting room curtains are simple but made of exquisite Scalamandré silk. And the Piranesi prints and architectural ornaments stand out as a brilliant counterpoint.

Holden's approach is very modern for a very traditional city. "I think if I lived in New York or Los Angeles, my rooms would be more conservative. There's so much trendy stuff there to react against." But here, where Holden was born and raised, she and Ann Dupuy keep trying to push themselves a little further. "We're influenced by everything. We see the things that Philippe Starck is doing, and we think, Well, maybe we'll use them. We never do, but we always think we will. We are getting braver," she adds. "We're getting more contemporary." But only in the easiest possible way. ▲

Editor: Babs Simpson

Out Back in Australia

(Continued from page 131) I think they're great. What really impressed me about Monet's garden at Giverny was the use of trailing nasturtiums. I always put them in about late November, and they build up into monstrous lumps that curl and twist all over the place."

There's not a semblance of order in this garden. Geddes has mixed up the gold, red, and tangerine geums—"which sounds horrible," he says, "but is actually wonderful. And during the early spring you get great flashes of white broom—which grows naturally here—with colored ranunculus coming through a blanket of forget-me-nots. It's really fantastic."

As Geddes's stock of knowledge expands, so, too, does the garden. Already, he's constructing dry retaining walls of local stone to accommodate new beds by the river. "I don't want to need teams of gardeners, but things can be organized—especially with a cottage garden, which can ramble a bit and self-seed. I'll do it slowly. I have vegetables among the flowers now, but I'd love to have a pure little vegetable garden. And beds of things that propagate themselves madly, such as forget-me-nots and cosmos."

Whether extolling the prodigious performance of the delphiniums ("I think we could break the world record, heightwise anyway") or the surprise of a "great pile of lobelia bursting out," Geddes expresses total enthusiasm for his garden. "You have a responsibility to leave things behind," he says, "to create something really beautiful." ▲

Gentleman's Quarters

(Continued from page 81) Fallon got them all in a junk shop. There's also a study for a nude by a woman named Conkling and an enormous abstract by Fallon himself, who needed something big for his previous apartment. And all over are objects to pick up, put down, smile over, and say, "Where on earth did you ever find this?"

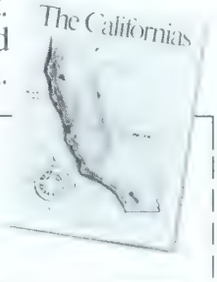
Fallon likes what he calls "funny little American Impressionist things," which is why there is another Terrell on the paisley-skirted table in his bedroom, right next to a box covered with tobacco leaves. A painting of Boston Harbor, which was done in 1900 by a young man named Walter Appleton Clark who died tragically, and portraits of two old men—"they just appealed to me"—hang by the marquetry bed. Maybe the people who painted these, Terrell too, will turn out to be wildly famous someday, but then who cares? Fallon certainly doesn't. He just buys what he likes.

Places like Tom Fallon's are misleading because all that casual disarray looks artless. Artless indeed! It takes as much skill to arrange this amiable clutter as it does to dispose a Dunand vase, a Ruhlmann chest of drawers, and a single calla lily about an otherwise empty room. In truth, it may take more. ▲

Editor: Mary Emmerling

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Sources

STYLE

Page 28 Mid 19th century umbrella stand, $2,450, at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Hunting whip with thong, $250, horn-handled walking stick, $147.50, at M. J. Knoud, NYC (212) 838-1434. Horse-head cane, $1,500, dog-head cane, $850, at Hoffman-Gampetro, NYC (212) 755-1120. Umbrella, $380, at Prada, NYC (212) 308-2332. Vermont bluestone console with antelope legs, $855, at Modern Stone Age, NYC (212) 966-2570. Horn chair, $3,750, COM to the trade at Circa David Barrett, NYC; Threlkeld/Schliemon, Atlanta; Rozmallin, Chicago; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Frederick Miley, Washington, D.C. Jeu de Cartes bouclé cotton and polyester fabric, 51" wide, $108 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Scottish silver-tipped snuff mull, $2,000, at Hoffman-Gampetro (see above). **29** Rupestrian cotton fabric designed by Miguel Angel Morales, 58 ½" wide, approx $30 yd, to the trade at Cedro Decoracion, Madrid 532-04-85. Ará chrome lamp designed by Philippe Starck, $480, for FLOS, for dealers call (516) 549-2745. Raj cotton fabric designed by Timney-Fowler, 48" wide, $78 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. Horn buttons, $3.50–$6, at Tender Buttons, NYC (212) 758-7004.

DESIGN

Pages 30, 32 Robert Venturi's Queen Anne chair, $1,468, Richard Meier's Meier chair, $4,299, to the trade at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Mario Bellini's Cab armchair, $1,745, to the trade at Atelier International, Long Island City, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. Mario Botta's Latonda chair, $565, and Prima chair, $945, Philippe Starck's Dr. Sonderbar, $895, Pat Conley, $715, and Richard III, $1,815, to the trade at ICF, for nearest showroom or representative call (212) 750-0900. Olivier Gagnere's Stacking chair, $510, to the trade at Stendig International, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Washington, D.C. René-Jean Caillette's RJC chair, $150, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Mark Zeff's Victoria chair, $175, at Barneys New York, NYC (212) 929-9000. Linus Corraggio's Hammer and Sickle chair, $525, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century (see above).

ANTIQUES

Pages 46–47 American Jacquard coverlets are available from the following dealers: CONNECTICUT Melinda Ventre, 26 Keeler Ave., Norwalk, CT 06854, (203) 866-1833; Maria & Peter Warren Antiques, 1030 Ridgefield Rd., Wilton, CT 06897, (203) 762-7353. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA G. K. S. Bush, 2828 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, (202) 965-0653; Cherishables Antiques, 1608 20 St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 785-4087; Marston Luce, 1314 21 St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036, (202) 775-9460. GEORGIA Deanne D. Levison American Antiques, 2995 Lookout Pl., Atlanta, GA 30302, (404) 264-0106. NEW JERSEY Fourscore and More, Box 611, Boonton, NJ 07005, (201) 335-2284. NEW YORK America Hurrah, 766 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 535-1930; Marna Anderson, 333 Rector Pl. #14, New York, NY 10280, (212) 945-8484; Cora Ginsburg, 819 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 744-1352; Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 988-3655; Jay Johnson America's Folk Heritage Gallery, 1044 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 628-7280; Ronald and Norma Keno, RD 1, Box 391, Mohawk, NY 13407, (315) 866-1055; Kelter-Malcé Antiques, 361 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014, (212) 989-6760. PENNSYLVANIA Four Centuries, 122 East Main St., Lititz, PA 17543, (717) 627-2101; Connie Hayes, RD Box 134, Belleville, PA 17004, (717) 935-5125; Old Hope Antiques, 6465 Rte. 202, New Hope, PA 18938, (215) 862-5055.

COLLECTING

Page 55 Artist who painted the fish on staircase: Ann Spinks, 419 High St., Methil, Leven, Fife KY8 3QP, Scotland.

VASS HORIZONS

Pages 60–61 Tibet cotton fabric (on ottoman), 50" wide, $118.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see Sources for pg 28). **64–65** Black-and-white stacking chairs by Rainer Schell from Schlapp-Möbel America, $217 ea, for dealers call (312) 406-1700. **66–67** Decorative painting by Karen Lukas, NYC (212) 431-8164. **68–69** Rayure Valencia jute and fibranne fabric (on armchair), 49" wide, $45 yd, and Velours Irelande linen and cotton fabric (on headboard), 51" wide, $129 yd, both to the trade at Clarence House (see above).

THE ROYALTON TREATMENT

Pages 70–71 18-kt gold earrings with amethyst and citrine stones, at Bulgari, Hotel Pierre, NYC (212) 486-0086. Montblanc Masterpiece fountain pen, $295, for dealers call (800) 631-7646. Black leather agenda book, $315, at Bottega Veneta, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco. Green calfskin Filofax book, $180, at fine stores. Swing coat with gauntlet cuffs of wild-type lunaraine mink designed by Karl Lagerfeld, special order at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; I. Magnin, Chicago; Harris Furs, Providence; Nordstrom, San Francisco; Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C. Brown crocodile handbag, $3,950, at Prada, NYC (212) 308-2332. Harley sunglasses by 1.a. Eyeworks, $120, at Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians, NYC (212) 838-3090. **72–73** Horn sconces designed by Philippe Starck, to order at Daum Boutique, 694 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021. Men's burgundy cashmere robe, $1,850, at Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC, Chicago, Short Hills. Honey-colored crocodile address book, $750, at SusanBennisWarrenEdwards, NYC (212) 755-4197. **75** Giorgio Armani double-breasted shawl-collared dinner suit, $1,695, rounded wing-collar tuxedo shirt, $295, at Giorgio Armani, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. 18-kt gold cuff links with onyx and diamonds, $2,200, at Bulgari, Hotel Pierre (see above). 18-kt gold Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date watch with President bracelet, available at an official Rolex jeweler. Gold-and-steel alarm clock, at Bulgari, Hotel Pierre (see above). Right Time black suede shoes, $405, at SusanBennisWarrenEdwards (see above). Table/Vase, designed by Philippe Starck, to order at Daum Boutique (see above).

CHEF'S SPECIAL

Page 90 Teakettle designed by Michael Graves for Alessi, $120, Shanghai crystal vase, $135, at D. F. Sanders, NYC (212) 925-9040. **92** China mug designed by Robert Venturi for Swid Powell, $50 (set of 4; matching place setting available), at Bloomingdale's, NYC (212) 705-2000. Notebook hand towel, $18, at D. F. Sanders (see above).

ON AUDUBON PLACE

Page 95 Shirred Stripe taffeta and rep silk curtain fabric, 50" wide, $184 yd, Directoire striped cotton-and-silk curtain taffeta, 50" wide, $134 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

IN THE LIGHT OF PROVENCE

Page 102 Souleiado tablecloth cotton fabrics, 50" wide, $30 yd, to special order at Pierre Deux, NYC (212) 570-9343. **106** Souleiado's Fête de France cotton fabric, 50" wide, $30 yd, at Pierre Deux (see above).

ROMAN REVIVAL

Pages 114–115, 117 Turkish sofa, $5,000, red sofa, $7,000, hemp-stenciled carpet, 3 by 4 m, $1,800–$2,000, 2 by 3 m, $1,000–$1,800 (custom colors), to custom order along with other Adriano Magistretti and Thomas Corey designs, to the trade through Pediment Design, NYC (212) 246-5189.

CANYON HIDEOUT

Pages 120–125 Most Navajo rugs and blankets, Southwest pottery and artifacts from Doug Babbitt, Fort Worth (817) 244-7820. **120** First Cabin patio furniture by Kipp Stewart for Summit Furniture, to the trade at Summit Furniture, San Francisco; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; Blake House Laguna, Laguna Niguel, Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland; Price/Ragen, Seattle. **124** Chevron sisal carpet, $26 yd, to the trade at Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles (213) 657-8840.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

Pages 132–137 Wooden mantels, $195–$4,000 ea, from Readybuilt Products, Baltimore (301) 233-5833. Hand-painted by Sara Nesbitt, Hoboken, NJ (201) 792-3127. **132–133** Ballroom Satin silk and cotton fabric, 52" wide, $145 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré (see Sources for pg 29). Louis XV chinoiserie clock at Bernard Steinitz et Fils, NYC (212) 832-3711. Sheffield beaker at Joel Mathieson, NYC (212) 966-7332. Blow-poke, $75, and antique Louis XVI andirons, $3,400, at William H. Jackson, NYC (212) 753-9400. **134–135** Riviera cotton stripe, 54" wide, $28.50 yd, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers and Fabrics, NYC (212) 753-2995. Flamant bronze head, $14,000, and Kazimir Malevich silver teapot, $3,400, at Primavera Gallery, NYC (212) 288-1569. Anasazi arrowhead olla pot by Bill Greer, $750, from Wallengren USA, NYC (212) 966-2266. Grecian-design Spode plate, $360, 19th-century French stone garden spheres, $375–$500 ea, and 18th-century carved-wood finials, $1,650 pr, to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Bernice desk lamp, $330, at D. F. Sanders (see above). Portrait by Herb Ritts, $1,000, at Staley-Wise Gallery, NYC (212) 777-1590. Fire tools, $325, from Sointu, NYC (212) 570-9449. William IV Bristol glass bowl, $265, at James II Galleries (see above). **135** Diego Giacometti andirons, $30,000, at A. Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 888-6337. **136** New York woven twill silk plaid, 57" wide, $195 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121. Pair of horse paintings, $825 ea, and inlaid mirror, $2,800, to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Gothic castle model, c. 1835, $1,650 pr, to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking (see above). Pair of Georgian mahogany candlesticks with brass bobeches, $1,825, carpet balls, $165–$200 ea, at James II Galleries (see above). Fender, $9,500, and poker, $950, at Stair & Co., NYC (212) 517-4400. George III wood and brass bucket, $10,000 pr, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. **137** Rayure Pichet cotton fabric, 51" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see Sources for pg 28). George III silver cups and covers, $40,000 pr, at Janet Mavec, NYC (212) 517-8822. Regency candelabra, $15,000 pr, at James II Galleries (see above). 18th-century family portrait, $9,500, at Vito Giallo, NYC (212) 535-9885. Tongs and shovel at William H. Jackson (see above). Brass andirons, $1,500, at Stair & Co. (see above). La Villageoise cotton toile, to the trade at Brunschwig

& Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Fancisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. American Victorian fireboard, $4,500, at J. Garvin Mecking (see above). Tramp Art clock, $900, to the trade at Limited Editions, NYC (212) 249-5563. English brass fender, $650, to the trade at Danny Alessandro/Edwin Jackson, NYC (212) 421-1928. Fire tools, andirons at William H. Jackson (see above). Basket of wheat, $350, at Pierre Deux, NYC (212) 570-9343. Victorian shell sconces, c. 1865, $3,250, George III brass candlesticks, $985 pr, glass-and-silver match holder, $1,850, at James II Galleries (see above).

SAMPLES

Page 138 Fireplace tools are available from the following blacksmiths and dealers: **Blacksmiths** ARIZONA Burnham-Kidwell Metalsmithing, 3661 Abrigo Rd., Golden Valley Star Rte., Kingman, AZ 86401, (602) 565-3796; Brian Hughes/Jalapeño Forge, 426 Beach Ave., Prescott, AZ, 86303, (602) 778-6251; Art Ironworks, 9235 North Tenth Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85021, (602) 997-0242. CALIFORNIA Chris Axelson/Viking Forge, 3680 The Barnyard, Carmel, CA 93923, (408) 624-3909; Michael Bondi Metal Design, 1818 Shorey St., Oakland, CA 94607, (415) 763-1327; Daniel Dole, Blacksmith, 1101 Tenth St., Berkeley, CA 94710, (415) 524-4728; Toby Hickman/Waylan Smithy, 6030 Roblar Rd., Petaluma, CA 94952, (707) 664-8910; Joe Koches, 455 Main St., Ferndale, CA 95536, (707) 786-4216; CONNECTICUT The Essex Forge, Old Dennison Rd., Essex, CT 06426, (203) 767-1808. GEORGIA Ivan Bailey Metal Studio, 1260 Foster St., NW, Atlanta, GA 30318, (404) 355-3640. MASSACHUSETTS Ned James, 65 Canal St., Turners Falls, MA 01376, (413) 863-8388; Bruce Johnson, Marshall Mills Rd., Ashburnham, MA 01430, (508) 827-4774. MISSOURI Austin's Iron Works, 44 NE 69 Hwy., Kansas City, MO 64119, (816) 454-7736; Jerry Hoffmann, Rte. 1, Box 189, Lonedell, MO 63060, (314) 629-4061. MONTANA Jeffrey Funk/River Bend Forge, 280 River Bend Rd., Big Fork, MT 59911, (406) 837-4208. NEW HAMPSHIRE David Court, Bay Hill Rd., Northfield, NH 03276, (603) 286-3097; Elements of Steel, 32 North Main St., New Market, NH 03857, (603) 659-2595; Winnepesaukee Forge, RFD #1, Little Road, Box 1024 Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-5492. NEW MEXICO Northridge Forge, 206 Burro Ave., Box 753, Cloudcroft, NM 88317, (505) 682-2897. Patrick Porter/Cottonwood Forge, Box 388, Tesuque, NM 87574, (505) 988-4607; NEW YORK James Garvey Studio, 153 Franklin St., New York, NY 10013-2915, (212) 431-8424; Schwartz's Forge & Metalworks, Box 205, Forge Hollow Rd., Deansboro, NY 13328, (315) 841-4477. NORTH CAROLINA Joseph Anderson, 116 Smith St., Walnut Cove, NC 27052, (919) 591-3562; Custom Blacksmith Shop, Box 146, Hwy. 221, Linville Falls, NC 28647, (704) 765-6226; Ira DeKoven, 5820 Davis Rd., Box 1041, Walkertown, NC 27051, (919) 744-0067; Kayne & Son Custom Forged Hardware, 76 Daniel Ridge Rd., Candler, NC 28715, (704) 667-8868. PENNSYLVANIA Peter Renzetti, The Arden Forge, 301 Brintons Bridge Rd., West Chester, PA 19382, (215) 399-1530; Will Stone, Penns Creek Rd., Coburn, PA 16832, (814) 349-8232. TEXAS Lars Stanley, Box 3095, Austin, TX 78764, (512) 445-0444. VERMONT Robert Bourdon, RD 2, Box 2180, Wolcott, VT 05680, (802) 472-6508; Ian Eddy—Blacksmith, RFD 1, Box 213, Sandhill Rd., Putney, VT 05346, (802) 387-5991; Elephant Hill Iron Works, RR 1, Box 168, Tunbridge, VT 05077, (802) 889-9444; Forged Art, Rte. 25, West Topsham, VT 05086, (802) 439-5275; Ploughshare Forge, RD #1, Box 1208, Plainfield, VT 05667, (802) 426-3722; West Village Forge, Box 2114, Marlboro Rd., West Brattleboro, VT 05301, (802) 254-2400. VIRGINIA White Oak Forge, Box 341, The Plains, VA 22171, (703) 253-5269; Woods Creek Forge, 223 McLaughlin St., Lexington, VA 24450, (703) 463-6632. **Dealers** CALIFORNIA Territory, 6907½ Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038, (213) 937-4006; Wilder Place, 7975½ Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046, (213) 655-9072. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Cathedral Galleries, The Foxhall Square Mall, 3301 New Mexico Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20016, (202) 363-6936. INDIANA Conner Prairie Museum Shop, 13400 Allisonville Rd., Noblesville, IN 46060, (317) 776-6000. MASSACHUSETTS Lemee's Fireplace Equipment, 815 Bedford St., Bridgewater, MA 02324, (508) 697-2672; Period Furniture Hardware, Box 314, Charles St. Station, 123 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114, (617) 227-0758; Renovators Supply, Millers Falls, MA 01349, (413) 659-2211 (mail order). NEW YORK Danny Alessandro/Edwin Jackson, 307 East 60 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 421-1928; Historic Housefitters, Farm to Market Rd., Brewster, NY 10509, (914) 278-2427 (mail order); William H. Jackson, 3 East 47 St., New York, NY 10017, (212) 753-9400; Luten Clarey Stern, 1059 Third Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 838-6420 (trade only); Florian Papp, 962 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 288-6770; Stair & Co., 942 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4400. OKLAHOMA Vernita King, Nichols Hills Plaza North, 6480 Avondale Dr., Oklahoma City, OK 73116, (405) 843-5664. VERMONT Vermont Industries, Box 301, Rte. 103, Cuttingsville, VT 05738, (800) 826-4766. VIRGINIA Colonial Williamsburg, 201 Fifth Ave., Williamsburg, VA 23185, (800) 446-9240 In Virginia (804) 220-7463; Plow & Hearth, 560 Main St., Madison, VA 22727, (800) 527-5247.

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GANDEE AT LARGE

Confessions of a furniture junkie—or fear and loathing in Milan

Maybe I should be ashamed. Maybe it's a sign of some bourgeois flaw in my character. But I have a tendency to look at furniture with a personal rather than professional eye. Although I'm not really in the market for anything in particular these days, something happens when I enter one of those to-the-trade-only showrooms. I forget my role as dispassionate critic. I abandon myself to naked covetousness. I am gripped with the uncontrollable urge to consume, to acquire, to possess.

Strolling through the design centers of Chicago, Cologne, London, Los Angeles, and New York over the years, I have vicariously refurnished my humble two-room Manhattan apartment a thousand times. Eyeing the goods at Artemide, Atelier International, Écart, and Knoll, I picture myself at home—seated in this or that chair, having dinner at this or that table, relaxing with my feet up on this or that ottoman.

So the prospect of joining 135,405 other interested parties from 126 countries at the 28th Salone del Mobile di Milano filled me with indescribable joy. Never mind the 8,008-mile round-trip flight, the $310 per night hotel room, the wear and tear on my most sensible shoes. For a furniture fanatic, the annual Milan furniture fair is nothing short of Mecca. After all, where else on this good earth can a man watch 2,138 exhibitors from 27 countries strut their sofas?

As might be expected, I hit the fairground running—determined to check off as many of the names listed in the official 1,066-page *catalogo generale* as four days would allow. But when it was all over, I was filled with a bittersweet sadness. Because nothing I saw brought back that old familiar "I want it and I want it bad" feeling. In other words, I never once found myself indulging in that perennially favorite daydream—the one where I'm the sultan of Brunei and I'm shopping for seven empty houses on four continents.

It's not that there wasn't plenty to see in Milan this year. There most certainly was. But call me old-fashioned, a shaky little chair constructed of laminated glass shards is not the sort of thing my furniture fantasies are made of. Nor are three-legged dining chairs that punish me for my lack of poise by hurling me to the floor. Nor are chaise longues made of guaranteed-to-rip-my-suit metal.



Hadid's Wavy Back sofa is problematic. It's hard even to stay on the thing

Nonetheless, such contemporary furniture masterpieces and their inexplicably proud authors created quite a stir in Milan. For example, fifteen hundred people got all dressed up late one night to attend the unveiling of three sofas and a coffee table by Zaha Hadid. Although I will be the first to admit that the London-based Baghdad-born designer is possessed of a wondrous architectural vision, I'm worried about her future as a furniture designer. For my thirteen million six hundred thousand lire, her boomerang-shaped *Star Wars*–style Wavy Back sofa is somewhat problematic. It's difficult, as a matter of fact, even to stay on the thing. Maybe George Jetson knows something I don't.

I also couldn't help but notice that the countless magazines covering the fair appeared more interested in photographing Nigel Coates than Nigel Coates's furniture collection. Perhaps because the British architect is so obliging: one day he patiently posed in a baby-blue shirt with big white stars all over it, another day he was decked out for the cameras in a pair of shorts. The little wooden stools he was introducing paled by comparison.

But Milan, say the sophisticates, is not necessarily about shopping for furniture: "How prosaic, how naive, how provincial, how crass." It's about breaking new aesthetic ground, it's about charting new stylistic directions, it's about spotting new trends in design. Maybe. But isn't it also about furniture? I worry. Although it's fun and exciting to break new ground, chart new directions, and spot new trends, it's also exhausting. After a long day in the trenches of design, a guy may in fact be so exhausted that he might like to sit down. And not on bad sculpture.

Louise Nevelson, speaking of sculpture, once said that she didn't want her furniture to be too comfortable because she didn't want people "parked in the living room." It's a pity Nevelson is no longer with us. She would have had a field day in Milan. I, on the other hand, did not. Maybe next year.

Charles Gandee

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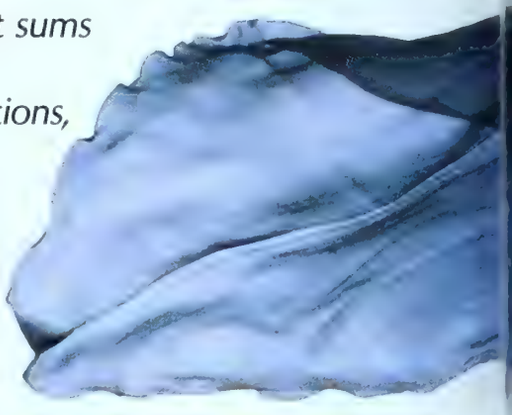
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FEBRUARY 1989
Volume 161, Number 2



COVER
French decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray exhibit their signature taste at their weekend retreat in Normandy. Page 96. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

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Michel Galabert, considered one of the hottest antiques dealers in Paris. Page 26. Photograph by Neil Kirk.

Fast Forward Sandy and Bob Pittman—high-powered and high-spirited—in the city and on the farm. By Dodie Kazanjian **76**

The Flowering of Fort Worth Anne Bass invited the great English gardener Russell Page to civilize eight acres of Texas. By Carter Burden **84**

North of the Border A decorator's Spanish Colonial interiors glitter with exotica. By Deborah Michel **92**



At his palacio west of Madrid, Duarte Pinto-Coelho's playful collection of hats and fans. Page 142. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.

Escape to Normandy Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray are two of the brightest stars in the Paris design firmament. Their seventeenth-century weekend retreat reveals why. By Charles Gandee **96**

The Dark Side of Goya John Richardson explains why the artist's savage Black Paintings will always have the shock of the new **106**

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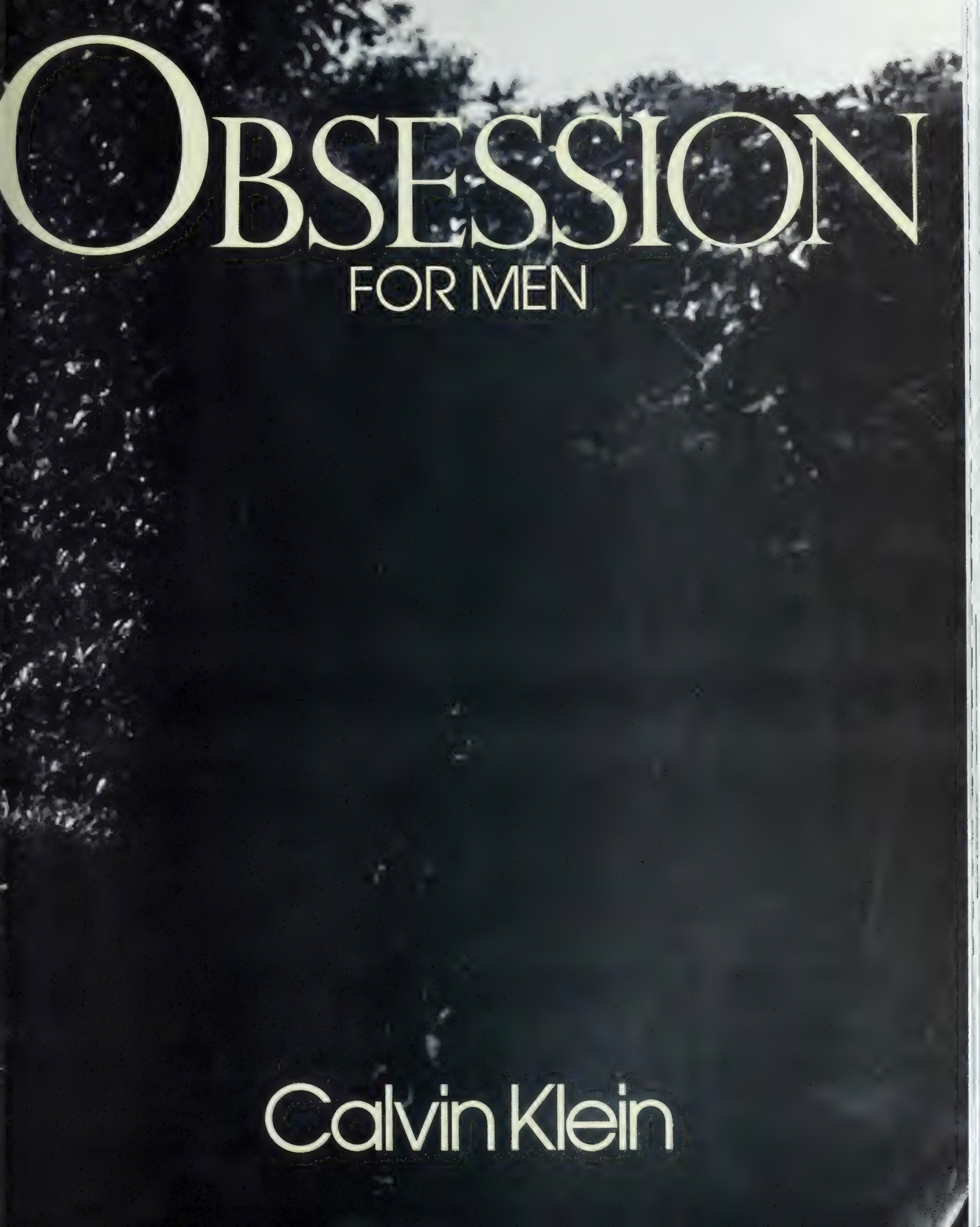
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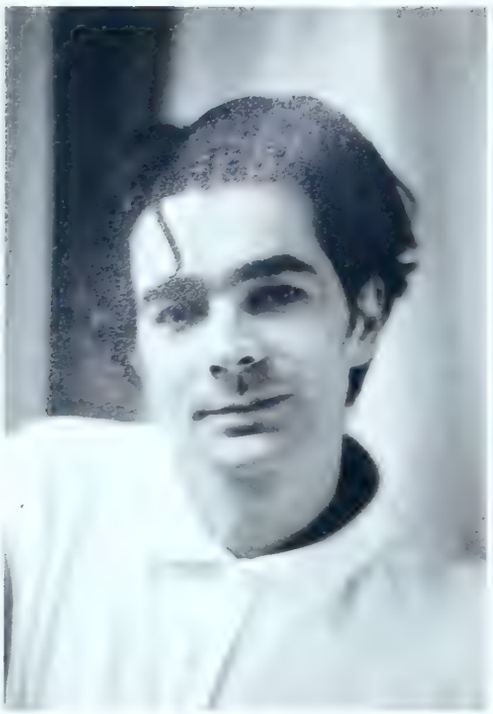


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FRANÇOIS HALARD

THIBAULT JEANSON
For photographer Thibault Jeanson, the inside of the Mathieu-Ray house "was like a Minimalist painting—so empty yet magical." Another residence he would really love to focus his camera on: the private apartments of engineer Gustave Eiffel in the Paris tower that bears his name. Jeanson photographs interiors and people for a roster of international publications, including *Vogue*, *Vogue Décoration*, and *L'Objet d'Art*.



MAUDE CLAY

LANGDON CLAY
"The challenge in photographing a garden is to take three-dimensional nature and then reduce it to a two-dimensional image while maintaining some of the mood of being there," says Langdon Clay, who photographed Anne Bass's garden. Clay's work may be seen in a variety of magazines and books, including *American Country South* to be published by Clarkson N. Potter this fall.

KAREN RADKAI
"Sure I'm a workaholic, but most people are who really enjoy their work," confesses the versatile photographer Karen Radkai, whose career began at *Harper's Bazaar* in the late 1940s. She has worked on countless assignments for *Vogue* and *House and Garden* since then. This month for HG she shot the art-filled house done by David Easton on Chicago's North Shore. "When you take pictures for a living, you are never bored. No job is ever the same."





WILLIAM WALDRON

CARTER BURDEN
Carter Burden enjoyed writing about the Bass garden, but "unfortunately it gave my wife a lot of ideas for our garden which we can't afford." After ten years in politics and then in publishing, Burden is now chairman of CRB Broadcasting. He also has an extensive collection of modern American books and watches over thousands more as a trustee of the New York Public Library.



CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

CHARLES MACLEAN
Writer Charles Maclean is very particular about Scottish gardens. For this month's HG he found three exotic examples—tucked away in strange corners of Scotland—that vividly reflect the taste of their owners. Though not a gardener himself, Maclean may soon have an opportunity to till some soil of his own. He's refurbishing a three-hundred-year-old stone farmhouse near Loch Fyne in Argyll.



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HANG UPS

Suspended animation is the guiding principle behind graphic artist Hans Kalliwoda's brilliantly printed canvas hammocks, made in Swaziland with Tracey Derrick and Sue Engels. On display at La Mama's La Galleria in Manhattan through February 5, some hammocks give ancient tribal patterns an urbane twist. Buy one as a work of art—or sleep on it.

CÉZANNE: PASSIONS AND PAINTINGS

In today's parlance these would be the works of an emerging artist. "Cézanne: The Early Years, 1859–1872," an exhibition at the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., through April 30, and a book by Lawrence Gowing (Abrams, $37.50), explore the lusty youthful paintings, compositions radically different from the better-known still lifes and landscapes of later years. Here eroticism is coupled with violence in pictures called *The Rape*, *The Murder*, and (*below*) *A Modern Olympia*, set in a brothel.







NO

Tiffany's Travels

Louis Comfort Tiffany's talents extended far beyond the luminous stained-glass designs that made his name legendary. At the Baltimore Museum of Art February 5–April 23 is a surprising array of sketches, paintings, and objects which demonstrate the scope of his prowess. Said Tiffany, "I have always striven to fix beauty in wood or stone or glass or pottery, in oil or watercolor; . . . that has been my creed."



HIERONYMANIA

Phantasmagoric flora and diabolical fauna spring off the onionskin pages of Jacqueline and Maurice Guillaud's *Bosch: The Garden of Earthly Delights* (Clarkson N. Potter, $100). Vivid blowups of the artist's masterpiece of 1500–05 explore a surreal fantasy landscape.

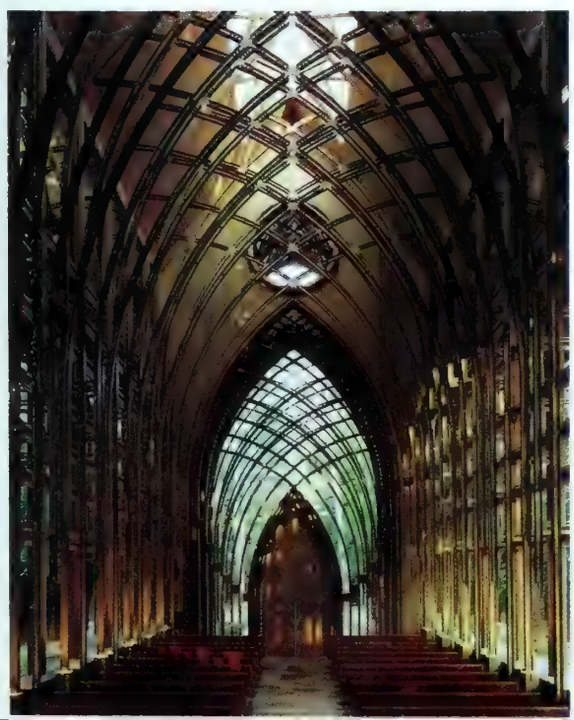
TESHG reports on the new and the noteworthy



It's a Jungle Out There

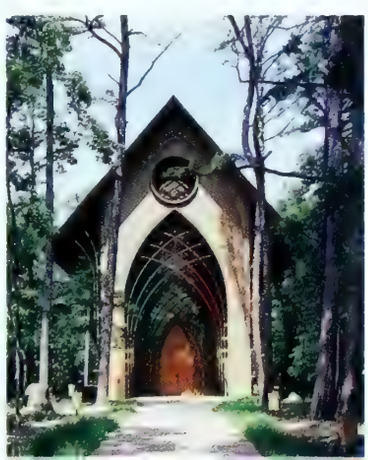
Faux fur is nothing new. But, as The Tiger Rugs of Tibet *by Mimi Lipton (Thames & Hudson, $50) reveals, these carpets, woven in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—some depict boldly abstracted tiger-fur patterns, others imitate flayed tiger skins* (above)*—are scarcer than the real pelts they were created to replace. In fact, fewer than two hundred authentic examples remain of these rugs that were unknown in the U.S. until a decade ago.*

Now, Brunschwig & Fils' new whimsical border, Peau de Panthère, takes those animals and ties them in knots (right)*. Paws can prowl around doors, chair rails, windows, and even on ceilings.*



Arkansas Gothic

Deep in the Ozarks, in the tiny retirement community of Bella Vista, Arkansas, architect E. Fay Jones and his partner, Maurice Jennings, have built a chapel that captures the spirit, though not the scale, of the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe. But if Cooper Chapel's lancet arches and intricate weblike structural system signal a debt to classic ecclesiastical models, the little building's substantial reliance on wood, as well as its beautiful integration with nature, signal another debt—to architect Jones's former mentor, Frank Lloyd Wright.





Apocalypse Then

History and art collide in a new show, February 11–April 23, at New York's Guggenheim Museum, "Refigured Painting: The German Image, 1960–1988." Over 150 works—including C. O. Paeffgen's *Mussolini,* 1980 (*left*), of acrylic on photo-canvas—reveal the reintroduction of figurative imagery as well as the reworking of the traditional medium of paint on canvas.



INSPIRATIONS
Bunny Williams's Choice

I found this mirror when I was 21 after days of looking in good shops and bad shops and auction houses for something with a little surprise. It was in hideous condition, but I loved the rough carving, the quirky bow, so I had it fixed up. The hunt for something I'd never tire of thrilled me—so much so I decided to make it my profession

NOTES



SEEING THE LIGHT

A dimly lit room in her Hollywood apartment prompted filmmaker Claire Dishman to try her hand at fixture making. Her first piece, a sinuously elegant copper-and-hardwood lamp, was snapped up by New York appropriation artist Sherrie Levine. Since then she's rarely strayed from her workbench, and her fixtures (*far left*), priced from $300–$1,500, are sellouts at Clodagh, Ross & Williams in New York and Wilder Place in Los Angeles. Also joining the Western light brigade are glassblower Michael Joplin and blacksmith Brian Hughes, both of Arizona, who describe their collaborative cactus lamps (*left*), as "punk Indian deco." These luminous prickly pears start at $1,500 and can be ordered from Dos Picaros in Tucson, (602) 623-3537.



ANIMAL HOUSE

The staff at Carmichael Lynch knows how to make its clients feel at home. Agricultural representatives who drop in on the ad agency's new headquarters in Minneapolis are entertained in the Cow Room, where a glass-topped feed bin full of corn is the conference table. There's turf underfoot, and the chairs look like holsteins complete with tails and udders.



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He Knows What He Likes

Michel Galabert is a very modern antiques dealer, reports Pilar Viladas

At the tender age of 27, Michel Galabert is one of the hottest antiques dealers in Paris. His client list is the kind you don't give out. His friends, who can't say enough nice things about him, include designer Andrée Putman, painter James Brown, publisher José Alvarez, and Thierry Mugler president Didier Grumbach. His delicate good looks are right out of Proust, yet his sartorial style is understatedly now. You would expect someone this hip to be a bit, well—difficult, no?

No. Not at all, in fact. Galabert is soft-spoken, thoughtful, and unfailingly pleasant, answering the smallest question and frequently apologizing for his English, which is, of course, very good. If he seems just a bit elusive, it may be because it is difficult for him to define just what draws him to objects as diverse as the nineteenth-century valance he carried back from the flea market at Porte de Saint-Ouen, or the Austrian silver and tiger's-eye centerpieces that sit on his desk. That diversity characterizes the objects with which he stocks his shop in the rue des Saints-Pères: "I try to buy things I would like to have myself—not too classic and a little bit strange."

This sense of timeless-with-a-twist permeates Galabert's apartment in the rue d'Assas overlooking the Luxembourg Gar-



Michel Galabert, left, carries a 19th-century valance back from the Porte de Saint-Ouen flea market. Above: In the seemingly casual arrangement of the living room, such unlikely roommates as the Minton tabourets, Fortuny lamp, and Tramp Art mirror above the fireplace are perfectly at ease together.


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Victoria Harbor, Hong Kong. From the sweep o Promenade Deck, we look down upon an armada of masted junks, quilt-rigged and bobbing like toys in ou Astonishingly, pigs and chickens roam their decks.

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The young antiques dealer around town and at home. Clockwise from right: Galabert with a gilt candleholder and statuesque friend; at teatime with designer Andrée Putman at Le Voltaire; his desk, populated by a trio of 19th-century Austrian silver and tiger's eye centerpieces; with painter James Brown; on the living room mantel, a carved shell, an antique Murano goblet, and 19th-century French flatware.







CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NEIL KIRK (2); JACK AT LE VALLET; JANUSZ KAVA; PASCAL CHEVALLIER



dens. At first glance it looks a bit austere, as if its owner lived in mortal fear of excess. But a second look reveals an undercurrent of sensuality—an eagle eye for the juxtaposition of the plain and the fancy, the spartan and the sybaritic.

In the living room, stripes adorn the four comfortable armchairs and the curtains: but the former are covered in humble cotton mattress ticking, and the latter are sumptuous silk. The elegant marble mantelpiece is crowned by an American Tramp Art mirror, another flea market find. The living room walls are "paneled" in trompe l'oeil painting. What looks like a large Gothic stone column is a ceramic copy by nineteenth-century master Emil Müller.

Galabert's passion for mélange draws him to the nineteenth century, a time when people weren't afraid to mix and match. This roving sensibility is a hallmark of our own times, and Galabert is nothing if not modern. Alongside the antique treasures in his apartment is one of the floor lamps designed in the early 1900s by Mariano Fortuny and now made by Écart International, the company owned by Andrée Putman. "It seems to look at the stars," says Galabert, "and it makes me think of the movies—those big spotlights." He wants to collect contemporary art by people like his friend George Condo. His favorite new building in Paris? Architect Jean Nouvel's ultracontemporary Institut du Monde Arabe. Just as with the objects he so carefully seeks out, Michel Galabert is himself something of a surprise. ♠

Editor: Paul Sinclaire

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Long Live Andy!

Glenn O'Brien considers the Warhol industry—and casts the inevitable miniseries

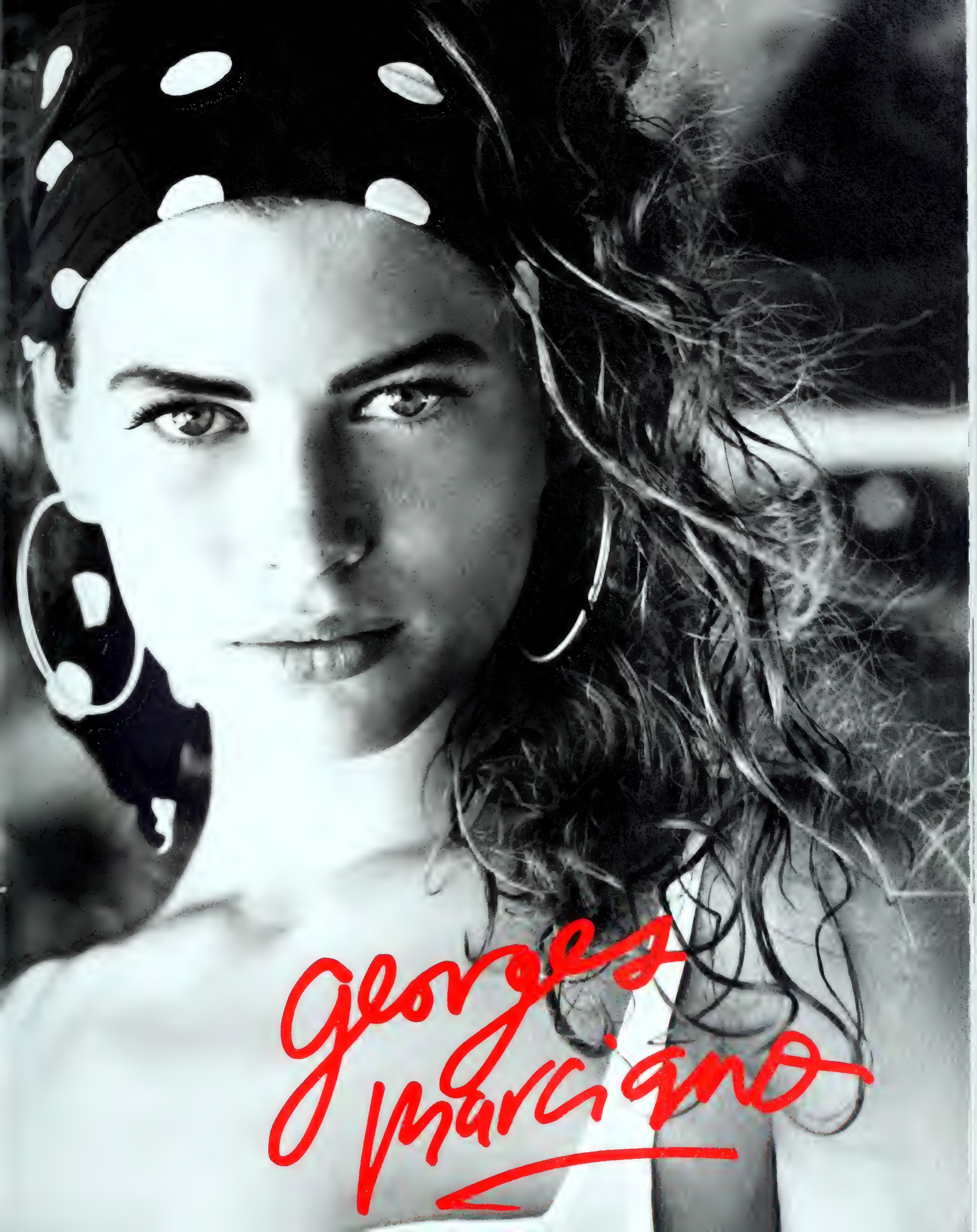
Andy Warhol's death was his best publicity stunt. First there were the big newspaper headlines. Then the magazine articles—the insider stuff on Andy Warhol, from genius to mad hoarder to saint in a soup kitchen. Then the auction—chic hordes bidding wildly on his worldly goods, from fine-art treasures to Barbie dolls to strange tchotchkes. Then the shows began—from funky galleries to a Museum of Modern Art retrospective, which opens this month. And now it seems as though there are more Warhol books than there are art books and confession books put together. How much can you read about Andy Warhol? How much can the world want to know? Is this overexposure? Is it overkill? How much is too much?

Warhol loved those questions. His life was devoted to extending the envelope of overkill. He knew that too much was never enough. He wanted to be on a first-name basis with the world. He said, "I personally hate it when people call me Mr. Warhol. It makes you feel old and bureaucratized. If I pick up the phone and someone asks for Mr. Warhol, that's it, I hang up."

Andy's triumphant achievement was his being—more than anyone else alive—all things to all people. He was the most successful commercial artist of his time, and then he became the world's best-known fine artist; he produced feature films, creating his own studio system; he wrote books, which include a novel and his philosophy; he published his own magazine, *Interview;* he was a photographer; he acted in movies and on *The Love Boat;* he had a TV show, produced a play and a rock band, directed TV commercials, and worked as a fashion model. He was whatever you liked best or hated most about him. The quintessential Pop artist, the shocking sexual revolutionary, the ultimate deadpan wit, the most omnipresent celebrity, the offbeat White House dinner guest, the black hole of gossip, the polymorphous seducer, the alleged destroyer of youth, the consummate casting director, the deluxe antiques collector, the put-on artist, the biggest joker in the biggest joke of all: modern art. And although many people make a career of versatility, Andy made it a quest. Making the film *Blow Job* didn't keep him from taking Bianca Jagger to the White House. Making films about drag queens and needle freaks didn't prevent him from being eulogized at Saint Patrick's Cathedral as a



Whimsical commercial work, left and below, from Pre-Pop Warhol. Above: Andy boating in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, 1981, from Warhol—like "a casual family album."


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charitable church-going soul. Andy got exactly what he wanted. To do it all. To be it all.

That's why there's no such thing as too many Warhol books. Each testament is different. Andy reflected your image: he was what you saw. "Just tell me the words you want me to say and I'll say them," he told a journalist.

Warhol's extraordinary transfiguration of commercial art is the subject of a show and catalogue at the Grey Art Gallery, "Success Is a Job in New York" (March 14–April 29), which documents the pre-Pop roots of what he later proclaimed as the successor to Pop art: business art. His early commercial work is extravagantly displayed in *Pre-Pop Warhol* by Jesse Kornbluth (Panache Press, $29.95). This book shows him as the consummate Pop artist who treated every assignment as if it were the opportunity to create a masterpiece.

Warhol always considered going to parties work, and he worked very hard at it. *Andy Warhol's Party Book* by Warhol and Pat Hackett (Crown, $19.95) had just been completed when Andy died. It's an amusing volume of upwardly and downwardly mobile party pictures and anecdotal party philosophy. People said that he'd go to the opening of a door, but Andy's energy to see and be seen was awesome, like a force of nature, and this book reflects his philosophical commitment to socializing: "You have to be willing to get happy about nothing" or "A great party person is someone who's looking for a new place *to be* fun, not just *have* fun." It is dedicated "to anyone who ever invited us anywhere or didn't kick us out when we crashed."

The Warhol Diaries edited by Pat Hackett (Warner Books, $29.95) will be out soon. I was working for Andy when Pat started taking down the diaries. They were Andy's accountant's idea, prepared as much for the IRS as for posterity. Every morning Andy would call the Factory when he got up and tell Pat everything he did the previous afternoon and evening. Stringing together the tabs, cab fares, and tips were wonderful stories of whom he saw where, how they looked, and what they said. No peeks have been allowed, but I'm sure there's amazing stranger-than-fiction stuff, even when facts have been retouched to protect the now innocent. Let's hope the diaries come in volumes.

What Andy Warhol was really like is the subject of *Warhol* by Christopher Makos (NAL, $22.95), a photographer who spent a lot of time hanging around with Andy. His book is not only a casual family album of Andy posing at the Great Wall of China or with Salvador Dali and everything and everyone in between, it's also an insightful memoir of one of the great characters of our age. I found this book, which would seem to be one of the most superficial books about Andy, to be one of the most right-on in depicting his quirks, peeves, and obsessions. For example, Makos reveals him as a litterbug: "Andy used to drop litter, something that seemed quite incongruous with everything else he believed in. . . . Maybe he did it to give people jobs." Andy's character had more facets than Liz Taylor's diamonds.

Andy was the biggest joker in the biggest joke of all: modern art



Heartstopping: Sixteen Jackies, 1964 (detail)

His serious facets will be grandly displayed at MOMA's "Andy Warhol: A Retrospective" (February 6–May 2) and in the accompanying catalogue, which we may expect to provide Andy with the full art deification he lived for. Those interested in the terminally serious will find *Andy Warhol: Death and Disasters* (Houston Fine Art Press, $25.00) indispensable. Here are Warhol's most grim and severe images, transformed through his deadpan technique and hypnotized gaze into images of cool immortality. There's the newspaper headlines of JFK SHOT covered with silk-screened white flowers, a shocking-pink mobster funeral, the startlingly decorative electric chairs.

For those who loved the Hollywood side of Andy there's the memoir of one of his sixties superstars, Ultra Violet's *Famous for Fifteen Minutes: My Years with Andy Warhol* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $18.95). Actually Ultra was famous for at least half an hour and deserving of every minute of it, which you'll learn from this Hollywood-style book of kiss-and-tell hearsay. Andy is quoted, perhaps too elaborately, on the details of his alleged sex life with Truman Capote and others. Ultra recalls telling Andy that Capote is French for condom. Ultra has a suspiciously total recall of times she and Andy spent together, and her book reads like a hot novel, but better. You *know* some of it might be true.

Everything about Andy was the essence of And, the conjunctive article that joins things together everywhere. In the equation "Beauty And the Beast," Andy is the And. Andy was And-y. He connected people with images, he connected people with people, he connected people with themselves. He knew that Christ, Buddha, Bette Davis, and Jackson Pollock were all mirrors of people's beliefs. And he recognized in himself the ability to reflect not only people's beliefs but also their ways of seeing—all the while displaying the most detached manner. Perhaps that's the art of the great connector, always being in the right place at the right time.

These shows and books are just the tip of the Warhol iceberg. A Movado watch design by Andy has recently been produced, and a line of clothing may be next. We can expect *A*, his novel, to be reissued. There will be his home videos of *Sleep*, *Eat*, and *Chelsea Girls*. There will be the inevitable miniseries. Harry Hamlin as Gerard Malanga, Michael J. Fox as Paul Morrissey, Christopher Lambert as Fred Hughes, Molly Ringwald as Edie, Shelley Long as Viva, and Kirstie Alley as Ultra Violet. Who'll get Andy? Newhart? John Malkovich? John Hurt? Don Johnson? Linda Hunt? Whoever it is will bring Andy into every home in America, which is where he always felt he belonged.

Christopher Makos recalls Andy calling his wig his hat. Any place Andy hung his hat was his home. ♠

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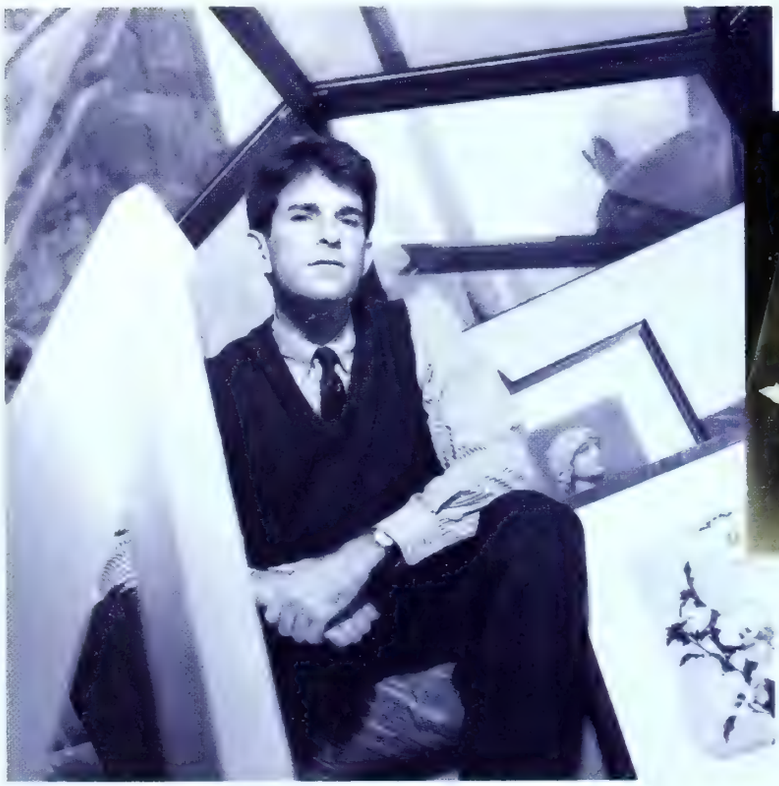
Perfect Exposure

Jeffrey Fraenkel focuses on undiscovered masters. By Ben Lifson

Jeffrey Fraenkel, president of San Francisco's Fraenkel Gallery, who likes to look at one photograph at a time, slowly, and in good light, has one of the best eyes in the field of American photography. Fraenkel also has a constitutional inability not to reopen the question "Why is this good?" about every photograph that passes through his hands, no matter how often he has seen it.

Considering a Walker Evans photograph of a chair, for example, he starts with what he knows: how it dawned on him that Evans "was very smart. *Very* smart. After a while you realize that the picture is not just about the chair and the beautiful way the grass comes through the openings." He points at the open metalwork. "This is a vineyard, a vineyard in the metalwork. Grapes and grape leaves. It's about a worker who made something—a vineyard in iron in the United States—and all the things that led up to that. It's beautiful, the way Evans was looking."

Fraenkel Gallery, two sparsely decorated, small, well-lit, quiet rooms, is very successful. "I know I must be aware of the market because our business is OK." But Fraenkel hopes neither to be swayed by current taste nor to pander to it. With few exceptions the pictures that he shows aren't hot, a word he doesn't like to use about work he exhibits even if it is hot—like Robert Mapplethorpe, William Wegman, and Joel-Peter Witkin. The works he exhibits "don't have Scotch tape on them"—a reference to current stars the Starn Twins, whose very large pictures often do—"and they're not huge, and they are not in color." He doesn't show Cindy Sherman or Richard Prince or Barbara Kruger or Sherrie Levine. Although he respects some of them, he calls their work "things that grab your attention forcefully. You walk into a room and they hit you over the head. Their work is dealing with thinner subjects: consumerism, pop culture. They don't deal with the big issues."







Jeffrey Fraenkel, above center, makes connections between photography's past and present. A few of his favorites: Garry Winogrand's El Morocco Club, c. 1955, top left; Charles Aubry's Study of a Leaf, 1864, inset right; and O. Winston Link's The Popes and the Last Steam Passenger Train, 1957, left.

Who does? The nineteenth-century California photographer Carleton Watkins, for one, whose landscapes and cityscapes are rich in finely observed detail and whose compositions inspire philosophical speculation. "Watkins's great message," Fraenkel says, "is that underneath this world that seems chaotic there is this harmony, an underlying sense of order. A sort of—and I am certainly not going to get too California—spiritual quality, a spiritual peace, that certainly doesn't match up with the circumstances of Carleton Watkins's life. And deep understanding of the land, of the earth, of the world."

With one picture sixteen years ago Watkins inspired Fraenkel's passion for photography and formed his taste. As an art student at Antioch College, Fraenkel saw Watkins's *Arbutus Menziesii Pursh* reproduced in John Szarkowski's *Looking at Photographs*—a picture of a madrona tree which Szarkowski calls "as simple as a Japanese flag, and as rich as a dictionary."

Two other critical experiences come to

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Fraenkel's mind: his coming to terms with John Szarkowski's taste in *Looking at Photographs* and his learning to understand the work of Walker Evans. Looking at paintings in Europe during college further educated his eye, and from working in an art gallery in London he learned that he liked to talk to people about art.

Four years later Watkins's work launched Fraenkel's career. In 1979 Fraenkel learned that two Watkins albums were to be auctioned in New York. He took a leave from his job in a San Francisco photo gallery, borrowed money, bought one album, and opened his own gallery that same year.

"These photographers teach us that there is great pleasure physically in seeing"

Fraenkel's wide-ranging taste in the nineteenth century lets him appreciate pictures more playful than Watkins's, such as a still life of a leaf on a table by the little-known Frenchman Charles Aubry. Fraenkel admires it for its restraint and simplicity. But he points out that the picture is deceptive. At first glance, the leaf appears to sit on the table. "You look at it and I dare you to tell me where the leaf is, where the table is, and where the camera is. The leaf is not actually sitting on the table. Are we looking down at the table or across the top of it? And we have no idea how large the leaf is." The great surprise and intellectual delight—the "intense mystery" of seeing a fact that is not a fact—is at first concealed by the technical virtuosity of Aubry's print.

Then quickly, lest one think that he admires technical bravura for its own sake, Fraenkel mentions the "rawest pictures" of Diane Arbus, whose technical roughness he admires for its expressivity, as he loves, he adds, the technically flawed singing of Fred Astaire. Hearing an absurdity in something he has just said, he repeats it: "Look at the way he sang." He laughs at himself and changes the subject.

Nineteenth-century photographs—expensive and in demand—bring in a large portion of the gallery's income. This lets Fraenkel deal in work by neglected mid twentieth century photographers, like the undeniably great Helen Levitt, and support the work of many contemporary photographers; Lee Friedlander and the late Garry Winogrand, for instance, had no West Coast representation before the Fraenkel Gallery opened. Fraenkel also shows current photographers who are out of step with the times: Robert Adams, for example, whose recent landscapes describe a perfection and an almost Edenic simplicity similar to Watkins's.

Hearing Fraenkel describe the development of his taste, you feel that it was formed by an enormous receptivity: to pictures, to ideas, and in fact to all that is visual and from which we can learn, derive pleasure, and receive solace. He is receptive, too, to the reactions of others. He thinks sometimes that he can see through their eyes, project himself into their sensibilities. This he calls a "strange thing—using the way you connect with the other person."

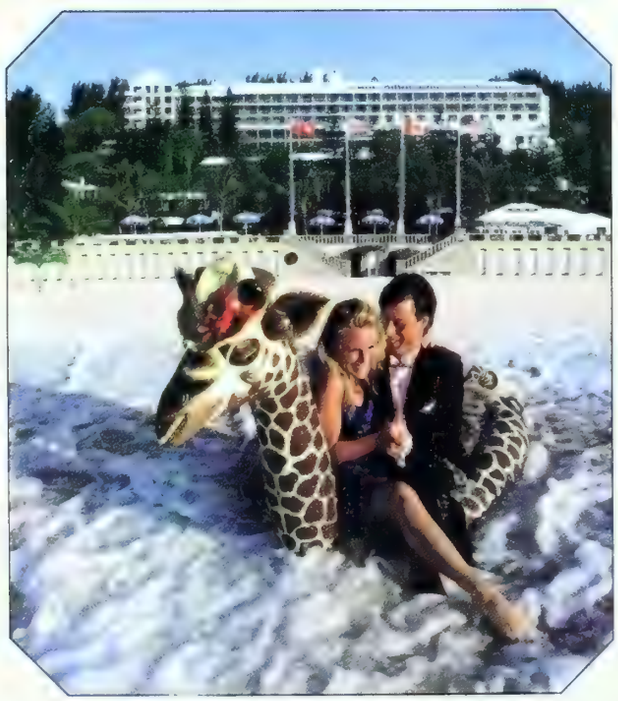
The epigraph to E. M. Forster's novel *Howard's End*—"only connect"—is "ringing through my ears in terms of everything," Fraenkel says. The gallery connects his evolving taste to a large public. And his exhibition history suggests that there are connections to be drawn between NASA pictures from the surface of the moon, Timothy O'Sullivan's 1871–74 pictures of Colorado and New Mexico, and Friedlander's explorations of suburbia; between nineteenth-century photographs of decorative art and the pictures of the underrated contemporary American Bill Dane. It allows us to consider both Winogrand and the nineteenth-century Englishman Roger Fenton as visual historians and to see in the exaggerated commercial style of the American O. Winston Link the elements of a surrealistic art with visionary overtones. These connections grow in number and complexity as Fraenkel's eye evolves.

Some contemporaries Fraenkel shows are united by what he can only call a common pace: "A different pace of looking. A slower pace—slow yourself down. Open yourself up more to contemplate the picture." If we do we can learn "not just how to see but, by extension, how to live."

Hearing himself imply that art can be didactic or edifying or can promote change—although he believes this—he becomes self-conscious: "I don't mean that art can teach exactly. These photographers are teaching us not only how to see but that there's great pleasure physically in simply seeing. I would love to do an exhibition that deals with just that subject one day." ♠

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Gardens of Delight

For horticultural novice Rhoda Koenig, a tour of Rome's leafier Edens offers a chance to cultivate the soul

Thursday. Twenty-three gardening maniacs and one reporter, whose first and last brush with the plant world was sticking some toothpicks in an avocado a long time ago, assemble at London's Heathrow for the Roman Palaces and Gardens tour. Organized by Fine Arts Courses, the tour is led by Sir Roy Strong, who recently ended fourteen eventful years as director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sir Roy, a diminutive and dandyish figure who resembles the man in the Thurber cartoons as dressed by Cecil Beaton, says he is now "solidly into gardening"—which, considering he is writing a gardening book, editing a gardening anthology, and doing a gardening book-review column, seems a fair enough description.

At the Rome airport we share taxis to the hotel. The weather is rather cold and gray—too much, sighs one lady, like what we left behind in England. "Ah, but you wouldn't see *that* in England," I say brightly, pointing to some enormous palm trees. "Why, yes, you would," she says and goes into a disquisition on where in England and Scotland it is possible to see palm trees, so I decide to keep my bright thoughts to myself. On arrival at the hotel we have a cocktail party where I meet the rest of the group—mainly middle-aged and elderly English ladies and gentlemen plus a learned professor and wife and a couple of sporty types. Over dinner one couple reveals that they have an Italian garden of their own. "*Do* you? In *Knutsford*? I say, I *am* impressed." For a while the talk gets very green, and I wonder if I am going to spend the next four days being known as "that nice deaf-mute girl," but then the conversation turns to Chuck Berry, pornographic videos, and shoes, so I am able to participate.

Friday. Our first stop is the Villa Medici, where, in front of an amazing façade, all over reliefs and swags and grinning masks and busts in laurel-wreathed niches, Sir Roy delivers a talk on the history of villas, explaining that they were places of repose—Cosimo de' Medici, for instance, saying, "I came to the villa to cultivate my soul." Sir Roy puts a lot of vim into his presentation. When he says that a Palladian villa had wings on each side, he looks as if he is about to lift off, and when he talks about a villa on a hill, he crouches down and stands up, joining his fingertips over his head. Afterward, we admire the Medici summerhouse and a wall where, in proto–Julian Schnabel fashion, they slapped on bits of broken statuary. I ask a highly competent looking lady what sort of trees are around. "That is an ilex," she says briskly. "Those are stone pines, those are cypress, and those are bamboo."

"And what's this one?"

"Another ilex."

I do not feel I am making a good showing.

The next stop is the Palazzo Doria Pamphilj, erected by a nephew of Innocent X who had a taste for heavy gilding, silk brocade–covered walls, and immense Murano chandeliers. There are rows of family portraits, paintings by Bronzino and Caravaggio, and a chapel containing a skeleton in a fancy dress and with a bit of net over the skull. Sir Roy finds the palace rather unpleasant, "like the setting for a Visconti film," and sniffs at a "rather indifferent Titian," but he is madly enthusiastic about the Velázquez portrait of a cruel and secretive Pope Innocent: "This is one of the ten best portraits in the world. It's in *marvelous* condition—no one's got at it with a Brillo pad. Look at all that marvelous crumbly impasto!"

After lunch we hit the Palazzo Farnese, where the centerpiece is a splendid 1600 Carracci ceiling in a huge gallery bordered with statues of Hermes and Bacchus. "It's quite naughty, some of it," comments tour organizer Lord Charles FitzRoy. "That Apollo and Marsyas is rather saucy," he says, pointing to a god fondling a girl's thigh.



The ivy league: in the Villa Medici garden, replicas of the Niobides group in the Uffizi



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Last on the program is the Palazzo Spada, the mid sixteenth century residence of Cardinal Capo di Ferro. Inspired by Fontainebleau, the palace has several amusing rooms of statues emerging from the walls to hold up pictures or to crouch behind them, but the high spot is the *galleria prospettica*. This is a row of columns, designed by Borromini, that get smaller as they go farther back, so an object at the end of what is a very short row looks enormously far away. Everyone rushes to be photographed in false perspective. "They would have had dwarfs to stand in the background," sighs Sir Roy, "but unfortunately we have only the members of this group."

Saturday. Strikingly attired in a coral, turquoise, and purple sweater, turquoise loafers, and straw hat, Sir Roy sets out with us for the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, an hour's coach ride away. On the bus he speaks about myth and symbolism in the Renaissance garden, with an admiring word for Medici topiary: "They were jolly clever to do all that, because I can't do it in my garden."

The villa, based on a former fortress, was built in the mid sixteenth century by the grandson of Paul III. It is covered with frescoes picturing swans, satyrs, putti, tritons, and unicorns, much of it flaking away. One corridor is painted with trees on either side for a summer-all-year-round effect. "Why, they're pleached!" exclaims a lady behind me. A furious discussion of pleaching follows. The garden is rather raggedy, but the grotto, a vast cave of tufa stone with satyrs' faces leering out of the corners, impresses everyone. The man from Knutsford, who is building a grotto of his own, is somewhat cast down.

After lunch we go to the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, a palace Montaigne visited which has a beautiful water parterre in the center of which four huge Moors hold aloft what one lady is certain is a jelly mold but which Sir Roy identifies as the device of Cardinal Montalto. The villa is one of those places that display the rather primitive Italian sense of humor—staircases squirt water at unsuspecting visitors, and the dignified-sounding pavilions of the muses have hidden jets to douse passersby. The water motif turns out to be an unfavorable omen, as the rain pours down forcing us to plaster ourselves against the villa under the cornice. One lady takes shelter in a hollow tree. "Ah," says the professor, "the old Charles II bit."

We press on to the Orsini garden at Bomarzo, famous for its grotesque and monstrous statuary. Here Sir Roy is in his element, expatiating on the allegorical meaning of the garden, which is based on Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and represents a journey "through the wrong sort of love, gradually ascending to the right sort." It really is a very nutty garden, beginning with a huge statue of a giant splitting apart an unfortunate person he is holding upside down and proceeding to a leaning tower from which you view a recumbent temptress ("She's up to no good, you can be sure"). "Did these people know what they were doing?" asks a lady who cannot encompass the sixteenth-century mind. "Of course, they did," Sir Roy answers impatiently. "When you make a cup of tea, you know what you're doing." "But," points out the lady, "I'm not making a *statue* of a cup of tea." Sir Roy does not have an answer for this.



At the Villa Lante gardens a catena d'acqua (water staircase) lends perspective to the view of the fountain and village.

Sunday. Everyone is delighted with Ninfa, a vast wilderness garden in the English style, and rushes about exclaiming over Burmese roses and 'Albéric Barbier' and 'Maréchal Niel'. The picturesque aspect is enhanced by fragments of medieval ruins, including a bit of the twelfth-century church where Pope Alexander III was crowned. Sir Roy is very gratified by the gentle Impressionist palette: "There was nothing vulgar about that garden." "Have you seen many vulgar gardens?" Sir Roy gives a pronounced shudder. "Thousands!"

After lunch in an old mill near a medieval synagogue, we traipse through the abandoned Caetani Castle in Sermoneta. Everybody's favorite thing is a room of frescoes by someone who apparently knew somebody who had a cousin who had heard about a picture by Botticelli. The murals of graceless graces and crabby lute players fall hilariously between proto-Cubism and total ineptitude. Sir Roy loves them, rhapsodizing, "How deliciously awful!"

Monday. Our last day, in Rome, begins with the Villa Farnesina, the palace of Agostino Chigi, "a kind of Getty figure of the fifteenth century," as Sir Roy explains. Everyone cranes and beams at the glorious ceiling painted to represent a canopy of vines, entwined with very realistic vegetables, against a summer sky. Inside, we view Raphael's *Triumph of Galatea,* "which I do think is the *most* wonderful thing," says Sir Roy. The professor's wife examines it with interest. "They say that Michelangelo used male models for his nudes," she says, "and put incongruous breasts on them. But look at her. She's got quite decent deltoids."

Next on the agenda is the church, priory, and garden of the Knights of Malta, on the Aventine hill. Our guide is Prince Cyril Toumanoff, an Edwardian dandy with the manner and idiom of Max Beerbohm. Describing the Egyptian and Etruscan motifs on the eighteenth-century church, he tells us, "It's like a fake genealogy, don't y'know?" Then, leading us to the stairs of the villa, he bows and twinkles, "Now you must prepare yourself for a bit of alpinism." I get the impression that Sir Roy is slightly jealous.

After lunch we move on to the Sistine Chapel, where Fabrizio Mancinelli, who is in charge of restoring the frescoes, leads us on a tour of the chapel and the Raphael *stanze*. "Some of you probably know the Vatican better than I do," he suavely begins, "but for the rest of you . . ." Two and a half hours of *stanze* and chapel follow, during which I begin to feel the effects of the past several days. As I sit under the brilliantly glowing frescoes—"absolutely *miraculous,*" pronounces Sir Roy—I succumb and, a few moments later, realize to my horror that I have dozed off in the Sistine Chapel. The gardeners are all striding about, peering and stretching with enormous energy; those who are well advanced in years are the spriest of all. There is evidently something to this gardening business, which I intend to look into when I get home. Aerobics just isn't in the same class at all. ♠

(For tours of European country houses and gardens see Resources.)

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Into the Woods

Jeffrey Steingarten sniffs his way through the forests of Alba in search of the great white truffle

Somewhere in Albaretto della Torre. Today, in the Langhe hills south of Alba in the Piedmont region of northwest Italy, I am a *trifulau,* a hunter of white truffles. Yesterday I was an eater of white truffles, and I will eat them again tomorrow, at lunch and at dinner and perhaps in the late afternoon. But today I am a *trifulau.* My feet are very cold.

Our host in Albaretto della Torre, population 60, is Cesare Giaccone, the greatest chef in town and some say the greatest chef in all of Italy. He has persuaded his friend Bernardo, a retired farmer and a *trifulau* since age ten, to take us along on this evening's truffle hunt. Both men are small and rugged with thinning hair, bright gray eyes, ample noses, and weathered complexions. At 42, Cesare is 25 years younger than Bernardo, and he wears a bushy brown mustache.

Late on this chilly November afternoon Cesare brings us a large flat package wrapped in butcher's paper and an excellent bottle of Italian champagne. "For the *trifulau,*" he laughs as he unwraps the package, disclosing a platter of warm crostini—crisp slices of grilled bread brushed with butter and showered with thin slices of white truffle. Their musky pungent perfume fills the room. Then their musky pungent taste fills our mouths. Rossini called them the Mozart of fungi.

Cesare speaks in a mixture of Italian and the Langhe dialect, closer to Provencal than to Italian. There are only 21 letters in the Italian alphabet, yet I am proficient in no more than half of them. But as luck would have it, my wife and I have met up with Eugenio Pozzolini, a native Tuscan who manages the importing arm of Dean & DeLuca in New York. Eugenio is traveling through the Piedmont in pursuit of new treats for the people of America to enjoy. He is a fine and selfless translator.

We find Bernardo and his dog, Lola, on a dirt road outside town, and they lead us down the slope of a hill and into a hazelnut orchard. From October through January the best white truffles in the world grow under this earth, in the Langhe hills to the south of Alba and the Roero hills just to the north, on the subterranean roots of oak, linden, willow, and hazelnut trees. The pattern and color on the inside of the truffle tells you which kind of tree was its "mother." (Pink streaks indicate the root of an oak.) On the outside most *tartufi bianchi d'Alba* are smooth and light tan and strongly perfumed. Farther north in the Piedmont, in the area around Asti, truffles develop gnarled and pitted because the earth there is densely packed and the truffles must struggle for room to grow. "Those truffles grow up angry," Bernardo explains. What does he think about truffles from Tuscany and Umbria? "They are one step up from potatoes."





At the crack of dawn, truffle hunters, above, pockets bulging with their perfumed booty, descend upon the market near Alba. Below: Alba's truffles rank as the "Mozart of fungi."

We walk slowly from tree to tree. The twilight sky is a luminous blue, and tiny lights appear in the houses and churches on the far hills around us. Bernardo talks softly to Lola, like the gentlest father trying to instill discipline and concentration. She is just eleven months old, playful and impulsive, and lacks the dedication of her mother, whom Bernardo has left behind. This is Lola's first truffle season, but at only three months she could recognize their scent. When Lola is experienced and adept, she will be worth $4,000. But Bernardo would never sell her.

Bernardo directs her toward particular trees, urges her to pause before moving on to the next, and calls her back when she bounds away from us into the middle of the orchard.

Lola begins to dig at the base of a hazelnut tree, and Bernardo hurries over. He gently pulls Lola back from the shallow hole she has dug, brushes away some dirt with his hands, finds nothing, and lets Lola go at it again for a few seconds. Then he scratches the earth with the small metal *sapin* he carries on his belt, brushes it away with his hands, and discovers the top of a white truffle. Very carefully he reaches around


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it and pulls it out. My pulse rate soars.

Our first truffle is small, about an inch across, but smooth and well formed, and its perfume fills the air. Bernardo gives Lola a biscuit and replaces the earth, smooths the surface, and scatters some dry leaves over it. If the tree's roots are protected and the earth is cared for, a truffle will mature in this same spot exactly one year from now by the lunar calendar, Bernardo tells us.

We pass the truffle from nose to nose. Instantly the truffle feasts of recent days pass before our eyes: white truffles on green noodles moistened with fonduta; a mousse of white truffles and guinea hen liver; cold loin of rabbit sprinkled with white truffles; white truffles shaved over agnolotti with a sauce of butter and sage; an asparagus flan in a pool of truffled cream; polenta layered with white truffles, raw egg yolk, and the local *rubbiolo di murazzano* cheese; pumpkin ravioli in a white truffle sauce; risotto of nettles and strawberries with slivers of white truffle; hare pâté studded with chunks of white truffle; baked potatoes drenched with grappa and paved with white truffle; pheasant with a sauce of walnut oil, pistachio, and white truffle; a salad of fresh porcini, artichokes, and a tiny lettuce the size of clover, all hidden under a thick blanket of white truffles; and hand-rolled, hand-cut taglierini (*tajarin* in the Langhe dialect) made only of egg yolks and flour, tossed in melted butter, flavored with fresh sage, and covered with paper-thin slices of white truffles. This last is the simplest and incontrovertibly the best way to enjoy white truffles, and it is served in virtually every restaurant in the Piedmont, from the humblest to the most ambitious. My version, which appears later, is nearly half as delicious as the genuine article and twice as good as any pasta I have made before.

Bernardo gave up truffle hunting because he had become possessed by it. He had become a truffle junkie

Lola is digging at the roots of another tree now. When the hole is almost a foot deep, Bernardo decides that she has made a mistake. Another *trifulau* probably discovered a truffle here two or three days ago, and Lola has been misled by the traces of its perfume. Lola's mother never makes such errors.

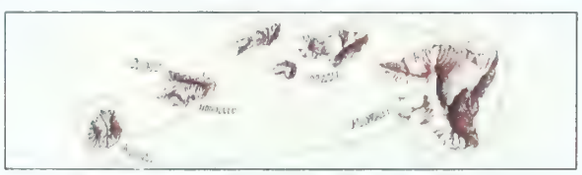
"Lola, slowly. More slowly, Lola," Bernardo coaxes. Like most truffle dogs, Lola is of indeterminate breed, female, and white. *Trifulau* work mostly after dark, and it is easier to see a white dog in the late autumn moonlight than a black one. When you harvest truffles in the daytime, the other *trifulau* will discover your secret places. "I do my best work between two and six in the morning, several kilometers' walk from here," Bernardo says. "But I would never take anyone with me."

We find two more small truffles in the hazelnut orchard and then descend into a muddy gorge and the woods beyond it. The sky is dark now, and when the autumn mists float over the moon, the only light comes from Bernardo's flashlight. Lola discovers three more truffles in the woods, small and smooth.

As we head back to Bernardo's house, he reminisces about his largest truffle, eighteen ounces in weight, the size of a grapefruit, and worth over $1,000 at today's prices. Ten years ago, Bernardo gave up truffle hunting because he had become possessed by it. He



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would leave home in the late afternoon, and after a day and a half in the cold damp woods and two packs of cigarettes, he would return home sick and exhausted. He had become a truffle junkie—and one day he simply gave it up. Now he supplements his tiny government pension with moderate and controlled truffle hunting. "My dream," Bernardo tells us, "is to see, together in one place, all the truffles I have found in my lifetime."

Cesare takes us out for an evening of eating and drinking with his friends. He introduces us to Matteo, a retired *trifulau* who was famous for finding more white truffles than his dog. "You can see them," he tells us. "In open ground they push up the earth above them, and when the sun is warm, the earth will crack. At night you can feel the bump with the soles of your feet if you wear thin slippers. The grass above a truffle will turn limp and brown when the truffle disturbs its roots. And if you strike the ground with the end of a stick, you can hear the hollow sound of a truffle underneath, but you must be able to distinguish that sound from the sound of a rock or the thick root of a tree."

Matteo's best dog walks into the room and smiles as Matteo continues. "A white truffle takes between 44 and 88 days to grow, after which it ripens in the space of four hours. If not discovered, it will continue to live for only 12 days when the earth is very wet or up to 35 days when the earth is dry. Then it becomes waterlogged and spongy and loses its appeal. If you pick it before it matures, it will never develop its full perfume and you will have destroyed the root, the mother, and no truffle will grow there next year.

"During the four hours of ripening a truffle gives off three distinct aromas—the first is sour and musty like the bottom of a barrel, then a fungus smell like fresh porcini, and finally the stupendous perfume of the white truffle. If you pick a truffle at any time in these four hours, it will continue to ripen because it is a living thing. But if you wait until the third perfume, another *trifulau* may discover it first. Many dogs can detect the last perfume, but only one dog in a thousand can smell the first aroma."

We show him our six tiny truffles. "My beautiful dog would never have bothered with those," Matteo laughs. The heaviest truffle Matteo ever found weighed 23 ounces. "It was so large that it pushed its way up through the earth," Matteo says, "and I tripped over it."

Cesare tells us that at five-thirty the next morning he will take us to the truffle market in Ceva, a half hour's drive south. Evening stretches into early morning with the aid of many bottles of Barolo and Barbaresco (these noblest of Italian red wines are from grapes grown on the Langhe and Roero hillsides), glasses of grappa distilled from the pomace of these grapes, and a deep draft from a roadside spring possessing diuretic properties. Cesare's friends sing ballads about the young women of the Langhe and tease us when we seem anxious to get a few hours' sleep before the truffle market. "Where is America?" Cesare calls to his friends, and they all laugh. In this context America means a place of freedom, abundance, and ease. "America is no longer in America," they answer. "It is in Albaretto della Torre."

A few hours later we have become truffle traders. We arrive at Ceva just past six and park in a large paved market area, deserted except for fifteen *trifulau,* who stand in groups of two or three in the cold dawn. Somewhere on each of them you can detect the bulge of truffles, in the pockets of their



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tweed jackets or tucked under their heavy sweaters.

Cesare needs five kilograms of truffles for his restaurant in the coming week, and he carries seven or eight million lire in cash, about $5,000 or $6,000. Other towns have more famous markets, like the one in Alba, but they attract tourists who pay too much and unscrupulous sellers who bring in truffles from Umbria and Tuscany or even Bulgaria and Rumania and perfume each batch with one genuine *tartufo bianco d'Alba*. The market in Alba is fine for setting the price of local white truffles, but the market in Ceva is Cesare's favorite for stocking up.

As we walk toward one group of *trifulau*, they scatter to the farthest corners of the market thinking that Cesare has brought revenue agents with him. When Cesare reassures them that we are just Americans, they open their brown-paper packages and hold them up for sniffing. Cesare pays 420,000 lire for a 400-gram batch, or $23 an ounce, a very good price. Restaurants in the Piedmont typically add $16 to your bill for each dish containing truffles. One restaurant puts a small table by the entrance to the dining room with a scale, a pile of ten large white truffles displayed under a glass dome—perhaps $2,000 worth—and a carefully lettered sign: TARTUFI BIANCHI. 3200 LIRE PER GRAMMA. Every party is assigned its very own truffle, which is weighed before and after the meal, and the bill is adjusted accordingly, at $70 an ounce. The truffle wholesalers in Alba charge between $40 and $50 an ounce for respectable specimens. Beware of stores in the U.S. that charge less than $60 an ounce for fresh white truffles. If these were genuine *tartufi bianchi d'Alba*, the shop would lose money on every one it sells.

We show Matteo our six tiny truffles. "My dog wouldn't have bothered with those," he laughs

For the next hour Cesare frantically jogs around the parking lot, pulling each *trifulau* off into a corner and collecting as many white truffles as he can before the commercial buyers arrive. His clothes and his van are permeated with the scent of truffles. At seven o'clock the sun is just visible through the mists, and the shops around the market begin to open. We stop in a bar for thirty seconds of coffee and warmth and rush out again to buy more truffles. The rest of the Ceva market slowly comes alive with stalls for game and mushrooms, produce and dry goods, and Cesare finally turns his attention to huge sacks of walnuts and hazelnuts and flat wooden crates of fresh porcini.

When we return to Albaretto della Torre for breakfast, Cesare cleans and weighs his purchases. He has bought 4.6 kilograms of white truffles, about ten percent of them too small to use in anything but pâtés and sauces, for six million lire or $32 an ounce. In the past four hours Cesare has worked as feverishly as any commodities trader on the floor of the Chicago exchange. He looks a wreck.

"Where is America now?" we ask him.

Cesare smiles broadly and throws up his hands.

TAJARIN AL BURRO E SALVIA CON TARTUFI BIANCHI

White truffles are available between November and late January. Squeeze and smell your truffle before you buy it. Fresh truffles are *very firm* and aromatic. Spongy truffles are old and tired. Many fans consider large specimens to have a more stupendous taste than little ones. Strong aroma is no guarantee of flavor, but if you know of a fancy food store that lets you taste your *tartufi* before paying for it, please let me know.

Tajarin is Piedmontese dialect for taglierini noodles. They are made with only egg yolks and flour (though some cooks mix yolks and whole eggs) and are best consumed *after* your routine cholesterol test, not before. In Alba they are rolled with a wooden dowel and hand-cut an eighth-inch wide. I have found nothing like them, fresh or dried, in any pasta store I know. The Piedmontese refer to the red of an egg, not the yellow, because their egg yolks are orange red and their *tajarin* are a deep golden color. Yours will be paler.

Hand-rolled noodles are generally made with unbleached white flour rather than semolina because its high gluten content makes semolina hard to work by hand. The method given here uses a pasta rolling machine for thinning the dough and a knife for cutting it into noodles. If you are good at hand-rolling pasta, which I am not, by all means do so; the results will be lighter and more tender. But remember that hand-rolling is not like making pie pastry. The dough must be stretched, not compressed, into a thin sheet. If your hand-rolling technique merely compresses the dough, you may as well use a machine. Those expensive square white electric pasta extruders with the plastic templates are completely out of bounds.

1 pound unbleached white flour
20 yolks from extra large eggs
12 large sage leaves
10 tablespoons sweet butter
Salt
Freshly ground white pepper
2 ounces white truffles

Place all but one cup of the flour into a wide bowl, sprinkle with a half-tablespoon of salt, make a depression in the center, and pour in the egg yolks. Stir the yolks with a fork, gradually incorporating all the flour that surrounds them, until you have a sticky mass of dough. With the reserved cup, heavily flour your hands and work surface and knead the dough, adding flour as necessary, until you have a smooth, soft ball that no longer sticks to your fingers. Cover it with a towel and let it relax for a half hour.

Divide the dough into six roughly equal pieces and roll each one eight or nine times through a pasta machine with the rollers at the widest setting, folding the dough and turning it after each pass. Thin each piece of dough at increasingly narrow settings until you have sheets a bit thicker than ordinary pasta (usually setting #5), and about twenty inches long. Place the sheets flat on a very lightly floured surface, dust with a little flour, and let them dry until their surface begins to resemble leather but before they become brittle. Turn them over to dry the other side. Total drying time will be fifteen minutes to a half hour.

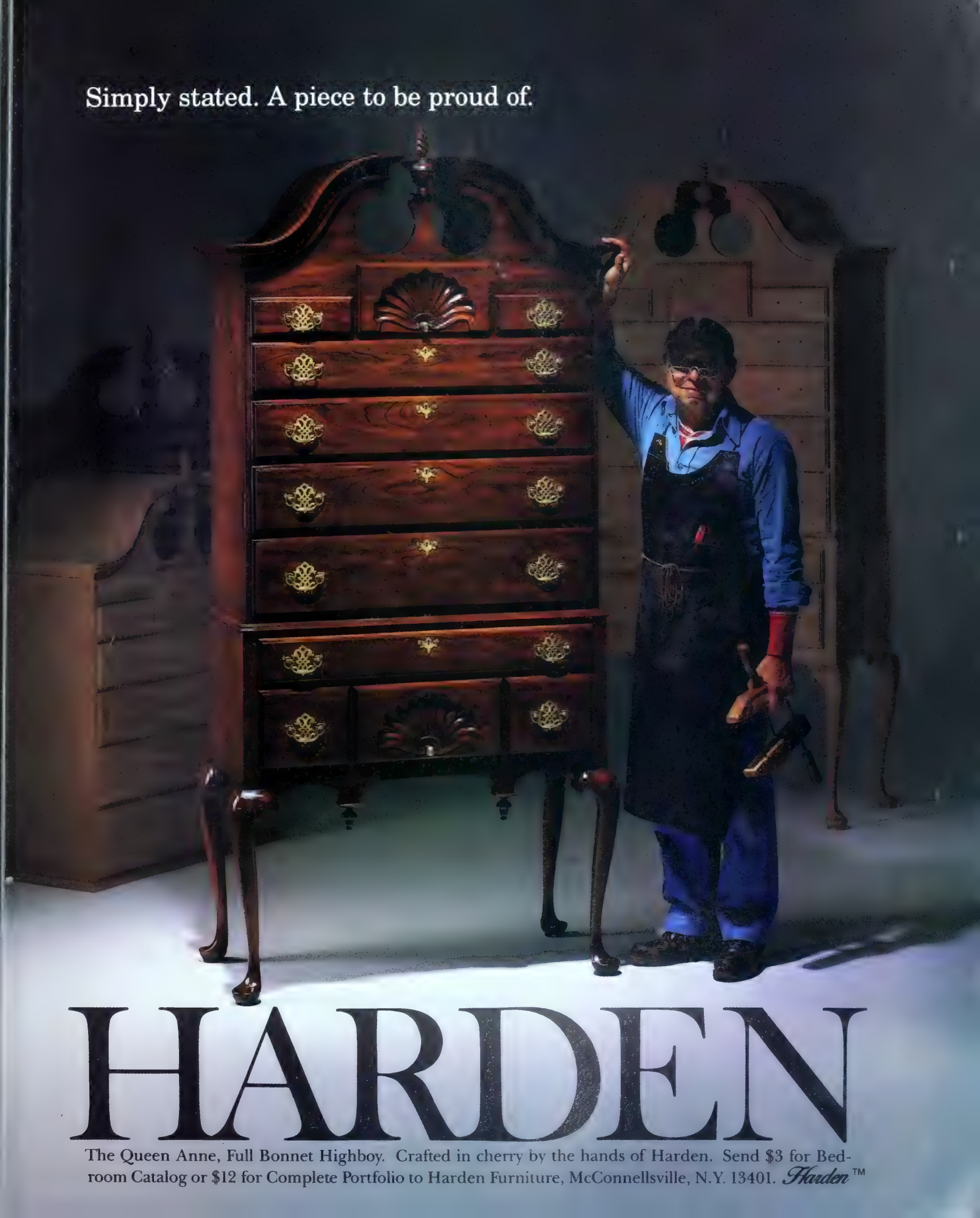
Meanwhile, put six quarts of cold water in a large covered pot over a high flame. Chop the sage leaves coarsely. Melt the butter in a skillet over medium heat and, when it stops sizzling, turn the flame to low and add the sage. Let it infuse for twenty minutes without browning, strain, add a teaspoon of salt and two or three grindings of white pepper, and keep warm. Warm a large heat-proof bowl and your pasta plates in a warm oven.

Working with the sheets of dough one at a time, fold top to bottom several times into a compact shape three inches long; trim the sides with a flat-bladed knife and cut into eighth-inch strips. Unfold the noodles and let them dry as you work on the other sheets.

When the water comes to a boil, add four tablespoons of salt, let the water boil again, and add all the noodles at once, stirring until the water returns to a boil. Cook the noodles at a full boil until they lose their rubbery texture but are still resistant to the bite, as long as five minutes. After two minutes, test them every thirty seconds by fishing out a noodle and eating it.

Drain the pasta very well, put it into the large warm bowl, and toss with the sage-flavored butter. Divide the pasta among six to eight warm plates, and quickly shave the truffle over each plate in paper-thin slices using either a truffle grater or the wide blade on your four-sided vegetable grater. Serves six to eight. ▲

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Local Color

The passion for painted furniture started in 18th-century Venice, says Margot Guralnick



Tourists who meandered through the piazzas and alleyways of Venice in the eighteenth century witnessed a city of unrivaled opulence but shockingly depleted resources. Once the supreme naval power of the West, Venice was now whirling toward bankruptcy, its Eastern trade monopoly long since crushed and its independence about to be snatched away by Napoleon. Occupants of this muddy lagoon in the middle of the Adriatic carried on in high style nevertheless, frittering away their every last ducat on sumptuous living. Upper-crust men dressed entirely in silk and kept cool with jeweled fans while their wives, their hair bleached an arresting shade of blond, hobbled on twenty-inch heels that gave new meaning to the height of fashion. Even nuns decked themselves in pearls, and courtesans—who outnumbered patrician women by a ratio of approximately four to one—rode about in gondolas painted a lurid shade of red.



When it came to decorating the stately town houses lining the Grand Canal, Venetians opted for furniture that, like their clothing, cut a *bella figura*—made a good show—regardless of comfort. Abandoning the clunky Spanish-inspired forms that filled every palazzo in Italy, Venetians took their cue from Louis XV's France and adopted the frivolous Rococo style, best suited for the new, intimately proportioned salons and boudoirs. Unfortunately Venice lacked many of the amenities crucial to fine French design. Splintery pine and poplar had to substitute for richly grained mahogany. And local cabinetmakers, more concerned with their carnival costumes than their dovetails and ormolu mounts, stood in for Paris's painstaking ébénistes. Like inspired set decorators, however, the craftsmen of Venice masked their second-rate materials and workmanship with enticing layers of paint.





Chairs with backs curved like figure eights were festooned with a pastel array of garlands, winged insects,

Italian 18th-century painted furniture. Clockwise from top left: Detail of a desk from Florence de Dampierre; marbleized bookcase with doors made from bookbindings from Richard Yeakel; chair and bench, with inset detail of a howling satyr, from Florence de Dampierre; shield-backed console from Philippe Farley.

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and swooning cherubs. Dark green and gold Chinese landscapes populated by tiny braided men covered the drawers of buxom bombé commodes with marbleized tops. Pale blue console tables edged in gold were teasingly painted to appear mirrored—an inside joke since until 1700 Venetians were the only Europeans adept at the art of mirror making.



A bird palazzo from L'Antiquaire. Fabric from Cora Ginsburg, NYC.

The painting, of course, didn't stop there. Walls, ceilings, and even draperies were equally strewn with bouquets, grimacing satyrs, and trompe l'oeil frescoes à la Tiepolo and Canaletto. And, as the demand for intricately embellished furnishings spread, artisans started turning out pieces at a breakneck pace thanks to a new technique known as *lacca contrafatta,* or counterfeit lacquer. A precursor of Victorian decoupage, this process replaced hand-painted details with paper cutouts that were applied to a solid-colored background with fish glue and varnish.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when Venice was truly in dire straits, lighthearted designs gave way to straight-lined Neoclassicism. Keeping up with the trend, workshops in Venice and also in Florence, Rome, and the northwest Piedmont region began applying architectural motifs and Pompeian grotesques to the forms Piranesi had popularized. Today, as sponged, stippled, and faux finishes creep across every imaginable surface, the passion for these vintage painted pieces is at an all-time high. A pair of 1750s armchairs covered with scrolling vines commands $25,000–$30,000 if in pristine, unaltered condition. And a delicate side table that can be traced to the inventory of a Venetian noble runs in excess of $100,000. According to specialist Florence de Dampierre, dwindling supplies and tricky export laws have made it difficult to find bargains in Italy. Treasures do turn up, however, in the attics and spare rooms of great British estates where decades ago families stashed the souvenirs of their grand tours in favor of familiar brocade-covered easy chairs and overstuffed couches.

Editor: Sarah Kaltman

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The Geometry of Conversation

The right table serves up the best talk, says Joseph Giovannini

There is a geometry to conversation, a geometry of rooms and tables that encourages tonic chat—configurations where the room is a small theater, the table is a small stage, and the scene prompts unscripted dialogue. If the Round Table at the Algonquin became legendary for its wit, it was more than simply a coincidence: the Round Table was, first of all, a table, not a buffet, and it was round. Dorothy Parker and Alexander Woollcott did not walk around balancing a plate and a glass of wine while trying to cut the chicken. They sparkled sitting down, committed to seats at the table that positioned them to hear and be heard.



The apparent decline of the art of conversation since World War II, though often blamed on television, might also be attributed to the L-shaped living/dining area and to houses where the open plan with flowing space, plate-glass windows, and patios bleeds attention away from the dining table to the lawn, the view, and the strong silent outdoors. These are Modernist houses that encourage buffet dining and lax, bromidic conversation, gatherings where guests sample conversations as they sample food: they pick among the offerings and move on, meandering and grazing, excusing themselves from travel tales and movie talk for another go at the zucchini. At buffets, laughter is often sporadic because wit thrives on a captive, sit-down audience.

One of the great contributions of Postmodernism to American conversation is the restoration of the dining room to the floor plan. A room with four walls, perhaps even a chandelier, frames the table, contains conversation, and focuses dining—a ripple effect in reverse. Even Frank Lloyd Wright, who early this century broke the architectural box with his interlocking spaces, understood the need to enclose the dining table. For the Robie house of 1908 he designed high-back chairs that, grouped around the table, belted the conversation. Locking the chairs into position placed everyone in a small chamber, ready for the first course, the first comment, and the conversational tumble.

Often a dining table is chosen to match the room, and for a rectangular room a rectangular table may seem appropriate. But it may be an ungainly shape for conversation. For example, when people group spontaneously on a street or in a yard, they don't square off in rectangular formation. The natural configuration is circular, as in gatherings around a bonfire or the classic football huddle.

All else being equal, brilliance at a dining table depends most on the ricochet factor—remarks that glance off the table's sides and stay in play. At rectangular tables, even for as few as six, hosts often don't speak to each other because of the distance between the ends—heads of the table belong to the guests on their right and left; conversation tends to converge at the corners. At longer rectangular tables, especially refectory tables, anyone on the sides is landlocked, unable to leapfrog over a neighbor to the adjacent conversation. These are chilling Siberias—anyone sitting between dullards is exiled.

Circular, octagonal, oval, and even square dining tables have a geometry that, for eight or less, bounces conversation; remarks are never swallowed up in a corner or lost beyond someone's head. The acoustical term "bright," used for halls with a short reverberation time, could be applied to certain tables, especially those with circular geometries.

Circular table types differ in their circularity (the square, from the point of view of conversation, is really a squared circle). While all place guests in a "huddle" formation, a pure circle seats odd numbers, and, with five or seven at table, there is a teasing instability, a quick turn. Still, around a pure circle, those 180 degrees opposite are distant, and in the every-which-way conversation that roundness breeds there is often a vexing cross fire. Octagonal and hexagonal tables limit dinner to an even number of guests, as does the square. A fat oval lets everyone see and hear and be seen and heard; a long narrow oval, however, distances those at the ends.

All circular tables, including the egalitarian square, give guests a sense of being part of a magic circle—it is an Arthurian geometry of cohesiveness and camaraderie. Remarks

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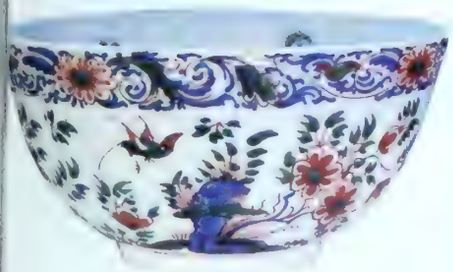
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from anyone in the circle have equal geometric weight because there is no privileged position, no authority figure at the head. It is a family circle—at a round Chinese table, for example, organized around a lazy susan, family members can always scoot over to make room for another. The gentle, embracing geometry of a round table also encourages the shy. Sit the jocular Ismail Merchant at a rectangular table and he will flourish, but please place his reticent partners, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and James Ivory, at a circular or oval one.

Besides shape, there is the question of dimension. Bryan Miller, restaurant critic of *The New York Times* and a veteran of thousands of dinners, says the quality of conversation is inversely proportional to the table's width. There is an optimal range for eye and voice contact—say, two and a half to three and a half feet. A table that keeps people too far apart, whether circular or rectangular, can balkanize the conversation.

Different geometries work for different numbers. For eight, an oval or round table

> *A table that keeps people too far apart can balkanize the conversation*

encourages full-court conversation better than a rectangular one, but beyond eight the circle no longer works—the diameter is too wide. The larger dinner almost demands a rectangle or an oval, though both should be narrow enough so that people on opposite sides can hear above the din.

Ideally, tables should be able to adapt to different numbers, and adapting the table can help animate the dinner. Who can forget the times parents brought out one, two, or three leaves to extend the dining table for Thanksgiving or birthday dinners? A circular table can be pulled apart on its rails, the leaves fitted, and turned into a rectangle with circular ends. The transformation itself implies a special occasion.

The art of conversation is fragile; it needs encouragement and protection. A sit-down dinner should never be stiff in its formality: the tables form should simply intensify dining and help release the drollery and wit. Just as the shape of a champagne glass can induce a continuous stream of bubbles from the bottom, the right table in the right room can effervesce. ▲

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Bring Me No Flowers

But you'd better not forget to say thanks after the party's over, warns Martin Filler

"But what do you *bring*?" asked my mother when I told her that my wife and I had been invited to dinner by one of the richest men in America. My reply, which deeply shocked her, was, "Nothing." It would be as unthinkable for my parents to arrive at a friend's house without something in hand as it would be for us to bring a bottle of wine or a box of candy to someone in the upper ionosphere of the *Forbes* Four Hundred. Yet when I am on my way to a family reunion, I will suddenly become obsessed with the necessity of stopping en route—anywhere—to buy something—anything—to avoid the ultimate gaffe of showing up empty-handed. It can be the most wilted mums from a roadside stand, the most repellent processed party cheese spread from the Snack Hut, the stalest Whitman's Sampler from the dingiest 7 Eleven known to man. Any offering would be preferable to nothing at all, which would be noticed in silence and later commented upon in the most withering terms. In my family it is the form, not the content, that matters.



These divergent responses are not based on economics. In terms of essential needs, my relatives are no more deprived than our tycoon friend. Neither is it true that someone who can afford everything is indifferent to receiving presents. No matter how exalted the recipient, there are occasions when a gift is mandatory. A present must be brought to a birthday party, a house gift taken to or sent after a stay at someone's country place, flowers delivered after a dinner in one's honor. But practices vary significantly from subgroup to subgroup, especially in big cities where the socially mobile will have to vary their policy with each invitation accepted.

This is not easily determined by conventional indicators of class or income alone. By far the most generous guest we know is the charming German-born widow of an eminent Art Deco architect. She is famous among her wide circle of friends for her *Mitbringen* (German for bring-alongs). At one of our dinner parties she came bearing an original watercolor of Manhattan skyscrapers by her late husband, some toys for our son, and handmade chocolates from the legendary Elk Candy Co. Needless to say, at her own soirees the hall table of her Park Avenue apartment is piled high with reciprocal offerings.

Among our younger friends, most of whom we have known since college, it is likewise the rule to come with something consumable. Almost always it is a bottle of wine, although one close friend invariably offers to bring food just in case we find ourselves short at the last minute. In this context the gesture is most correctly interpreted as a vestige of sixties sharing. In those days one brought jug wine or brownies—or some other mood-enhancing substance—to a get-together on the correct expectation that the host wasn't able to foot the bill alone.

One well-known "don't" for dinner parties is bringing cut flowers. The reason is quite practical. About the last thing a busy hostess needs is to be arranging a vase of flowers just as the veal roast is on the verge of going from pink and juicy to gray and dry. Furthermore, it should be assumed that the evening's floral decorations have already been attended to. Except when our country friends come into the city; they customarily bring some long-forgotten seasonal rarities from their garden—bleeding heart, bridal wreath, weigela, or bouncing bet—unobtainable from commercial florists and a greater treat than some chic cymbidium. Our friends' homegrown lilacs, small and intensely purple, are far more redolent than any available in the flower district, their last autumnal roses far more sumptuous and poignant than any that Marlo ever sold.

Another friend, who not long ago gave up the New York rat race to buy a farm in Maine, came to dinner with a basket of her first spring asparagus picked that morning. To the obvious disappointment of our other guests, these tender shoots were whisked away and sequestered, to be consumed by us alone the next day in greedy privacy. These are gifts that no one in his right mind would disdain.

Children allow a surrogate form of gift giving when it is forbidden to their parents. Books are generally foolproof, but for the preliterate they present a problem at parties because parents (or guests too polite to re-



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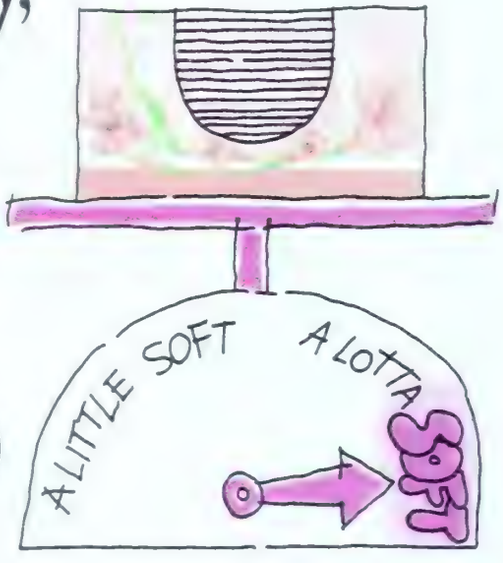
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fuse) will have to stop everything and do the reading. Drums, horns, and harmonicas are demonstrably disastrous. Puzzles and any other time-consuming quiet-time activities not requiring adult supervision or advice can be a great boon while mommy and daddy play with their friends. But by far the most effective new form of kiddie distraction during a dinner party is a mesmeric videotape—the newly available *Cinderella* and *E.T.* are among this season's favorites—which if brought by a guest can provide more pleasure for parents than a case of '61 Lafite.

Thanking styles are as varied as bringing styles and are no less subject to specific standards in various circles. One grande dame of San Francisco society lately expressed surprise at what she sees as the extremes of gratitude people go to these days. "When we were young," she recalls, "we wouldn't have dreamed it necessary to write a thank-you note after a dinner party in someone's house. You thanked your hostess at the door as you left and that was that." This is not unlike the attitude in upper-class English houses where food is prepared by servants and therefore undue comment is neither expected nor particularly to the point.

Still, most English are aghast when it is suggested that notes of acknowledgment are passé. As one recent arrival from London incredulously put it, "Do you mean to say there are actually people in America who don't write to thank?" Well, there are. Many, in fact most, of our group simply call the next day. Others write, often on the museum postcards (frequently with a food theme, like Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* or Cézanne's apples) that have become more fashionable than the engraved informal notes my mother sends. In these days of host-cooked meals, which can cost a high-powered professional couple an entire weekend of their precious time, appropriate thankfulness is not only appreciated but can sometimes cause the most implacable resentment if omitted.

In contrast to the usual English practice, the host at a very grand London dinner party last summer couldn't have been happier when the Stilton he had bought at Paxton & Whitfield in Jermyn Street that afternoon was lauded. Even in New York, when one heads to SoHo on a Saturday to visit Dean & DeLuca rather than the Leo Castelli Gallery and spends Sunday hand-washing the Waterford instead of watching the Jets game, a few well-chosen words of thanks, spoken or written, are the most satisfying leftovers after the leaves are gone from the dining table. ▲



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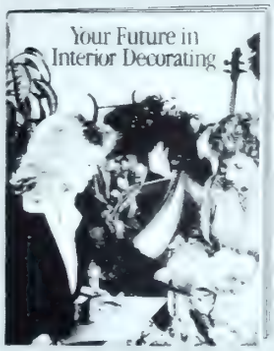
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Greek Visions

An ancient culture inspires a distinctive new collection. By Joan Paulson Gage

In her journal of pictures and words about Greece, Corinne Samios copied some lines from C.P. Cavafy's poem "Ithaca" about the journey of Odysseus:

As you set off for Ithaca
Pray that your road will be a long one,
Full of adventures and discoveries.

Samios's journals—seven in all—recording her own adventures and discoveries have evolved into unique sourcebooks for Brunschwig & Fils' collections of fabric and wallcoverings. Visiting museums from England to Turkey, Samios fills her pages with evocative descriptions and *croquis* (miniature sketches), which Brunschwig then translates into commercial designs. Samios's latest journal, based on the Benaki Museum in Athens, is replete with elaborate images: cats skulking in the shadows of the royal gardens, a line of women in white above Byron's lines, "...strung together like a row of pearls,/linked hand in hand, and dancing."

The Benaki Museum, a previously untapped source of design ideas, contains the private collection of Anthony Benaki, a Greek cotton merchant. Among the museum's treasures are Hellenic pottery and ornaments, richly embroidered textiles, and religious paintings, including two early El Grecos, circa 1560. The variety and richness of the collection is a revelation to anyone who thinks of Greek style solely in terms of white marble columns against blue sky and sea and red terra-cotta figures on black Classical vases.







One of the most striking images in the Benaki journal is of a seventeenth-century icon depicting a haloed head of Jesus on a background of striped cloth. Samios did several studies of the delicately gathered fabric, and the result—in Brunschwig's new fifteen-pattern Greek collection—is Despina, a trompe l'oeil wallpaper border that looks as serenely undulant as a valance. From Samios's depiction of blue-and-white-flowered tiles with fish swimming in the borders came another ingenious design—Brunschwig's Delphi, a profusion of blooms and tendrils against a barely perceptible grid.

Samios feels a particular affinity for Greek style: "Greeks are involved with the intrinsic value of a mundane object and see its beauty. Greek style celebrates life." ▲

A Greek metamorphosis: Corinne Samios first saw the 16th-century Ottoman plate, above, in Athens's Benaki Museum. Right: The plate as it appears in Samios's Benaki journal. The grape motif became the basis for the Brunschwig & Fils Ariadne wallpaper border, above right, and for its cotton-and-linen Dionysos print, left.


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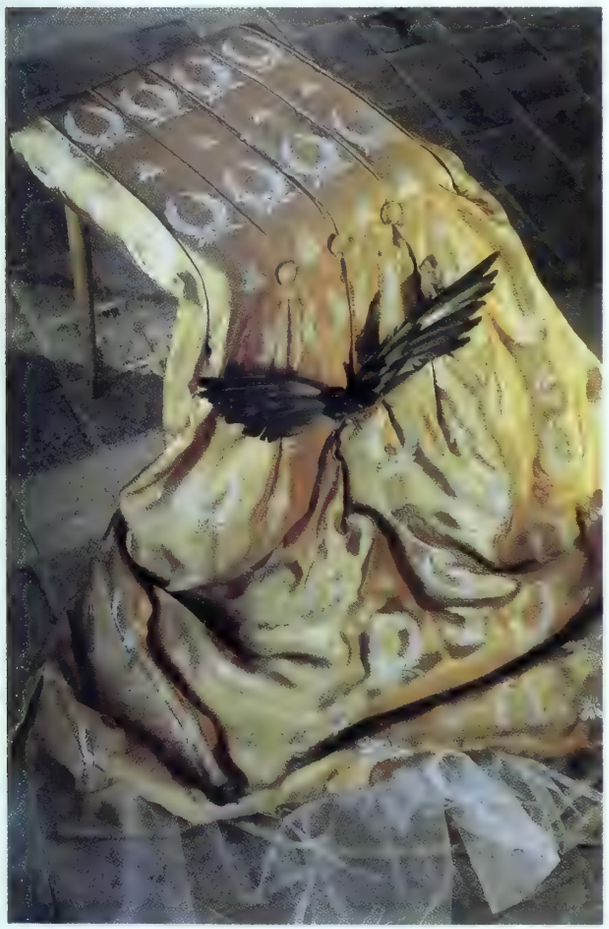
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EDITOR'S PAGE

FEBRUARY 1989

A friend of mine with a taste for the gilded and grand was commenting on the houses in HG. "You don't really like all those places, do you?" she asked. My answer was, "Yes, I do." There's room in HG for lots of different styles—though room in HG does not necessarily mean room in my living room. This issue embraces the avant-garde adventure of Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray's half-timbered farmhouse in Normandy, the glamour of a Spanish Colonial interior in L.A., the grandeur that decorator David Easton brought to a Chicago North Shore estate, and the richly personal style of society hairdresser Kenneth Battelle's penthouse on the East Side of Manhattan. All these examples have design merit, even if they do not exactly represent my own taste. The issue of taste—whether personal or cultural—is a complicated one, particularly at a time when there seem to be so many options yet so much value is placed on making the *right* choice. (If in the sixties you were what you ate, in the eighties you are what you have.) Taste is so complicated, in fact, and fascinating that we will be examining it each month from the perspective of a different writer. This month, editor Martin Filler comments on etiquette and concludes that what's correct is, after all, a matter of taste. It depends on the customs of the country, one's class, even one's age. Take, for example, a six-year-old girl in Manhattan who in frustration says, "That's not manners, Mommy," when she's finally sent to bed.

In the Normandy farmhouse of decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray, a stool covered with an antique silk train suggests Ray's interest in Paris couture. *Page 96.*



THIBAULT JEANSON

Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief

FAST FORWARD

Sandy and Bob Pittman—
high-powered and high-spirited—
in the city and on the farm
By Dodie Kazanjian



"Ai yi yi. My secretary has been faxing me," says Sandy Pittman as we walk into her bedroom and find rolls of paper accumulating beneath the fax machine. The unsightly pileup that has occurred during the hour we spent talking in her Central Park West living room demands her instant attention.

Sandy Pittman is a California-bred beauty, 33-year-old mother, former magazine editor and TV producer, and outdoor-adventure addict. She is married to Bob Pittman, the man who invented MTV and whose current brainchild is this year's TV phenomenon, *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. "She makes sure our lives don't spin out of control," Bob says. "When I lose control," she says, "is when I fall apart. I really love organization."

She runs their New York City apartment and their Connecticut country house (it, too, has a fax—she insists she'd "sooner do without a phone than a fax") the way an admiral runs his flagship. To her, their two-bedroom apartment is no more than a pied-à-terre and requires rigorous organization. "Nothing superfluous" is her motto in the city. "What we've

Sandy Pittman, right, a self-taught gardener, gathering the fruits of her labors. Next project: sheep raising. Above: Putting down roots—Birthday Hill Farm, a converted dairy barn.

OBERTO GILI

HAIR BY KEVIN MANCUSO FOR ORIBE AT PARACHUTE; MAKEUP BY TIM METZ





A wide-open easy fl[illegible]. The vast living room, far left, with rustic and horn furniture from Newel Art Galleries, blankets from Kelter-Malc[illegible]. Above: Always moving, Bob Pittman on the paddle-tenn[illegible] court. Left: Sandy Pi[illegible] sharing the outdoor life[illegible] son, Bo. Details see Reso[illegible]



done in this apartment is edit everything we have. What's here is simply what we need now. I'm fanatic about these details."

Since she can only seat eight for dinner she keeps only eight dinner plates and eight salad plates in the kitchen cupboard. If one breaks, she orders another from Tiffany's. Clothes are color-coded according to the seasons. She actually has a thread sewn into the side seam—green for summer, red for fall, blue for winter, and yellow for spring. "All the things that have a certain color thread in them go to Connecticut at a certain time of year. Then I can say send everything with a green thread in it to New York. It's easy." She's also edited her wardrobe by wearing "only Chanel, L. L. Bean, and Nike, with a little Ralph Lauren thrown in for good measure." Since we're in the city, she's wearing Chanel. Bob wears Giorgio Armani in the city.

Even their music collection has been fastidiously tailored. Bob started out as a disc jockey, so they've got thousands of records in the country but only fifty CDs in New York. Their books are in Connecticut, too, "except for the ones we're reading."

Most of the time her husband appreciates her organization, but not always. "I've had days when I've come home and said, 'Is there any mail?' and she's said, 'I've already packed it up and sent it to you at the office.' So I've had to wait until the next day to get my mail."

Bob and Sandy Pittman are also organized about the way they buy contemporary art. "We research everything," says Sandy. "We tear out articles and file them away. We strategize, and twice a year we do the galleries." These forays have bagged works by Richard Tuttle, David Deutsch, Mark Innerst, the Starn Twins, Miguel Barcelò, and a huge April Gornik landscape that balances the real landscape out their sitting-room window, the Central Park reservoir.

Their real life, however, goes on in the country, in a nine-thousand-square- *(Text continued on page 160)*

The serene master bedroom, far right, filled with Victorian linens and country clothes, exemplifies Sandy Pittman's sense of order. Right: Mugheni carries Sandy Pittman across Kenya on a camping expedition. Left: Victorian mahogany chair with lion's head carvings is a family heirloom.

OBERTO GILI



At thirteen, when I climbed the Grand Tetons, I said, 'I'm going to do this for the rest of my life.'





Sandy Pittman [illegible] in the area [illegible]. Opposite page: The front hall contrasts marble for any adventure. Left: Rustic details give way to city sophistication in the Pittmans' New York apartment.



Louise Bourgeois's Spring and a Spanish Colonial Saint Sebastian in front of the fireplace. On the mantel, a Lobel silver-mounted vase and Joan Nelson landscape flank a gilded mirror. Inset: Noguchi lamp and fifties wing chair.



The tranquil lily pond, filled with hardy and tropical lilies, is backed with tall Italian cypresses. Opposite: Maillol's La Riviere reposes over the black reflecting pool, softened by a single deodar cedar.



THE FLOWERING OF FORT WORTH

Anne Bass invited the great English gardener Russell Page to civilize eight acres of Texas

BY CARTER BURDEN

It is said that American women only "discover" gardening in their mid thirties, but in Anne Bass's case, the taste was acquired much earlier, at her father's knee. Back home in Indiana, Dr. John Wesley Hendricks, otherwise known as Old Clip and Chip, nurtured an abiding passion for fruit trees and flowers—particularly roses, lilacs, and peonies—a passion his nature-loving eldest daughter gratefully inherited. In other respects, however, she is self-taught—beginning with how-to gardening books by Gertrude Jekyll and Graham Stuart Thomas. Mrs. Bass studied orchids and cultivated geraniums and impatiens for years, but it was Russell Page, the redoubtable British landscape architect, who inspired and goaded her into becoming a seriously obsessed full-time gardener. It was Page who first introduced her to those magical gardens that are now her favorites: Hidcote, Villa Gamberaia, the Dower House at Badminton, and Sissinghurst, where she returns to study every year.

Early in 1981 when Anne Bass first approached Page, who himself preferred the more modest title of gardener, the commission she had in mind was a simple easy-to-maintain rose garden for her eight-acre estate in the Westover Hills section of Fort Worth. Page, who believed he knew everything about a person from "looking at their ashtrays," considered Texas a vast wasteland and was equally unenthusiastic about the Basses' pristine modern house, designed by the illustrious American architect Paul Rudolph. "I'm going to get some



Russell Page's steps, embraced by fairy roses, descend to a landing flanked by Italian pots filled with helichrysum. Flourishing below is a rose garden of a soft muted palette. Opposite: Anne Bass, in her garden.









charm into this place if it kills me," wrote Page in a letter to Mrs. Bass. But, she remembers, "by his third or fourth visit, Russell said he really liked what I was doing to the house—there were so many more pictures and books now, he thought; it felt much cozier. Well, I hadn't done a thing—he had just begun to feel more comfortable about working with contemporary architecture."

The selection of Page to do the rose garden was endorsed not only by Paul Rudolph, who admired Page's jewellike formal garden for the Frick museum in New York, but also by Robert Zion, the landscape architect who had designed the peripheral areas for the Westover Hills estate. "Flowers are not my thing," Zion graciously conceded to Mrs. Bass. "My only caveat was, please don't pretty up the rest of the property, which needs the tranquillity of an all-green base."

Mrs. Bass knows exactly what she wants—perfection. And more often than not, in the imperfect and humbling world of gardening, she gets it

Zion's green base and the emphatic views of Mrs. Bass and her architect were only a few of the established elements Page had to grapple with when he finally set to work. Rudolph's imposing asymmetrical white enamel and steel residence, the dramatic two-story orchid house—also designed by Rudolph—the somewhat hilly suburban topography, the unforgiving climate, hard water, and alkaline soil indigenous to Texas were all "problems to be solved," in Page's opinion. And as was often the case with his best work over the years, the solutions he arrived at were deceptively simple and understated.

All the hallmarks of a classic Page design became evident in Westover Hills: strong "bones," the liberal use of water and defining vertical elements, a sophisticated but restrained sense of color and texture, and a profound understanding of spatial relationships and plant materials. According to Rudolph, who reputedly fought with Page for three years about the location of the steps leading down to the new garden, "with Russell it was not a matter of drawing at all, it was a matter of imagining. His strength was that he could imagine it all the way through, from the largest thing to the smallest detail."

The garden Page imagined for Anne Bass subtly extends and echoes the interior spaces of Rudolph's original creation. Grass-covered steps, anchoring the house to the site, descend to a broad flat lawn that ends in a stunning black-tiled reflecting pool—approved but never seen by Page, who died in 1985—and Maillol's voluptuous statue *La Rivière*. On one perimeter of the lawn Page planted an allée of pleached oaks which stands at the top of a steep bank that descends to a stone retaining wall and herbaceous border, forming one side of the rectangular lower garden. To Rudolph's orchid house, which frames another side, Page attached a rustic wisteria-covered pergola, decorated with fat pots of white agapanthus. Beside a large slightly elevated lily pond are asymmetrical parterres of roses trimmed with box hedge and intersected by Mrs. Bass's favorites—'Souvenir de la Malmaison', 'Rosamunde', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Mme. Alfred Carrière'.

The palette of the lower garden is subtle, predominantly lavender, mauve, pink, white, and silver set against different tones and textures of green—Mrs. Bass's initial preference for all-white flowers was rejected by Page as "too boring." The effect is one of harmonious profusion and richness contained *(Text continued on page 164)*

Box-edged borders spilling forth with blue and white salvia, asters, artemesia, and catnip. Accenting the background are enchanting white standard crape myrtle.



The drama and delight of the eleven-year-old pleached oaks transplanted from pots where they were nurtured for six years. Opposite: The pergola, when in season, cascades with wisteria. The pillars are lined with pots of white agapanthus. Sweet alyssum and creeping thyme mischievously pop up through the slate.





Exotica in the living room, above, includes African statuettes, an Indian wedding chest, two Josef Breitenbach photographs, a Mexican Colonial mirror, and two crystal lamps Kathleen Spiegelman designed herself. Opposite: In the entry hall, a wall sculpture by Renée Petropoulos echoes the wrought-iron railings of the turquoise-tiled stairs. Details see Resources.



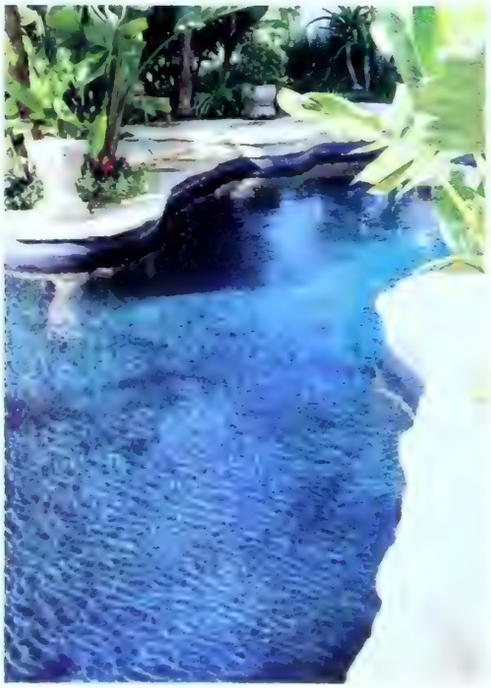


NORTH OF THE BORDER

A decorator's Spanish Colonial interiors glitter with exotica

BY DEBORAH MICHEL







The house was returned to its former glory: Monterey Reviv

OBERTO GILI



tside, Spanish Colonial inside

Kathleen Spiegelman can't imagine life in a Tudor or a white clapboard house, and the second she saw the house by architect Roland E. Coate Sr. in Bel-Air she knew she had to have it. Built in the late 1920s, the house remained unscathed by tremors of the southern California variety but was less fortunate with owners. "It was a disaster," groans Spiegelman. But she returned the house to its former glory: Monterey Revival outside, a version of Spanish Colonial inside. It's a style that comes naturally to this native Texan. "It's indigenous to the state where I grew up and perfect for southern California," she explains. A decorator who originally wanted to be a concert pianist, her most recent venture is her own showroom dedicated to the Spanish Colonial style. "I'd been collecting for so long," she says, "I thought I might as well have a showroom." Not surprisingly, it bears a distinct resemblance to her house.

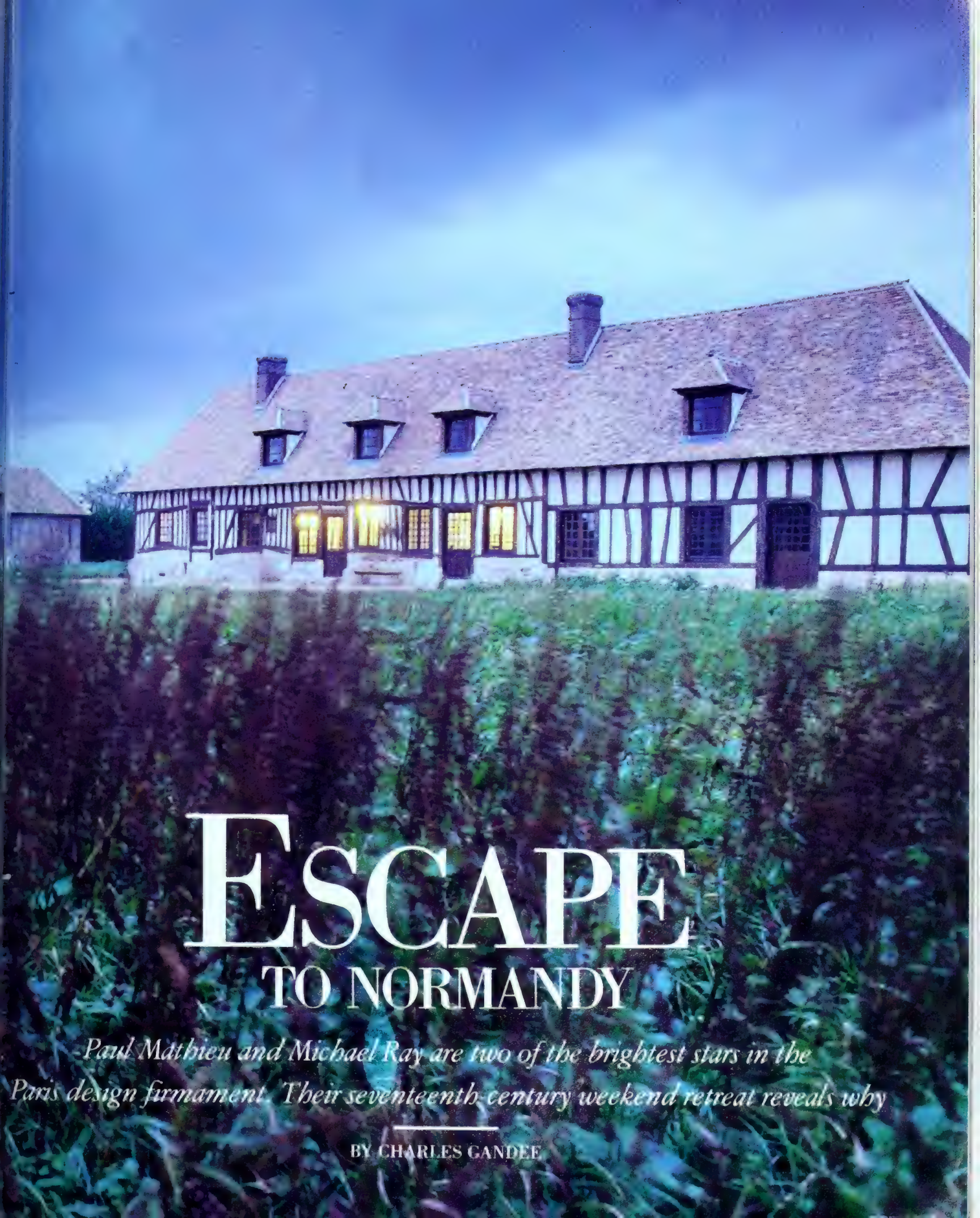
Spiegelman is quick to point out differences from the ubiquitous Santa Fe style: "That's more of a Western look. I prefer simple as opposed to crude." She stripped wood beams to their hand-hewn state and designed a stencil which picks up colors in the original Spanish tiles. Rooms glow with hand-sponged pastel walls, and cloudlike trompe l'oeil ceilings give a softer look than is usually associated with the Spanish Colonial style. Cool tile floors are strewn with Turkish kilims; Mexican, French, and English antiques balance the clean lines of modern sofas; and contemporary art shares wall space with African masks and deerhorn trophies. In Los Angeles, she notes, people seem to shy away from hanging game birds and buffalo heads on their walls. "I finally had to take some of them down from the showroom walls," she says, shrugging philosophically. "Nobody was buying." ♠

Editor: Jacques Dehornois

A chandelier of antlers, opposite above, hangs above a 17th-century French refectory table in the dining room. Opposite below left: The pool was reshaped to look like a lagoon, befitting the junglelike lushness of the backyard. Opposite below right: Dried yucca poles sprout from behind a 1920s bentwood-cane and cypress settee on the upstairs landing. Left: In the music room a trompe l'oeil window is flanked by a large Aloe bainesii and an old English clay chimney pot that serves as a sculpture stand.



On Thursday afternoons Paris-based decorators Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray escape the City of Light for a classic half-timbered farmhouse in the country which they have filled with such remarkable furniture as the polished-aluminum chair they call Ice, left, inscribed with a free verse poem by Mathieu: "Ice/he uses his knowledge/built a shelter/a throne/the light appeared/warm/the light traces out the shape of his body/sensation/space/found again." Details see Resources.



ESCAPE TO NORMANDY

Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray are two of the brightest stars in the Paris design firmament. Their seventeenth-century weekend retreat reveals why

BY CHARLES GANDEE



Michael Ray grew up in Fresno, California, the seventh of twelve children. At fifteen he left high school and home, just to see what was out there. Paul Mathieu followed a more conventional path, at least for a while. He grew up in Lyons, France, finished at the local lycée, and even tried his hand at an art school or two before succumbing to the bright lights of the big city of Los Angeles, where he thought life would be just like a David Hockney painting.

They met in San Francisco in 1984. They had drifted into town at the same time and found work at the same house in Pacific Heights. Mathieu, appropriately enough, was painting a French landscape on the dining room wall; Ray was pruning topiary in the garden. "Before I met Michael," recalls Paul, "I thought I was the only person in the world who had taste."

After a brief stint in L.A., they moved to Paris, where they now live in a small Les Halles apartment with a large drafting table and not much else. It is their home and office four days a week. But when Thursday rolls around, the partners strap themselves into a black BMW, which Mathieu likes to drive very fast, and escape the narrow confines of the city for a rural retreat in Normandy.

In the au courant country style of Mathieu and Ray, above, luxurious cascades of fabric, right, hang from gnarled tree branches, empty frames sprout horns, and stools pirouette on spiky aluminum legs. A vintage television magnifier serves as an unlikely crown for the mantel.

THIBAULT JEANSON





In an outbuilding once devoted to bread baking, left, Mathieu and Ray create a studied arrangement that might be dubbed Ode to the Agrarian. Below: Back in the dressing room of the main house, a 19th-century plaster angel gestures toward a parchment-covered fifties dressing table and a Ruhlmann stool upholstered in linen.



The rugged stucco-and-timber farmhouse at the end of the road sits alone in a vast windswept landscape. From the outside, it is a picturesque example of classic Norman architecture. Inside, however, the situation is decidedly different. Inside, Mathieu and Ray exhibit the signature taste that drew them together five years ago and, more recently, catapulted them, at the tender ages of 29 and 27, into the pantheon of contemporary French designers, alongside such high-profile established talents as Andrée Putman, Philippe Starck, Patrick Naggar, and Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste.

Though Mathieu and Ray insist on being referred to as decorators, not designers, they also enjoy thinking of themselves as "writers of stories that our clients then live out." As their projects in Paris, New York, and Los Angeles reveal, the stories the partners write tend to be evocative tales filled with idiosyncratic details, such as custom-designed doorknobs that take the shape of leaves, standing lamps that sprout antlers, and moody hand-painted murals that tend to depict other times and other places. For the drama of their own domestic life, however, Mathieu and Ray opted for a more austere, more improvisational tack. Perhaps because their retreat is rented. Perhaps not.

Rather than take aesthetic possession of the once *(Text continued on page 161)*



Long intrigued with the story of Icarus, Mathieu and Ray attached cast-aluminum wings to a slice of a felled tree they stumbled across one day in the forest. The partners use the log bench as a perch from which to ponder the moody landscape of Normandy.


There's a tinge of the bad boy, of the provocateur, to the work
of Matthew and Ray. But there is also a tinge of the poet
THIBAULT CANTON





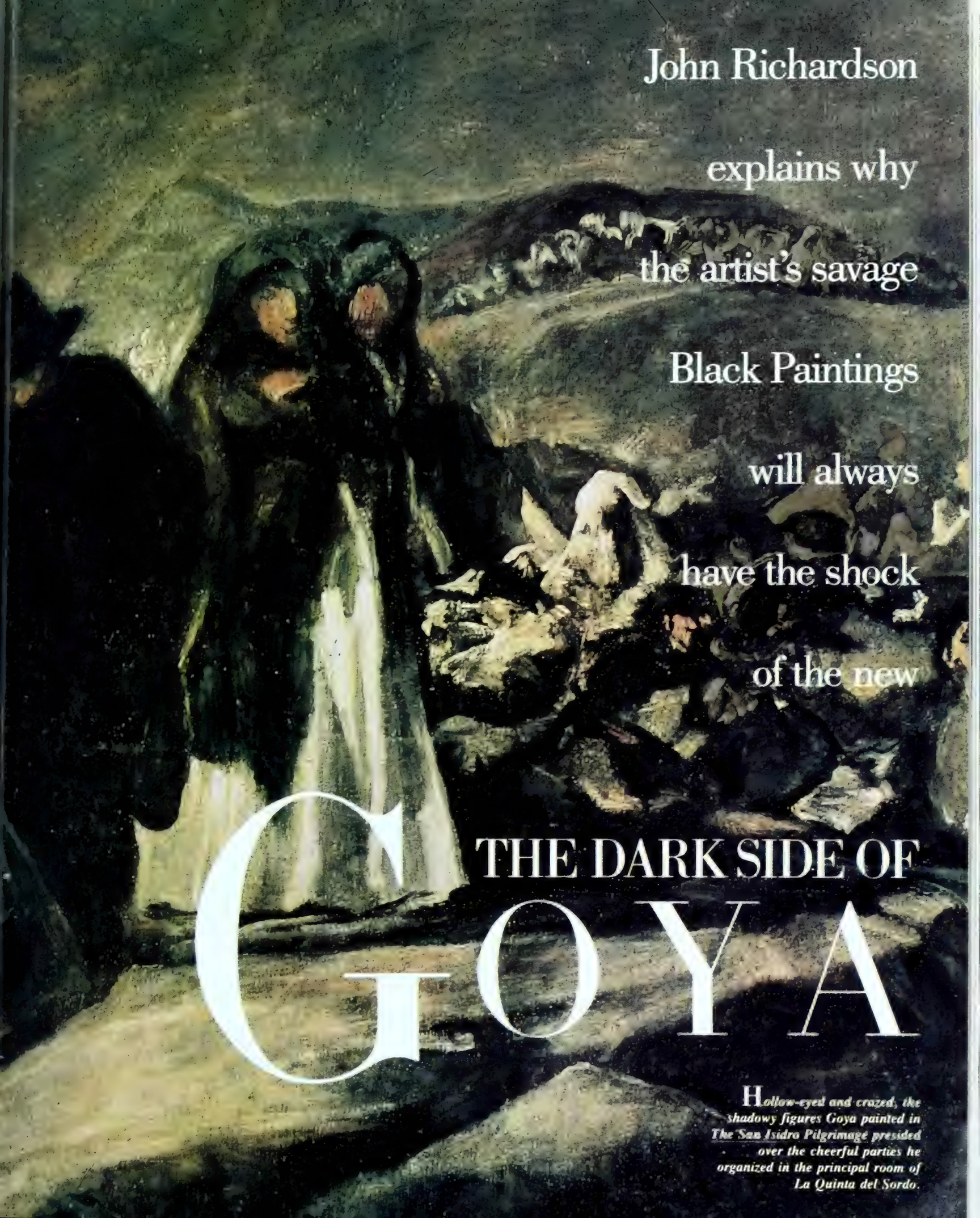
Mathieu and Ray may subscribe to a minimalist school of decorating; nonetheless, their country house contains an abundance of visual delights. Left: A plaster mold for a leaf door handle rests on a leather-bound volume of Virgil surrounded by Fornasetti buttons. Above: A curious quartet of bronze-and-oak floor lamps with aluminum antlers guard the door of the farmhouse living room. Right: As a stool with an extravagant antique silk train suggests, Michael Ray is fascinated with the Paris couture. Opposite: In the master bedroom the partners opted for a somewhat simpler aesthetic.



THIBAULT J







John Richardson explains why the artist's savage Black Paintings will always have the shock of the new

THE DARK SIDE OF GOYA

Hollow-eyed and crazed, the shadowy figures Goya painted in ***The San Isidro Pilgrimage*** *presided over the cheerful parties he organized in the principal room of La Quinta del Sordo.*



La Quinta del Sordo—the House of the Deaf Man—was an estate of some twenty acres on the outskirts of Madrid which Goya bought in 1819 as a haven for his old age. Made of adobe and consisting of six rooms on two floors, the place was little more than a summer pleasance, but the surrounding park abounded with game, and the scenery was magnificent. Goya could look across the River Manzanares, its nearest bank draped for miles with laundry, to the Baroque bulk of the royal palace he had frequented so assiduously in his youth. He had always enjoyed this view; it was virtually the same as the one in his famous *Meadow of San Isidro,* painted forty years earlier.

Goya was 73 years old when he settled in the quinta and began to cover its walls with the so-called Black Paintings—fearsome visions that have come to be acclaimed in Spain as the equivalent of the Sistine frescoes. These paintings do not so much look back to the art of the past as forward to the art of the future, anticipating the late work of Van Gogh, the only other artist to generate this degree of demonic energy; the flames and tears of *Guernica;* and the Sturm und Drang of Anselm Kiefer. Of all Goya's work the Black Paintings seem the most relevant and vital to our own age. All the more sad that they are too fragile to travel and will be absent from the great Goya exhibition, on view January 18–March 26 at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York May 6–July 16. This promises to be the blockbuster of 1989.

When Goya embarked on the Black Paintings, his health and morale were low. He had been completely deaf for 26 years (even longer than his contemporary Beethoven), and he was about to suffer from a life-threatening illness. Fortunately he recovered; so did poor sick Spain recover from the horrors of Bourbon despotism and Napoleonic destruction. Democracy, however, was short-lived. After General Riego, the liberator, was handed over to the king and hanged in 1823, tyranny returned with a vengeance, just as the bleak images on Goya's walls predicted.

A striking 32-year-old maja, Leocadia Weiss, presided over the quinta in painted effigy as well as in person. Besides being unconventional, Leocadia was spirited and so outspoken that she nearly got herself and Goya into trouble with the reactionary authorities. For the sake of respectability, she was described as a housekeeper, but she was, in fact, the artist's mistress. Leocadia had met Goya when she was seventeen at the wedding of his son to her cousin. It is unclear when the affair started, but she did not allow marriage to the rich German merchant Isidoro Weiss to come between her and the artist. Scandal ensued. Citing "infidelity, illicit relations, and misconduct," Weiss broke with Leocadia in 1811. A year later Goya's shadowy spouse, Josefa, obligingly died. Thenceforth Leocadia would be everything but a wife to the artist. Goya almost certainly fathered her daughter, María del Rosario, the girl he subsequently taught to draw. Much to the confusion of art historians, she copied a number of his works.

On one wall of the ground-floor salon where guests were entertained, Goya portrayed Leocadia as an allegory of melancholy, veiled and robed in mournful black, leaning against

In dramatic contrast to the image on the previous page, Goya's view of the festival of San Isidro, above, painted four decades earlier, is a lighthearted landscape of cavorting picnickers. Below: An etching of Goya's quinta, outside Madrid, which housed the Black Paintings.



THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. MIRIAM AND JOSEPH WINLACH COLLECTION OF ART

railed-in grave that anticipates his own demise. Her image introduces the visions that Goya had brought back from the shadow of death.

Since these frescoes were removed in the 1870s and the quinta demolished around 1912, the disposition of the Black Paintings and their relationship to one another has given rise to much conjecture. But thanks to recent research by two experts in the field, Priscilla E. Muller, curator of the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, and British art historian Nigel Glendinning, and the discovery of some glass negatives of the frescoes in situ, we now have a reasonably accurate idea of the macabre sequence that Goya envisaged.

No story links these fourteen paintings any more than a story links the satirical prints—the *Caprichos* or the later *Disparates* (Absurdities)—that foreshadow them. The black images issue from the black recesses of Goya's black Spanish psyche. Apart from their unifying demonic gloom, the theme, insofar as there is one, has to do with Enlightenment menaced by Chaos. Goya is out to warn us that when Reason sleeps, the world is at risk, and evil will not fail to manifest itself in all its hideousness. We only have to compare the panoramic *San Isidro Pilgrimage*—one of the first panels to confront the visitor to the quinta—with Goya's earlier view of the fiesta in honor of this saint *(The Meadow of San Isidro)* to appreciate what an enormous distance, stylistically as well as metaphysically, he covered in the course of his career. In the earlier painting the pilgrims are lighthearted and relaxed holidaymakers; in the late one they are Ku Klux Klan–like cretins, led by a crazed holy man, a deranged monk, and a Holy Roller guitarist. Opposite the *Pilgrimage* would have hung a no less disturbing, no less large panel (almost fifteen feet long) known as *The Witches' Sabbath;* this is presided over by a *gran cabron,* a devil in goat's form, who is all the nastier for seeming not so much sinister as crass—crass as the village idiots who revere him. Far more fearsome is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, his wild gray locks symbolic of the Inquisition at its last gasp. In the upstairs room the visitor would have found



Visitors to the quinta were greeted by Goya's portrait of his young mistress, Leocadia Weiss, veiled in black and mournfully leaning against a grave.

COURTESY MUSEO DEL PRADO





The Black Paintings sprang from Goya's shamanistic belief that evil could counteract evil

eight more panels, among them *The Holy Office,* in which the Inquisition again gets its comeuppance, and *The Great Asmodeus* composition, which hints that the spirits of fury and war are in flight and that there is hope for a peaceful life on earth.

These visions of Armageddon speak for themselves. All we need remember is that they were painted for Goya's enlightened contemporaries. These *illuminados* were inured to the horrors of war and social injustice and had been reared in the shadow of Torquemada (the vengeful Grand Inquisitor) on blood-and-thunder Gothic novels that were the precursors of today's horror films. Make allowances too for duende, the spirit of Spanish darkness that sets the psyche aching with a kind of ecstatic angst—a spirit embodied for García Lorca by the torn voice of La Niña de los Peines, the great flamenco singer of the thirties. And lastly, bear in mind Goya's shamanistic belief—a belief he bequeathed to Picasso—that evil could counteract evil. You could ward off whatever it was you feared by making an effigy of it.

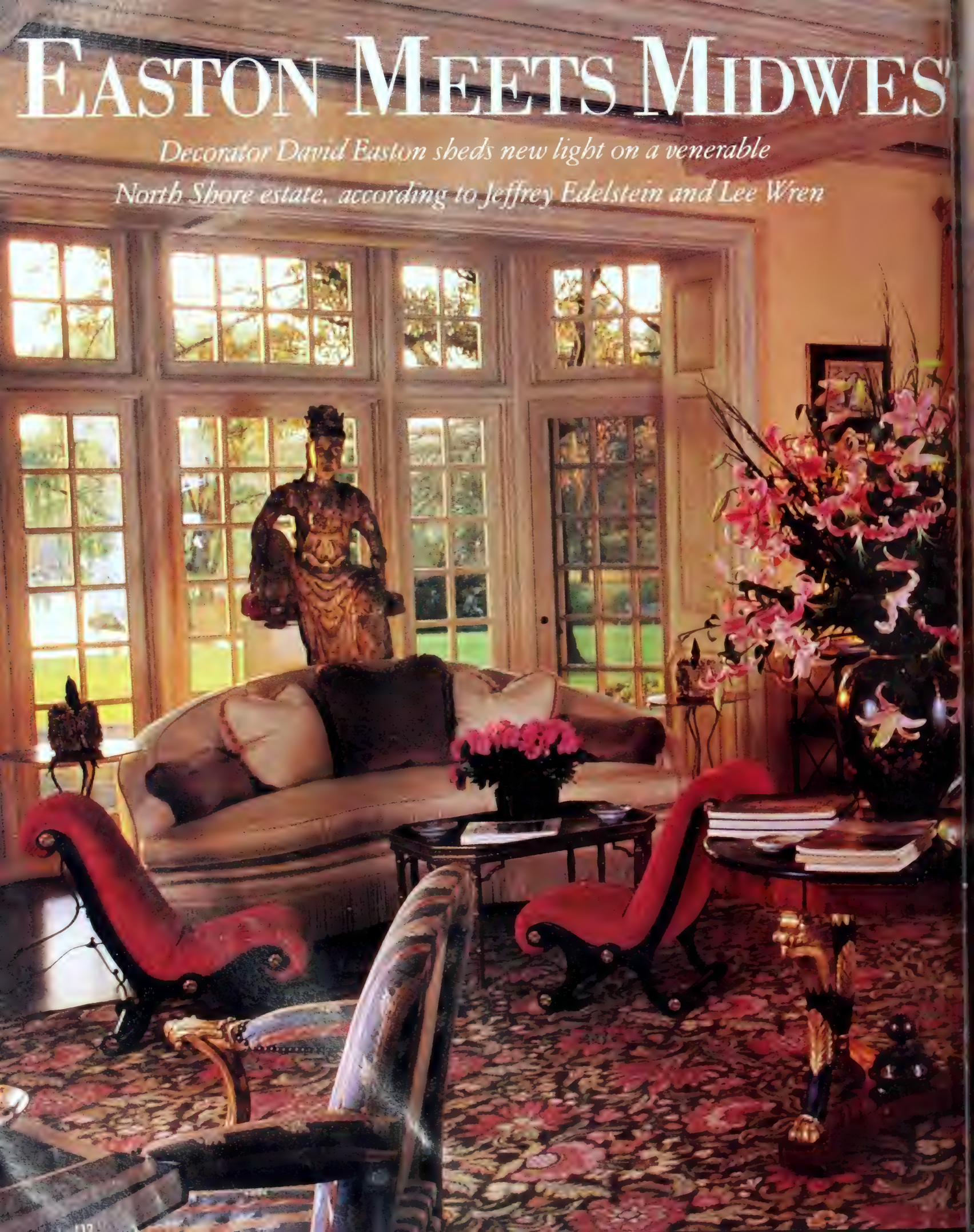
Priscilla Muller emphasizes the element of black theater in the Black Goyas. She reminds us that the ingenious phantasmagorist Etienne Gaspard Robertson was taking Madrid by storm while Goya was at work on them. Robertson's spectacles (happenings might be a better word) exploited all manner of theatrical tricks and optical illusions, or what we now call special effects, to evoke *(Text continued on page 164)*

A self-portrait of the artist, left, with Dr. Arrieta, who had cured him in 1819 of the near-fatal illness that inspired his demonic visions. Opposite: The Dog is the one ray of light in the ensemble of the Black Paintings.

MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS, ETHEL MORRISON VAN DERLIP FUND/COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

EASTON MEETS MIDWES

Decorator David Easton sheds new light on a venerable North Shore estate, according to Jeffrey Edelstein and Lee Wren





An untitled 1968 Cy Twombly and a 17th-century Chinese Guanyin figure dominate the living room with its Portuguese needlepoint rug. The eclectic array of 19th-century furniture includes Regency gout stools in red gauffrage velvet from Hemmerle & Fils and a Directoire table supported by gilded swans. Details see Resources.



A passion for twentieth-century art and a grand Tudor-style house may seem an awkward combination. But the success of decorator David Easton with precisely these realities proves that such a clash need not be fatal to either comfortable living or to the art itself. Vast white walls, intrusive track lighting, and spartan furnishings have been the usual backdrop for modern and contemporary art. David Easton came up with a different solution.

This house on Chicago's North Shore was begun in the twenties by architect David Adler and completed in the early thirties. Ribbed with oppressively dark oak timbers punctuated by expanses of mahogany paneling and small leaded-glass windows, the house was too gloomy for the new owners' energetic sensibilities. Yet neither Easton nor his clients wanted the kind of hybrid too often carved out of distinguished period houses—the historically authentic exterior as a mere skin over a contemporary white-box interior.

First Easton consulted his Batty Langley architectural sourcebooks for ideas on how to open the house to its lovely wooded grounds. The solution, discovered with the help of Easton's associate, architect Eric Smith, was to add a number of bay windows and French doors opening onto terraces. The paneling was replaced with subtly glazed plaster. The oak timbers were limed to a bright textured white. Two years of construction resulted in a lighter, more livable house still true to its Tudor roots, a house not so much restored as revitalized.

Furnishing the 17,000-square-foot two-story house was equally challenging. Easton and his clients gathered pieces dating from the 1760s to the 1960s on shopping trips to Paris, London, and New York. In the chestnut-glazed library, European antiques, Precolumbian artifacts, Japanese decorative arts, and an African ancestral figure combine to create a look that, strangely, is far from hodgepodge. And although the owners furnished virtually from scratch, there is a feeling of things acquired over a lifetime.

The art collection, as is often the case, was begun with prints, many of which are still displayed among drawings and oils. In the living room some of Picasso's *Vollard Suite* etchings, a Picasso gouache, and a Léger ink and gouache hang in concert with an eighteenth-century lacquer-and-gilt Dresden cabinet. On an adjoining wall a Cy Twombly hangs above gilt Gainsborough chairs and a Louis XV tea table. The love of twentieth-century masters sits well with David Easton's philosophy that good art will work in any decor—a fact that is evident in this vibrant, extraordinary house. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Light floods the hall, left, where Willem de Kooning's 1957 Ruth's Zowie hangs above an 18th-century Irish mahogany table and Imari vases. The chandelier, c. 1740, is English, and the chairs are George III style based on models from Arundel Castle in Sussex. Opposite: In the dining room Picasso's La Ceinture jaune, 1932, is over an English sideboard, c. 1765. Hepplewhite chairs surround the 19th-century Georgian table.

KAREN







In the living room, Picasso etchings from his Vollard Suite, 1930–37, and a Picasso gouache, 1920, flank a green-lacquer cabinet, c. 1720, from Dresden. Left: Henry Moore's 1977 Four-Piece Reclining Figure is one of a number of major sculptures that enhance the wooded grounds.

The sunny master bedroom, below, features a sapphire glass–bordered Queen Anne mirror, an 18th-century French red-lacquer table, and a late 19th century Bessarabian carpet. Chintz from Cowtan & Tout adorns the love seat and windows. Opposite: A convex Regency mirror, c. 1810, hangs on the chestnut-glazed walls of the library. The Portuguese needlepoint ottoman becomes a table for an 18th-century lacquer tray mounted on an ormolu base. Bottom: A duck pond designed by Boston-based English landscape architect Peter Cummin provides a dramatic setting for Henry Moore's sculpture.







In season, Kenneth enjoys his morning coffee on the terrace surrounded by his garden.
Right: Around the windows, mirror reveals act as prisms in the dark-brown sitting room where there are plenty of comfortable places to sit or nap. The painting is by Boston artist Robert Moore. Details see Resources.



HE'S

ERIC BOMAN



HE TOPS

Kenneth, the original celebrity hairstylist, asked Dodie Kazanjian up to his East Side penthouse







Kenneth (as in Kenneth-the-famous-hairdresser) Battelle doesn't believe in any hard-and-fast rules for decorating, just as he doesn't believe in any for hairdressing. But he does have some basics.

"The most important rooms in the house for me are the kitchen and the bathroom," he says. A tall, highly cultured man, he favors conservative British-cut suits—from Barneys New York, not from London, he makes clear, refusing the pretension of Savile Row shopping as he refuses to drop the names of his illustrious clients. "I think that you spend more time in the kitchen or bathroom than you do anywhere else in your house. And if they have luxury, if they have comfort, and if they have beauty, the rest of the house can be a little poorer and it doesn't matter—as long as there's a comfortable place to sleep. If I were on a budget, the very next thing I would do, after I had my kitchen and bathroom, would be to buy a wonderful bed. A living room is nothing more than a stage. It really has nothing to do with everyday living at all. Everyday living is bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom."

Kenneth's kitchen and bathrooms in his East Side penthouse amply meet his standards of luxury, comfort, and beauty. Walking into his kitchen is like entering a hall of mirrors. The cabinet doors and walls are mirrored, and so is the ceiling, which has track lighting. "It's the easiest kitchen to keep clean," says Kenneth, an accomplished and inventive cook. "You can see every spot and just wipe it up with paper towels and Windex. If it were wood, it would absorb all the grease." The insides of the cabinets are black Formica, and the floor and counters, which are 32 inches high, are black granite. "My length is all in my legs, so I had these counters made higher because it's more comfortable."

"He's got the most vicious sense of humor," says Joan Rivers. "I love him"

The two bathrooms, both well stocked with Kenneth Salon hair products, are made of brown marble and have leopard bath mats. But there are no shower curtains, just glass tub surrounds. "I hate shower curtains. They get moldy and mildewy and smell funny."

He was *(Text continued on page 160)*



Kenneth in his mirrored kitchen, above left, and in the foyer, top right, with Tiger, his Shih Tzu. Above: The city view beyond his garden terrace. Left: His bag full of rollers and brushes for travels with clients. Opposite: A Frank Gehry cardboard chair next to a Victorian console that Kenneth lacquered red.







In Kenneth's bedroom, opposite and this page, "sundry and various" boxes—just a sampling of his hundreds—meticulously smother both tables in his dark-brown bedroom. The iron four-poster, made for him by a Virginia craftsman, has a navy blue polished chintz canopy. Chintz on the sofa and tableskirts is by Brunschwig.



Across 1930s Navajo rugs, an easy passage from the little-house bedroom to the Massachusetts-barn living room. In the bedroom, a corner cupboard capped with a papered dome-top trunk and, above the doorway, stencils adapted by Sally Spillane and Rosalind Leech, Robin's sister, from Las Golondrinas, La Cienega, New Mexico. Opposite above: At the front door—one of Sally's rarer finds—a late 19th century painted obelisk. The living room has a Count Rumford fireplace with an arched-brick lintel. Opposite below: Connecticut-native Robin Leech watering the garden in front of the little house.

THE BARN COLLECTORS

A Connecticut couple trundled in buildings from three states to construct their country house

BY MARY CANTWELL



DUANE MICHALS



In the living room on a Chinese Art Deco rug, left, a mirror-and-frame table crawling with New Mexican artist Jimbo Davila's wooden snakes; an early 19th century rolled-arm settee; and a cupboard in "as found" condition (somebody started scraping—and stopped) with a rising-sun pediment. Above: Sally Spillane on the floor of the New York barn with her rubber stamps.

DUANE MICHALS

There can be few shoppers, however dedicated, who have paid only three dollars for Famille ose plates or have spotted a silver lusterare sugar bowl at a tag sale. But Sally illane does that kind of thing all the time. I love stuff," she crows, "and stuff loves e." For her, life is one long scavenger int through antiques shows, yard sales, id dumps, and the house in the northwest



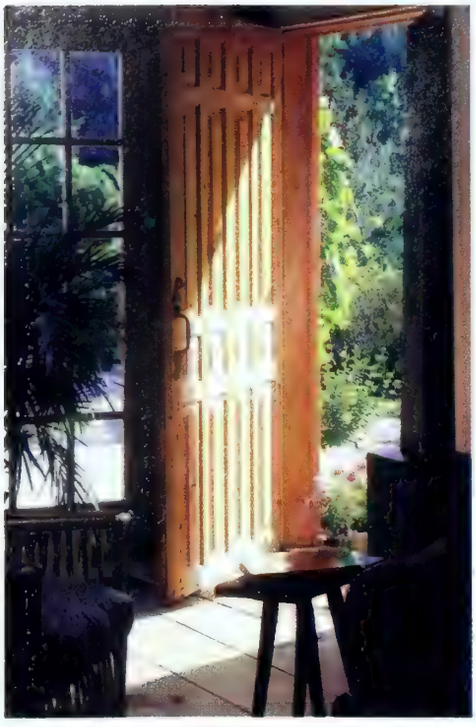


Across the garden, the two barns and the little house, which is linked to the Massachusetts barn by a stair hall. Below: A Connecticut River valley corner cupboard, c. 1760, housing everything from Chinese export porcelain to an iron boot scraper and a madonna by Luis Perea, a New Mexican artist.



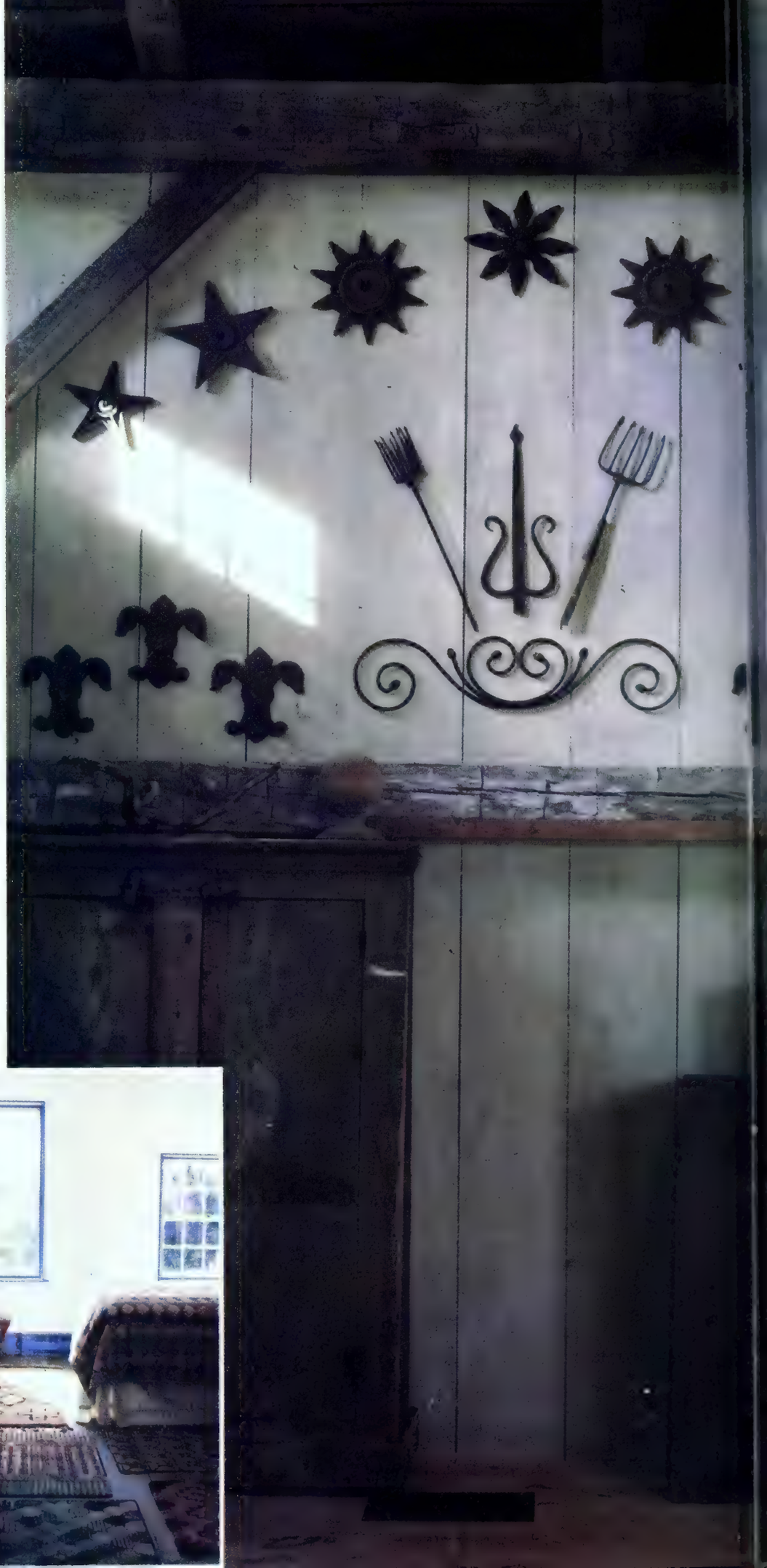
orner of Connecticut she shares with local eal estate broker Robin Leech is her greatst find. She picked up a little house here, a arn there, another barn someplace else, nd—with the help of architect Frank Garetson, a carpenter named Joe Brennan ("a enius—a self-taught purist"), the perfect lumber, a patient mason, and several heerful workmen for whom she kept foretting to fix lunch—put them together nto a place that can hold three hundred for nargaritas. And has.

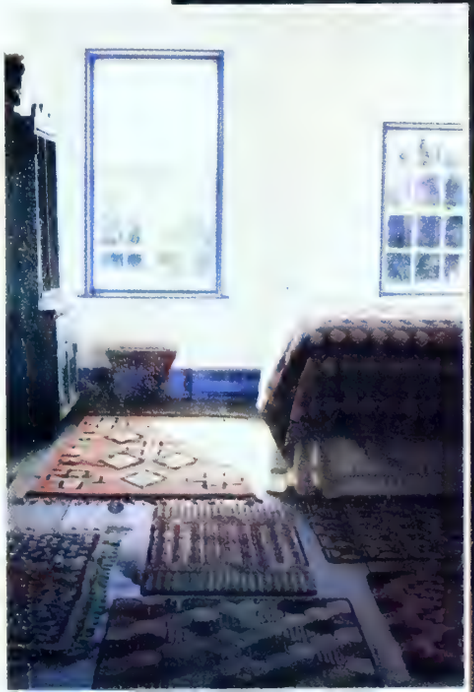
A native Californian, Sally moved to anta Fe—what she calls her hippie perid—when she was 26. There she worked



as a potter and a country-western dancer, tended shop for a friend who sold quilts and paid her in merchandise, and met everyone in town a dozen times. At 32, worried that she was having too much fun, she moved to New England, where she found a job in a store selling place settings, an apartment over a factory, and, eventually, Robin Leech. Soon after moving into Robin's suburbanish ranch house she talked him into tearing it down.

The replacement, on four or so grassy acres watched over by the Berkshire hills, is made of a reassembled Connecticut house linked by a stair hall to the "transmigrated soul" of a late eighteenth century Massachusetts barn, which is linked in turn to a reassembled New York barn of the same vintage. That the Massachusetts barn is more spirit than substance is due to its having burned down





The sixteen-panel front door, above, was made by Joe Brennan, the house's carpenter. Inset: In an upstairs bedroom, hooked rugs, a Mexican cupboard, a Jamaican bench. Right: In the New York barn, painted cupboards under a crescent of architectural stars, fleur de lis, and eel spears. Opposite: The master bedroom, its windows curtained with morning glories, has a Rio Grande Spanish antique blanket on the bed.

DUANE MICHALS







before Sally could salvage it—but not before she'd taken its measurements.

The little house, also built in the late eighteenth century, was bought first and contains the master bedroom and bath and, upstairs, her studio. The stair hall links it to the Massachusetts facsimile, which has a kitchen/living room downstairs and guest rooms and a sitting room above it. The New York barn is one enormous room with a balcony and fireplace at its east end.

If there's no longer a nineteenth-century primitive cupboard to be found in the Northeast, it's because Sally has nabbed all of them. She's cornered the market on painted farm benches, too, and funny old tables and chairs. "Stuff," she says, "just seems to jump into my truck."

Each of her found objects has what she calls the "sign of life." One can see where

DUANE



The entrance to the little house, opposite above, with bull's-eye glass in the transom. Opposite below: In an upstairs sitting room, a quilt collection, two cut-tin star lightning rods. Left: An example of Sally Spillane's rubber-stamp art, Flight of Geese, above a Seth Thomas clock and a small Canadian desk.



the carver changed his mind, where the colonial householder sank his ax, where a previous owner cut a notch in the top of a tiny cupboard in order to squeeze in something that was too tall for the door. And what she buys she reads up on. At the moment it's gravestone carvings, and books about them are stacked in the small added-on library at the rear of the house.

What with all the building and salvaging, it's been two years since she has worked on her rubber-stamp pictures—Sally's solution to not being able to draw. But then, she figures she's as much in love with tools and technique as she is with the product. The Prismacolor pencils she's using for a depiction of Mexico's Day of the Dead, for instance, delight her almost as much as the Shaker stove in her studio. No sooner did she dream of owning one than it manifested itself in an advertisement in the *Maine Antique Digest*. She is, as she says, lucky.

She's also very busy. Time has to be found to apprentice at a printshop, so she'll be able to run the press she found for her studio. Books have to be read. Projects have to be finished. "Life is long," Sally Spillane says cheerily. "Life is long."

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

The view from the balcony, above, of the New York barn. Right: Inside the barn, a profusion of plants, signs, decoys, and other found objects. At rear, a grouping of painted cupboards and, in the foreground, an 18th-century Canadian settee.

DUANE MICHALS





Jane Nelson, centre, and her late husband, Ernest, cleared the view of Loch Etive from the family estate of Achnacloich, above. Scots pine and larch frame the sloping grounds dotted with narcissus and daffodil.





A measure of any garden's charm is its capacity to surprise the visitor. Finding Arduaine, a woodland garden on a remote promontory that looks out over the Sound of Jura to a wild prospect of western isles, is like stumbling on a lost world. A path along the shore shaded by cherry trees runs out to the cape beside a bank of primroses and wild orchids, giving little indication of what lies ahead. On the other side of the garden gate, as if the climate itself had suddenly changed, one enters a subtropical haven of lush lawns, rare trees, and enormous flowering shrubs that fill the warm salt air with their scent.

The hidden-away-ness of Arduaine and other large coastal gardens in Argyll can be explained by the imperative need of tender plants for shelter. The shock of discovering a corner of Burma, palm trees and all, in the Scottish Highlands adds to the

In the Gulf Stream–washed Highlands, Charles Maclean discovers a wee bit of Burma—palm trees and all

TROPICAL SCOTLAND



Horticulturists Edmund and Harry Wright, left, dwarfed by Rhododendron rubiginosum in bloom. The brothers have spent eighteen years restoring the Kilmelford garden of Arduaine. Below: A bank of rare trees and shrubs, including eucryphia and Chilean holly, rises from the well-tended glade at the heart of the garden.





There are surprises at every turn—a magnolia glowing like a tree of light bulbs, a carpet of wild violets

explorer's delight in these little-known retreats that for a hundred years or so have been home to some remarkable collections of exotic flora.

A bleak terrain, the scarcity of level ground, and the somewhat overpowering scenery in Scotland discouraged the kind of formal landscaping developed by Capability Brown and others south of the border. But in the west, mild winters, due to the benign influence of the Gulf Stream, acid soil, and plentiful rain, provided ideal conditions for making woodland gardens.

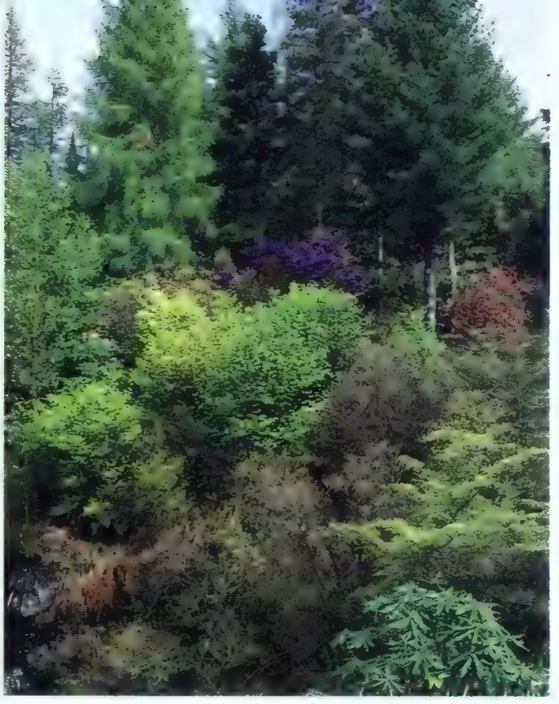
At the end of the nineteenth century Scots who had been abroad in the service of the British Empire became interested in bringing back local flora from its far-flung corners. A consortium of lairds paid for several expeditions of plant-hunting botanists to recover species from China, the Himalayas, Upper Burma, and New Zealand. The plants thrived in Scotland, regenerating as easily as they did in their original habitats. It was the very effect that the Edwardians, reacting against the artificiality of high Victorian taste in gardens, wanted to achieve: plants that looked as if they were growing naturally in a natural setting.

The most romantic of Argyll's gardens, Arduaine at Kilmelford, was begun in 1898 by James Arthur Campbell, a Ceylon tea planter. With seed shipped back to him from the East in two chests, he had some notable successes, including the first flowering in the Western Hemisphere of *Rhododendron giganteum*. Arduaine remained in Campbell hands through three generations, but as the family's fortunes declined, so did the garden. Finally, it was cared for by a Miss Yule, who'd stayed on at Arduaine after being nanny to Arthur Campbell's grandson. Her no-nonsense approach to raising its tender plants could not hold back a steady deterioration.

When the estate was broken up in 1971, the garden was sold separately from the house, which had been built to one side of the promontory so that no tree would obstruct the view. Bought by Edmund and Harry Wright, commercial horticulturists from the south of England, the 22-acre garden had by then reverted to what the two brothers describe as a "bit of a jungle."

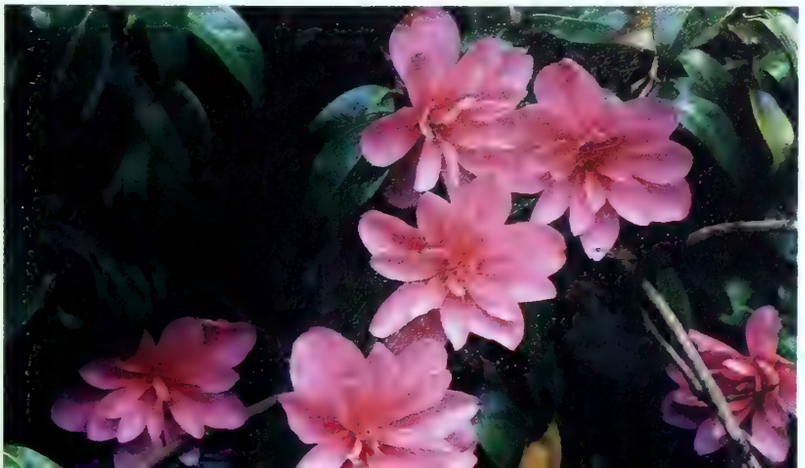
It was a daunting commitment for men no longer in their first youth—Ed Wright is now 61, his brother ten years older—but the garden couldn't have fallen into better hands. Working steadily from season to season without extra help, the Wright brothers have more than restored Arduaine to its former glory. It is considered one of the best-kept private gardens of its size anywhere.

The brothers live in a green cottage, like something out of a Grimm fairy tale, in a secluded glade at the heart of the garden. A path runs past the cottage and winds behind a steep wooded bank of rare rhododendrons from central Ceylon, a species with huge trusses of scarlet flowers, before coming out onto a breathtaking view of the lower water gardens and Asknish Bay. With so much natural beauty all around, one can understand *(Text continued on page 162)*





The Highland glen garden of Crarae, above, with its carefully orchestrated mix of plant, tree, and shrub, flourished under the care of the late Sir George Campbell and continues to thrive under his son, Sir Ilay, right.



Varieties of rhododendrons line a twisting burn at Crarae, opposite, testaments to the unending war between Scottish gardeners and these prolific plants. Left: Sir George's garden is a canvas of vibrant colors; he was a "painter in plants."

OPHER SIMON SYKES



The patio surrounding the central courtyard provides an airy setting for Duorte's Spanish country antiques, including a rare collection of mortars and other wooden objects made by shepherds. Inset: A 17th-century Virgin ornament set high up on the patio wall.





Rhoda Koenig visits
the palacio of
Duarte Pinto-Coelho,
the famous Spanish decorator
known for his friends,
his fetes, and his flair

IBERIAN WEEKENDS





On a Saturday night in Casa Lucio, Madrid's version of Mortimer's, Duarte Pinto-Coelho is having trouble finishing his sardines. As each local celebrity enters the rough-hewn restaurant—where, it is said, the king goes when he wants to have a good time—he or she beams or shrieks at seeing the decorator at a table near the door. The repeated handshakes, embraces, and exchanges have Duarte bobbing up and down like a buoy, imparting IDs as he sits for a minute. "He is one of our most famous actors. She is a very well known dancer. He is a very famous sculptor—bad, but famous."

Knowing everybody and knowing bad from good is what Duarte's millions of friends and acquaintances expect of Spain's foremost decorator and one of its leading social lights. "He is an enchanting

Duarte, above, relishes serving dinner outside. "At the last moment I come and say which plates they have to use"—in this case 19th-century Leeds. Right: His study, with a collection, foreground, of boxes and other straw objects. Tradition has it that they were made by prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars.



JACQUES DURAND



In the small dinin room, left, a still l by the 17th-century painter Josefa de Ayala. On the wall plates from the tow Puente del Arzobis The table's centerp is a 19th-century Portuguese majolic cabbage. Above rig Portraits of Spanis monarchs survey th main sitting room. tapestry is 17th-cen French. Right: Aro the patio, with its English canary cag are religious painti this one an 18th-ce Virgin. Far right: the cupboard, wher Duarte keeps his va and garden tools, a antique Talavera va and two modern pla

JACQUES DIRAND

fellow," says Oscar de la Renta of Duarte, best known in this country for the influential Spanish Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair. "He has extraordinary joie de vivre. Everyone in Spain adores him, from the king down."

In Madrid, Duarte entertains in his house, part of a seventeenth-century palace, with drawing rooms that seem immense enough to hold most everyone in Spain. The walls are covered with damask, the floors with eighteenth-century rugs from a monastery, the piano top and occasional tables with vermeil seashells, Chinese vases, and French bronzes. ("I love tacky things," he says, and one looks around in vain for a couple of objective correlatives.) There is also a long dining room lit by crystal chandeliers that depend, improbably, from trompe l'oeil ropes and canvas, and a seventeenth-century organ for which a little dome had to be created in







Duarte's playful-serious nature takes wing: on the walls of this anteroom, his collection of hats and fans acquired on travels around the world. Hanging from the lantern, the Holy Spirit, as wooden dove, made in the 17th century. The massive doors lead into the game rooms. A white metal lamb reposes on a cabinet.



The comforts of home. Clockwise from right: Duarte in the breakfast room with his 19th-century portraits and Louis Philippe chairs. About a fireplace he designed, a collection of terra-cotta figurines, Rossi watercolors. A 19th-century Spanish cabinet/writing table housing black Wedgwood and white Leeds. Duarte's bathroom, with its Spanish tiles and medallions. A view of the front entrance to his country palace. A collection of shoes in a guest room.

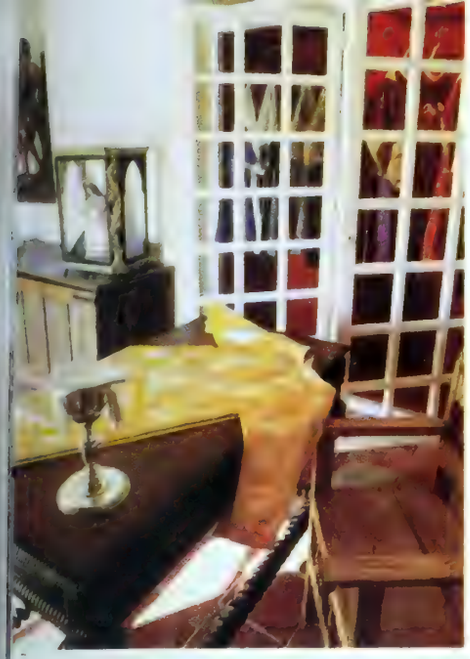


















the fifteen-foot ceiling. "I'm terribly bohemian, but I'm a perfectionist," says Duarte, as a servant enters to bring sherry and straighten a slightly oblique flower arrangement. "I was *furious* with that rose."

When Duarte goes in for serious entertaining, however, he retreats from his town palace to his country palace. The Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza in Trujillo, about three hours to the west in Extremadura, has seventeen bedrooms, which Duarte at first found adequate. Then he bought a small building nearby with three more; this seems to be enough. The palace and Trujillo have seen a lot of bustle since before Duarte's advent, not least with the house's previous owners, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. When Marylou Whitney happened along more than twenty years ago, the palace—along with much of Trujillo—had slipped into grayness and disrepair. Once the proud home of conquistadores *(Text continued on page 162)*





In the sacristy, top left, Duarte's collection of vestments and a chalice for Sunday mass in the chapel. Top center: Old Portuguese embroidery, a delft plate, and a Louis XV Spanish country chair. Top right: Above the house's only remaining original staircase, 18th-century Portuguese tilework. Center: The pantry, where Duarte stores his dinner service and silver. Far left: A Rossi watercolor, a terra-cotta figure done in Málaga. Left: In his bedroom, Spanish chairs covered in 17th-century point d'Hongrie. On the walls, a collection of Neapolitan gouaches.









Every bedroom has a name and a thematic collection of pictures. Henri, left, boasts watercolors of interiors. The painted cupboard is Portuguese, the bed 18th-century Spanish. Top: The house's front entrance. Storks nest here every year, Duarte says. Above: A guest room—named Cornelia, after its Whitney occupant—has petit point rugs found in Córdoba as well as dog pictures all around.



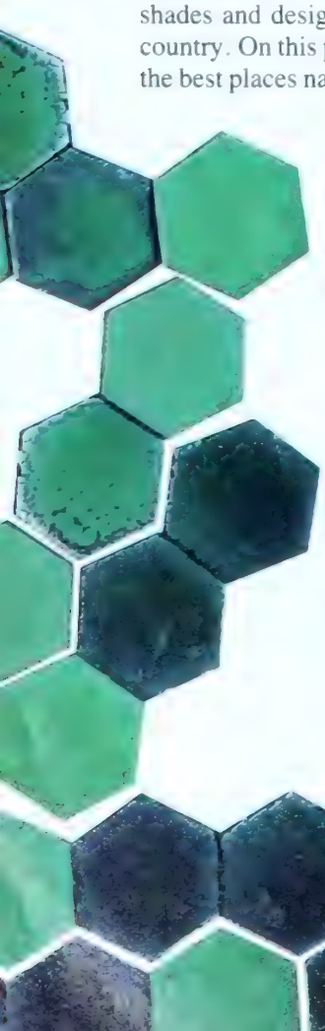
Tile File

The new breed of ceramics are small-scale artworks for the house, Dana Cowin reports





Long assigned to border patrol in kitchens and bathrooms, tiles are finally moving into the rest of the house. A legion of innovative artists are painting, stenciling, and sculpting tiles. Designers, excited by the immense variety of colors and styles, are framing doors, fireplaces, and windows, even covering entire rooms—floors, walls, *and* ceilings—with the stuff. And for the first time since the 1920s, myriad shades and designs are available across the country. On this page, a selection of some of the best places nationwide.



Top, left to right: Solo cup, Ceramic Stiles; terra-cotta deer by Moore-Merkowitz, Country Floors; a minitown, Moravian Pottery & Tile Works; tropical relief, Elon; new wave, Brian C. Flynn; stenciled Marrakesh rug tassel, Walker Zanger; impressive pewter and, by Chicago artist Julie Whitehead, puffy pillow tile, both from Tiles—A Refined Selection; rich vein of faux marble, Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection. Center: Comedy designed by Eero Saarinen, Tragedy made later to match, Pewabic Pottery. Right: Parallelogram, Saxe Patterson. Left: Original Grueby hexagonals, David Rago.

Ceramic Stiles
51 West 19 St., New York, NY 10011
(212) 633-2525
Country Floors
15 East 16 St., New York, NY 10003
(212) 627-8300
Elon
642 Saw Mill River Rd., Ardsley, NY 10502; (914) 693-8000
Brian C. Flynn Associates
8687 Melrose Ave., Suite M70, West Hollywood, CA 90069; (213) 659-2614
French Brown
7007 Greenville Ave., Dallas, TX 75231
(214) 363-4341
Fulper Tile
Box 373, Yardley, PA 19067
(215) 736-8512
Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection
130 Commercial St., Freeport, NY 11520
(516) 379-3500
Keniston's
269 Commercial St., Portland, ME 04101
(207) 775-2278
Sunny McLean
3800 Northeast 2 Ave., Miami, FL 33137
(305) 573-5943
Moravian Pottery & Tile Works
130 Swamp Rd., Doylestown, PA 18901
(215) 345-6722
Pewabic Pottery
10125 East Jefferson, Detroit, MI 48214
(313) 822-0954
Porcelanosa
1732 Stumpf Blvd., Gretna, LA 70056
(504) 361-7758
David Rago
Box 3592, Station E, Trenton, NJ 08629
(609) 585-2546
Ann Sacks Tileworks
115 Stewart St., Seattle, WA 98101
(206) 441-8917
Saxe Patterson
Box 15, Taos, NM 87571; (505) 758-9513
Tiles—A Refined Selection
42 West 15 St., New York, NY 10011
(212) 255-4450
Walker Zanger
8750 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood
CA 90069; (213) 278-8664

An invaluable source of information is the Tile Heritage Foundation, Box 1850, Healdsburg, CA 95448; (707) 431-8453.




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The Concierge Concept

They'll fetch limos, hire baby-sitters, and charter yachts—they're the new wave in luxury services. By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

It's news to no one that the service industry has become one of the healthiest sectors of our economy, and in recent years the demand for service has also left its mark on the real estate market. Increasingly, newly minted full-service buildings are coming equipped with a concierge who is a mere phone call away and who can, at least in theory, do anything. He (it is usually a he) will make everything troublesome and untidy disappear: spirit shoes in want of new heels to the repair shop, Orientals to the carpet cleaner, cranky children to the baby-sitter's. And he'll make all things bright and beautiful appear: a houseful of flowers, a table laid for eight, Cornish game hens tucked into the oven. He'll even take care of odd requests. A New York concierge recently received one from an English lady who required someone to switch on the telly and sit with her cat while it watched MTV.



Manhattan's renovated Beaux-Arts Police Building—all the amenities

The business of marketing luxury real estate is dicey all over, and for that reason, the concierge concept is taking root from coast to coast. In Chicago there's a concierge at a luxury rental building called the New York, located on Lake Shore Drive. The apartments, which rent for upwards of $780 for a one-bedroom, are mostly inhabited by well-heeled bachelors: management reports that 56 percent of the tenants are male with an average age of thirty-one and an average salary of $56,000. The services are managed by head concierge Divna Vuksanovic, who promises that she can, for example, book you on a flight to Cancún, water your ficus while you're gone, and stock your fridge with groceries on the eve of your return.

Boston also has condominiums that offer hotel-type services, partly because the buildings are annexed to luxury hotels like the Ritz and the Four Seasons. Recently opened is the Heritage on the Garden, a condominium development that extends to its residents the services of a majordomo. He, they explain, is director of residential services, which means he can fetch, among other things, limousines and cords of firewood.

In San Francisco, the Opera Plaza is pitched squarely at busy young professionals: the concierge there can arrange for telephone answering service, maid service, floral delivery, and dog walker. If famished after an evening aerobics class at the on-site fitness center, the resident can have dinner delivered by Max's Opera Café. Other full-service buildings include the 333 Bush building where the concierge Gail Graham says she has arranged for everything from a baby-sitter to a berth on a sailboat.

The concept has so pervaded the Manhattan real estate market that in certain neighborhoods it's harder to find the new luxury building that *doesn't* claim to be fully staffed. East 72nd Street, for example, fairly bustles with concierges: their services are advertised at 350 (Le Chambord), 515 (Riverterrace), 524 (Belaire), and 525 (One East River Place). Ric Katz, a sales and marketing agent, offers an explanation: "The full-service apartment building helps solve the day-in-and-day-out crisis of modern America: there's not enough time to work, enjoy your leisure time, and get your shirts to the laundry. The concierge, at the very least, can insure that you have a clean shirt to wear everyday." A bit of investigation reveals a second, even more compelling reason than a desire for clean laundry. "Competition to fill luxury apartment buildings is fierce," says Katz. "Offering on-site services is a way to distinguish a new property." No mean feat in a city like New York where the Real Estate Board reports an estimated 525 condomini-

um buildings (or some 35,000 units) now in existence or planned for development in 1988–89. That's up from 199 buildings (or 9,764 units) in 1985.

As would be expected, what qualifies as full service varies widely across the country—indeed, across the street. Often the roster of services is tailored to the kind of resident the building attracts. Buildings in New York, for example, that are named after South American cities (Rio) or a trendy Milanese design style (Memphis) are developed to appeal to a certain kind of buyer. Often what those buyers desire most in this world is a prestigious-sounding address and a place to swim. If they are willing to forgo the best neighborhoods, their desires will be met at a price below the Manhattan average of $436 a square foot for new construction.

"At the very least, the concierge can insure that you have a clean shirt to wear everyday"

Ironically the uptown notion of the full-service building is fast spreading over lower Manhattan as well. "When someone purchases a million-dollar loft, it's unlikely that they won't require amenities like a doorman and maid service," says Jonathan Berg, a broker at Ambrose–Mar Elia who specializes in downtown properties. "Serviced buildings make sense in emerging downtown neighborhoods that don't have a dry cleaner and grocery store on every block." He cites the American Thread Company Building in Tribeca as one that attracts pampered pioneers (current residents include Isabella Rossellini, Cyndi Lauper, and Betsey Johnson). A former industrial space turned condo eight years ago, it was until recently the only building in its neighborhood with a doorman. At the edge of what was once called Needle Park at Avenue B in the East Village, the Christodora House condominium provides its residents with a 24-hour doorman. In a neighborhood so uncharted that it doesn't even have a name is the Police Building (on Centre Street near Chinatown), whose well-appointed cooperative units include a domed penthouse with a 360-degree view over the city. Newly renovated, the building was the former headquarters for the city's police department. It now has a 24-hour doorman and a concierge who mans the palatial lobby sixteen hours a day.

Because the concierge concept has spread so wide so quickly, a few properties have simply jumped on the bandwagon. Some so-called full service buildings are staffed, as Jackie Schwimmer, a realtor with S. W. Bird & Co. in Manhattan, cautions, by "a doorman who dons a pair of 35-cent white gloves, stands behind a desk, and calls himself a concierge." In contrast, Schwimmer points to Rolf Schuster, concierge at Galleria, as one of the best in town. Rolf refuses to limit his services by committing them to a list. "We'll do everything from delivering babies to chartering a yacht to arranging for a delivery of escargots," he says. In Rolf's opinion most Americans aren't accustomed to real service and thus won't take full advantage of a concierge. "The well-traveled South American," Rolf says, "he's the guy who demands service."

How are these demands met? How is a mere human supposed to access everything from baby-sitters to gourmet groceries? In most buildings the concierge is a liaison between the resident and an outside service vendor. In Manhattan that vendor might very well be a discreet business called Swiss Hotel Service. Mel Koenig, president of the firm, is reluctant to discuss its operation ("You might be a spy," he says). What he will reveal is that prices, which vary according to the building's neighborhood, are reasonable: a gentleman's suit is dry-cleaned for $7; weekly maid service is supplied for $240 a month; a bartender can be hired for $10 an hour. Residents are billed once a month; tips are not discouraged.

Similarly, the developers of the 57-story Corinthian on East 38th Street in New York City awarded their service contract to a fledgling business run by Lisa and Kevin Shields who rent the valet space on the ground floor. "We have established a network of service vendors who are among the best in the city," says Lisa. "We are able to offer competitively priced services with the added benefit to the client of having all the coordination and arrangements handled by the Corinthian valet." Managers oversee the execution of the services, which include (in a litany that will by this time sound familiar) window cleaning, maid service, party planning, and floral delivery.

Indeed it's necessary to go to Los Angeles to find services that deviate from the norm; there, the full-service building is a different animal altogether. A decidedly West Coast list of amenities might include a slip for the family schooner, Olympic-size pools, miles of tennis courts, as well as on-site wellness centers. All of which makes the notion of a kindly gentleman in the lobby who is eager to provide the odd bouquet of gladiolus a quaint one after all.

Full-Service Buildings

NEW YORK CITY

American Thread Company Building
260 West Broadway
Battery Pointe
300 Rector Place
Christodora House
143–147 Avenue B
Corinthian
330 East 38th Street
Cityspire
150 West 56th Street
Dalton on Greenwich
303 Greenwich Street
Galleria
117 East 57th Street
Liberty Court
200 Rector Place
Museum Tower
15 West 53rd Street
Olympic Tower
641 Fifth Avenue
Police Building
240 Centre Street
Rio
304 East 65th Street
St. James's Tower
415 East 54th Street
Symphony House
235 West 56th Street
Trump Parc
106 Central Park South

BOSTON

Carlton House of Boston
2 Commonwealth Avenue
Four Seasons Place
220 Boylston Street
Heritage on the Garden
300 Boylston Street
Prince on Newbury Street
201 Newbury Street
Rowes Wharf
50 Rowes Wharf

FLORIDA

Trump Plaza of the Palm Beaches
525 South Flagler Drive, West Palm Beach

CHICAGO

New York
3660 North Lake Shore Drive

SAN FRANCISCO

Opera Plaza
601 Van Ness Avenue
333 Bush
333 Bush Street

The Art of the Interior

Savvy collectors are lining their walls with richly detailed renderings of rooms

People love to peep into each other's lives,'' says art dealer Stephanie Hoppen, whose galleries in London and New York have collectors lining up to purchase vintage views of interiors. As decorative as they are voyeuristic, these century-old renderings range from designers' meticulous room schemes to artists' intimate depictions of their studios. Nearly doomed by the invention of the camera, the practice of capturing interiors with paint and pencils is again on the upswing. New York architect Peter Marino presents his clients with exquisitely detailed room maquettes. And artists James Steinmeyer and Tim Lovejoy, among others, have been jetting around the world, commissioned by proud homeowners to paint portraits of bedrooms, living rooms, even the insides of garages. **Margot Guralnick**

(For artists and dealers see Resources.)



As a house gift Tim Lovejoy painted this watercolor of his friend's kitchen on the Greek island of Siphnos.



A Victorian parlor with Gothic Revival touches, from Stephanie Hoppen.



A Cuban decorator dreamed up this bar the 1950s, from Stubbs Books & Prints.



James Steinmeyer's gouache of the Blue Hall at Ostankino Palace near Moscow.



A 19th-century pastel of a chair-filled corner, from Stephanie Hoppen.



Parisian decorator Claude Boussin's en design, c. 1910, from Stephanie Hoppe

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Mizner Village

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Fast Forward

(Continued from page 80) foot turn-of-the-century converted stone dairy barn they bought four years ago. The Pittmans are completely redoing the place with interior designers Jeffrey Bilhuber and Tom Scheerer, who helped them with their city apartment. The house is called Birthday Hill Farm because Bob gave it to Sandy when she turned thirty, and it more than makes up for the cramped quarters in the city. The two-thousand-square-foot living room was originally a milking parlor, and the bedrooms are former cow stalls. There's a paddle-tennis court upstairs under a barn ceiling that's forty-feet high.

"When you're in our living room, you'd think it was the biggest room we could possibly have. But just wait," says Sandy. "When we put the living room in the tennis court, it's going to be much, much bigger. We're going to put minimal furniture up there. *Big* minimal—huge and overstuffed."

Where will she find it?

"We'll make it all."

There's a wide open, easy feeling about the place that they don't intend to change. The ceilings have been whitewashed so many times they look like white adobe; it's even chipping off in places. "People do faux this and that, but they couldn't get our ceiling," says Sandy. "This is the real thing. There's hay and little birds' nests that have been up there forever. That's the kind of place it is, and that's still the kind of place it will be."

In the front hall you can't miss her organizational ability. Boots are lined up. Hats hang on pegs along with fishing vests, shooting sweaters, riding jackets, and hunting coats—evidence of her expeditions. "All my life I've been interested in adventure travel—travel into far-flung corners and survival trips," Sandy says. "At thirteen when I climbed the Grand Tetons, it was then and there I said, 'I'm going to do this for the rest of my life.' " She's kayaked 350 miles through the Arctic searching for narwhals; ridden 300 miles on horseback across the Masai Mara game reserve in Kenya, camping out every night; trekked in the Himalayas and climbed to the Annapurna base camp. Recently, she and her five-year-old son, Bo, spent several days backpacking in the Grand Tetons.

How does Bob Pittman feel about his wife's travels?

"Sandy enjoys putting her body, her endurance, and her willpower to the test," says Bob. "I have little desire to do that. I enjoy creature comforts." He's no couch potato, though. He has a pilot's license and flies a twin-engine Cessna 340. "I'm always flying bigger and faster airplanes." Born in Jackson, Mississippi, 35 years ago, he never finished college. But three years ago, having created MTV, the hugely successful cable station, not to mention revamping Nickelodeon into an equally successful and hip kids' network, he took the Advanced Management Program at Harvard Business School. His work keeps him in more or less constant motion; he shuttles between New York and the West Coast four times a month.

Two years after they settled in Connecticut, the Pittmans bought the 15,000-square-foot stone barn and a smaller wooden barn next door along with 47 acres. Just recently they purchased an additional ten acres. "What we're really doing is putting down roots, which is very nice for us because we're both from rural America," says Bob.

"The land we're on and the barns we have were voted the best small dairy farm in America in the 1950s," says Sandy. "But last season the man who mows our land said, 'Your fields are going from A to B. They're downgrading in their class. You've got to grow something or do something with these great fields.' I don't ever want anything I own to downgrade from A to B."

After eliminating luxury food products like miniature vegetables, Sandy opted for sheep. "Sheep are small. Plus they can stay outside in the winter because they grow their big sweaters. And they're very cute. They're definitely going to be great prop sheep." Sandy will no doubt pick up sheep raising as quickly as she picked up gardening. Teaching herself from books and through trial and error, she created a two-thousand-square-foot gray, green, and white garden of herbaceous perennial borders.

She is also trying to start a new local radio station near the farm. She left her producing job two years ago to spend more time with her son and on charities. For instance, she's co-chairing a rock and roll benefit concert, with Michael Douglas and Jonathan Tisch, for the Gay Men's Health Crisis which will result in a televised concert at Radio City Music Hall on June 8.

The Pittmans entertain a lot. "We really do the bulk of our entertaining in Connecticut," says Sandy. And she does mean bulk. Not long ago they bused a hundred guests to their farm. "We started them in New York at seven in the morning with breakfast on the bus," says Sandy. "They got to our house, and we went canoeing down the Housatonic River. We catered the canoes with coolers of muffins and juices, just the right size so they wouldn't miss a beat paddling. Then we brought them back to the house for lunch. We had hayrides all around the property. A pig was roasting under a tent on the front lawn. Country music was playing. As we were finishing dinner I had hot-air balloonists come as a surprise, and we took rides over our fields. It was really breathtaking. Then we sent everybody off with doggie bags for the bus back to New York."

But Sandy's idea of a really good time is to sleep on the ground, cook over an open fire, and take one change of clothes. "So all this to me is gravy." ♠ *Editor: Paul Sinclaire*

He's the Tops

(Continued from page 122) able to afford a wonderful bed—a four-poster. He hasn't been on a very tight budget in this apartment, which he's lived in for about eight years, but he was when he moved into his first New York City apartment in 1950 with only $8 in his pocket. The son of a shoe salesman, Kenneth Battelle grew up in Syracuse, New York, where he went to hairdressing school. (He also studied his trade in New York City.) He worked for Helena Rubinstein for six years and for Lilly Daché for another six before opening his own salon in 1963. And today he has 95 people working for him.

Along the way he's had some important clients. He's worked on kings and queens and movie stars. He gave Jackie Kennedy her renowned bouffant hairdo when she was in the White House. He was Marilyn Monroe's hairdresser and was on the famous Bert Stern photo sitting, her last. When in New York, Kay Graham has her hair done at Kenneth's. He travels around the country with Joan Rivers, carrying a black bag full of hot irons and curlers and ornaments and snoods. And he has countless fashion editors as insatiable clients. One of them, who has been going to him for more than thirty years, says he's like a father confessor—he won't tell anything. And in spite of her reputation for acid wit, Joan Rivers, Kenneth's client for 21 years, has not a shred of it to throw in Kenneth's direction. "He's the most successful hairdresser ever," she says. "He's the most wonderful gentleman. And he's got the most vicious sense of humor—but never about his clients. I love him."

There's a nostalgic feeling in his dark-

brown sitting room with the fire blazing in the brass-surrounded fireplace. It's an intimate room, a nighttime room. "I felt that having the walls dark and the insides of the window frames mirrored gave this room a wonderful atmosphere—like what I saw when I went to the movies in the 1930s," he says. "You know, the Cole Porter New York apartment." The ceilings are painted the same brown black as the walls, except that the ceiling has a flat finish and the walls are enamel. Every room but the kitchen and bathrooms is painted the same color, and all the floors, which he waxes with liquid bowling-alley wax, have been painted faux marble by trompe l'oeil artist Malcolm Robeson. "I wanted a flow to the apartment," Kenneth says. "I didn't want a blue room and a red room and a brown room. I wasn't trying to make a little this and a little that. I've got too much else that's a little this and a little that."

An outdoor terrace wraps the sitting room on three sides. There are no curtains on any of the windows or French doors, just mirrors lining the deep-set window frames, acting as prisms. "If you stand here, you can see the Chrysler Building reflected," says Kenneth. You can also see the evidence of his passion for gardening. Topiary lavender and myrtle here, and topiary santolina and rosemary there.

Center stage is his Steinway baby grand, which he plays for his amusement. "It's a wonderfully relaxing thing to do. It takes a lot of uptightness out of you." At the moment he's trying to learn *The Phantom of the Opera*. There are three sofas and an extra-deep chair covered with tiger-striped velvet in the room. "I think you have to have a comfortable place to sit at home. You have to have a comfortable place to lie down and take a nap. You don't always want to go and tear up your bed to take a nap."

Even though most tabletops are meticulously smothered with Battersea, lacquer, tortoiseshell boxes, and oodles of cobalt glass and despite the fact that the walls are crowded with contemporary paintings and that he just can't stop buying antique plates, Kenneth does not consider himself a collector. "I don't even think about collecting," he says. "It's just that you like things. You think it's a nice color or it's a nice shape."

Little boxes for example. "I like the idea of opening one and wondering, 'Is there something in it?' or 'Who did it belong to?'

"I would say to somebody who is just starting to collect, always start out with something basic and build from there. Don't be impulsive. When you're older, you can afford your impulses. When you're younger, you should be building a very good base. I didn't do that when I was young. I wish I had—this place looks like a shop."

The kind of a shop that makes you feel right at home. ♠ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

Escape to Normandy

(Continued from page 101) humble seventeenth-century farmhouse by relying on costly and irretrievable modifications, Mathieu and Ray relied on the odd assortment of furniture, fabrics, and objects they have either designed, collected, or found over the years. They adopted the role of domestic stylists, artfully creating dreamy vignettes that attest to an extraordinary visual flair, and often include theatrical hand-painted backdrops such as the billowing trompe l'oeil curtains over the dining room mantel and the blazing faux fire that consumes an upstairs hall.

Mathieu and Ray seem to relish nothing so much as mixing the stylistic signals they send out. They share an overriding fascination with juxtaposing the rugged and the refined, the primitive and the polished. Consider, for example, the lavish drape of antique silk suspended from the broken tree branch that serves as a curtain rod in the living room or the peculiar placement of a flat metal plate at one corner of a handwoven carpet in the downstairs entry. According to the two young decorators, such strange stylistic bedfellows as these heighten our visual awareness: "They make you think." On a more personal note, Mathieu reports that he enjoys reading leather-bound volumes of Virgil while Ray prefers his well-worn paperback copy of *Valley of the Dolls*. It is a small detail that both partners find significant.

There's a tinge of the bad boy, of the I'll-make-my-own-rules to the work of Mathieu and Ray. They have clearly cast themselves in the role of provocateur. But there is also a tinge of the poet to their work, most evident in the extraordinary limited-edition furniture pieces they design and distribute through the Neotu gallery in Paris. A rough-hewn log bench with polished aluminum wings, a rigid thronelike chair with a poem etched into its back, and a tiny table with a secret compartment for hiding away some treasured souvenir are but three telling examples that signal the duo's unique sensibility.

"They say we have Cocteau's style," offers Ray with unmistakable pleasure. "This is nice," adds Mathieu. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

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Iberian Weekends

(Continued from page 151) who built themselves splendid mansions with the plunder of the New World (Pizarro was born in the town, and a statue of him surveys its square), Trujillo's medieval and Renaissance buildings had suffered the cannonades of the Napoleonic Wars and centuries of neglect. But in 1962 the Count and Countess of Romanones (she better known as the spy who wore red) spurred a revival of the town near the estate his family had owned since the early part of the thirteenth century.

Along with Fleur Cowles and Carmen de Salas, whose husband was director of the Prado, Mrs. Whitney was inspired to make Trujillo her part-time home. She lit upon the Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza—a sixteenth-century mansion that had been extensively redone in the eighteenth century. It was then being run by the Catholic church as a nursing home. Although the Whitneys provided funds for another nursing home nearby, the stubborn nuns in situ would not alter their ways to suit the refurbishment plans. The architect was not allowed to view the premises until they left, Mrs. Whitney says, "because no man had ever walked through their cloister before." For the renovation and decoration, she relied on Duarte, who had done her house in Majorca.

The Whitneys occupied the palace until 1979, enjoying the local rituals, especially those of Easter. "During Holy Week," says Mrs. Whitney, "I would follow the procession all the way to the church and get very teary-eyed. Then we would all wear native costumes and dance in the streets. There would be thousands of people singing, the band playing—you would dance with anyone." When their children left school in Switzerland, however, the house was no longer a convenient base, and they had the burden of several other addresses as well. "They say that you can only have one house for every day of the week—more than that is bad luck." She sold it, contents and all, to Duarte, who added his own bits and pieces. But Mrs. Whitney's presence is still palpable—her clothes hang in the closets, and a large portrait adorns the red-and-green sitting room. Every Easter she returns, and has the pleasure of relaxing as a guest in the house where she once had the nervous responsibility of a host.

From the outside the Palacio de los Chaves Mendoza, its façade severely plain except for a few small reliefs, gives no hint of what awaits the visitor walking in from the narrow dun-colored street. One enters to find an inner courtyard, vibrant with greenery, and a series of rooms in the hollow square around it dancing with the colors of a southern garden and a northern imagination—old rose, crimson, delphinium, mint.

The palace's drawing room is indisputably grand with its fifteen-foot fireplace, Spanish tortoiseshell cabinets, and seventeenth-century portraits of brooding grandees. ("I got those from a gypsy," Duarte says.) So is the large dining room, which still displays the Whitney monogram above the doors and on the curtain rails, where hatbox-size sconces hold fat candles alongside paintings of Roman emperors.

For the most part, however, the house is very much a cozy country palace, displaying the cheerful whimsy of the "silly antiques" Duarte enjoys buying in Camden Passage in London and the abundant evidence of his passion for collecting. Headgear from places he has hung his hat dots the walls of an anteroom. Tables are paved with rock-crystal birds, ceramic bunnies, and straw boxes made by prisoners of the Napoleonic Wars. A striking group of seventeenth-century reliquaries, sculpted wooden forearms in gilded sleeves, stands on two hall tables. "Two or three," he says, "have bones in them." One cabinet holds dozens of curious little ivory doodads—kohl pots and brushes that Duarte picked up in Jodhpur.

The house is also full of Duarte's familiars. A bronze lion with a Bert Lahr–type expression that resembles Duarte's own reclines with his paw on a red hat—perhaps all that remains of a recent feast. In the small dining room, ceramic lions, clutching candlesticks, march around the table, and a posse of china dogs hold picnic baskets in their teeth.

In the cloister where no architect was permitted to walk, each pair of nuns' cells was made into a bedroom and bath. The tile-framed lintels bear the names of Mrs. Whitney's children—Marion, Henry, Hobbs, Heather, and Cornelia, whose pretty bedroom used to belong to the mother superior. There, a lace-draped four-poster is topped with a gilt crown, and on the chair covers two apprehensive cats look up at a wall of embroidered fluffy dogs. Two Staffordshire Lady Godivas survey the menagerie with the cool glances befitting those riding a lion and a leopard sidesaddle.

After making the circuit of charming little rooms with whitewashed walls and terra-cotta floors, one opens an unobtrusive door near the entrance and steps into a chamber larger than many village churches. It is the private chapel of the palace, where some fifty people attend mass every Sunday the house is occupied. A prominent feature is the early eighteenth century altarpiece with its painted saint—"San Isidro, it might be"—under a gilded baldachin on which two rather sour-faced putti seem very tired from holding up the sun and moon. Other statues depict the Virgin, archangels Michael and Gabriel and San Caetano, patron of material things. "I know very well," says Duarte, smiling, "the litany of San Caetano." ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Tropical Scotland

(Continued from page 141) Ed Wright's dryly insisting that they only decided to buy Arduaine because its freshwater springs made a "halfway decent cup of tea."

They have put their lives into the garden, sharing the physical labor of planting, fencing out vermin, making paths and ponds, and removing everything that doesn't belong, from weeds to windblown trees. Of the two, Ed is the more experienced plantsman, though both have a good idea of the possibilities and limitations of Arduaine, acknowledging that "when you take on something like this, you have to form your own garden around someone else's plants."

They understand each other well enough by now not to have to discuss what must be done from day to day. Unless one of them needs help, they rarely work together. "We set off in the morning from the cottage. I don't know what he's doing during the day, and he doesn't know what I'm doing. Because it's a big garden, you do tend to get lost."

A ruddy clear-eyed countryman with a laureate shock of gray hair, Ed Wright is cheerfully matter-of-fact about the obsessive pursuit he and his brother are engaged in. "You would call us eccentrics, I suppose. We spend all our time here, and a lot of people would be appalled at the idea of having to live their lives gardening. The trouble is you can never finish. Nature's always trying to beat you."

In Argyll a neglected garden will return to wilderness more rapidly than in drier climates as its owner grows old, loses interest, or can no longer afford its upkeep. Crarae, one of the great gardens of Scotland, has been fortunate in having a family succession of keen gardeners. The current owner's fa-

ther, Sir George Campbell, started to develop the main glen garden at Crarae in 1925. For the last ten years of his life, he was helped by his son, Ilay, who before joining Christie's had studied plant propagation at Windsor. Aware of the financial responsibilities in taking on ninety acres of rare and exotic flora, Sir Ilay allows with characteristic understatement that "it seemed quite an important thing to keep going."

A wild Highland glen on the shores of Loch Fyne, Crarae could easily be mistaken for a ravine in the foothills of the Himalayas. The steep climb up the side of a rushing burn is rewarded by dramatic views of loch and hill and the advantage of being able to see plants from above and below as one walks. There are surprises at every turn—a Himalayan magnolia glowing like a tree of light bulbs through a clearing, a carpet of wild violets and bluebells in a grove of Tasmanian snow gums, bloodred species of Chinese rhododendron growing beside cherry trees from Pennsylvania.

Sir George always disclaimed artistic gifts, insisting that he never landscaped or designed the garden at Crarae, just let it happen. But the subtle orchestration of leaf, flower, and form on such a grand scale could hardly have been accidental. Sir Ilay, who has his father's flair for choosing the right plant for the right spot, describes him as a "painter in plants who used as his canvas the dramatic Highland landscape to which he had fallen heir."

The danger in Argyll, where the common *R. ponticum* grows like a takeover bid from a hostile planet, is that gardens tend to become collections of rhododendron species. At Crarae the Campbells were determined not to let rhododendrons swamp other less showy shrubs and trees—species of embothrium, magnolia, malus, eucryphia, clethra, pittosporum, and styrax, to name a few—that interest them more.

"A rhododendron in a small suburban garden can be a loathsome thing," observes Sir Ilay, a diffident self-contained man who wears his considerable botanical knowledge lightly. "Here, as long as they are kept under control—I'm not very fond of massed color—they don't look too alien. I had an expert tell me once that the trouble with Crarae is that everything is hybrid, including the dog. I'm less concerned about what something is than what it looks like. The effect of a garden is what really matters."

On a cliff above Loch Etive the woodland garden at Achnacloich starts close to the house. Protected by a fringe of tall Scots pine and larch, it slopes southward between two natural ridges in a series of hillocks and dells crossed by paths and, where water flows, wooden bridges. Arresting views of Mull and Ben Cruachan from scattered lookout points give the policies an unusual feeling of openness. Yet it remains an intimate garden, full of private corners, where one can enjoy a haunting fragrance, a particularly beautiful tree, or the drowsy hum of a half-wild peaceful place.

"I like a garden with nothing much in it," Jane Nelson, chatelaine of Achnacloich, suggests hesitantly, embarrassed by her reputation for being the most poetic gardener in the west. "I don't like to feel smothered in plants. It's nice to be able to see out to the hills in the distance. So many big gardens are just stuffed with things. It can be very exhausting."

Achnacloich has been in the Nelson family for a hundred years. Established before 1860, the garden, as it is today, was mostly laid out by Jane and her late husband, Ernest, who'd been inspired as a boy by his uncle, the celebrated plantsman F. R. S. Balfour of Dawyck. Other influences include the French painter Paul Maze, who was responsible for cutting down trees around the house to make more views. Before the Nelsons the estate belonged to kinsmen of Robert Louis Stevenson, though it's not known whether the great man himself ever stayed there. A frequent literary visitor in this century was John Buchan, who may well have found inspiration for *The Thirty-nine Steps* gazing out at Ben Cruachan from a secluded bench in the garden.

Achnacloich seems reasonably assured of future generations of green-thumbed Nelsons, but keeping up the great woodland gardens of Argyll is a continuous struggle for many owners. A garden inevitably loses its character when looked after by a committee; Sir Ilay Campbell nonetheless had to form a charitable trust to try to secure the future of Crarae. At Arduaine, the Wright brothers are trying to find someone suitable to take on their garden, on condition they be allowed to "keep an eye on things" for the rest of their gardening days.

Reflections of whoever own them, gardens, like houses, are never static. As they change and mature over the years, some continue to prosper, others slip back, or, abandoned altogether, revert to scrub. Fortunately for the Scottish west coast's heritage and those of us happy few who love to wander through these magical out-of-the-way places, there are rare people like Ed and Harry Wright who still want to adopt old gardens and make them their own. ▲



Goya

(Continued from page 111) terror. An apprehensive audience (no pregnant women permitted) would be locked in a dimly lit room and subjected to apparitions of the scariest kind—disembodied heads, phosphorescent demons, winged skulls—to an accompaniment of sepulchral groans, tolling bells, and a rattling as of skeletons. Goya apparently met Robertson and attended one of his phantasmagorias, hence the theatricality inherent in these paintings.

The forces of darkness that Goya denounced on his walls manifested themselves all too soon and all too palpably in his life. The bigots who returned to power did not take kindly to the subversive ideas that Goya expressed so graphically and Leocadia so outspokenly. It was once again time for caution. Less than five years after buying the quinta, Goya turned it over to his beloved grandson, Mariano, to stave off the threat of confiscation.

In the fall of 1824, Spain's greatest artist went into voluntary exile, first to Paris, then Bordeaux—a terrible wrench for a 78-year-old man in poor health who loved his country. He returned for a couple of brief visits to Spain, because he was still officially a court painter and depended for his livelihood on the king's bounty. However, he never lived at the quinta again. Goya's physical powers may have waned, but his imagination continued to soar. Witness the portraits, miniatures, and bullfight lithographs done in Bordeaux in the last five years before he died in April 1828.

While he lived at the quinta, Goya built on some rooms and decorated the place in style with elaborate wallpapers and moldings around the scary frescoes, which were in such contrast to the cheerful soirees he and Leocadia liked to organize. After his death, his heirs added fancy French fireplaces, a grand staircase, and a whole new wing, but they do not seem to have set much store by the unsalable Black Paintings. These were allowed to deteriorate. Financial problems eventually obliged the family to rent the property and, in 1859, to sell it. A developer bought it and turned it over four years later to yet another developer.

In 1873 a cunning Balzacian banker, Baron Frédéric Émil d'Erlanger, arrived in Madrid to snap up all available property to the west of the city. He had a theory, which is said to have netted him a vast fortune, that all the great European metropolises developed westward. And so the baron bought La Quinta del Sordo, not for the view or the frescoes—these were a mere bonus—but for the coincidence of its orientation. Nevertheless, he had all fourteen paintings removed from the walls and mounted on canvas; he then arranged for them to be exhibited first in Madrid, later at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The French public showed little interest. Critics were mostly uncomprehending; even the more progressive artists were not as mesmerized as they should have been. Judging these masterpieces of little value, the baron donated them to the Prado, to the great regret of his descendants.

Its walls agape with holes, the quinta was ripe for demolition. After the baron's death in 1911, this duly took place, and the property was sold off in lots. The area is now covered with hideous blocks of workers' dwellings erected by the trade unions in the early sixties. Meanwhile the Black Goyas are safe, if not exactly sound, in the Prado, where they have recently been reinstalled against unsuitably pale beige velvet. A pity no attempt was made to simulate the dark patterned wallpaper revealed by the newly discovered photographs to have been the artist's choice of background. This would have been aesthetically appropriate as well as historically accurate. All the same, visitors to the current exhibition are urged to round off their experience of Goya by making a pilgrimage to the Prado to see how the walls of the deaf man's house have fared. ♠

Bass

(Continued from page 89) within precisely defined parameters—a man-made garden that seems to have been there forever.

However natural the garden appears, it is not self-maintaining. "I knew I wanted it to be laid out correctly—to look attractive—but I didn't know it would end up requiring so much attention. I didn't plan on its taking over my life," says Mrs. Bass.

It takes a full-time staff of five, whose rigorous organization includes daily worksheets and biweekly photographic and audio records of every tree, shrub, and plant on the estate. The head gardeners, a highly trained, personable husband-and-wife team, Susan Urshel and Paul Schmidt, are, if possible, as passionate about the garden as their employer is. Of course, they have their own repertoire of stories about Russell Page, whom they loved and feared in equal measure. According to Urshel, "with Mr. Page, you had to throw out everything you learned in school. It seemed as though he tossed plants together at random, but there was always a pattern in his mind, and if you moved something, he'd always catch it. He would point in the general direction of this plant or that and bark instructions using Latin names, and we were never quite sure what he was pointing at until we finally got him a stick."

Predictably, Page had little tolerance for the peculiarities of the local garden suppliers. He demanded twine, not string; secateurs, not shears; proper pine stakes from North Carolina rather than the bamboo sticks available in Texas. Based on his extensive experience with hot arid climates, he was determined to use plant material in the Bass garden that would flourish in Fort Worth. He succeeded with some that had rarely been seen in the area, including buddleia, false indigo, and evergreen clematis, among other hardy varieties. For Susan Urshel and Paul Schmidt, tending the garden four years after its designer's death is not merely a matter of hard work but of "keeping the spirit of Mr. Page alive."

Anne Bass approaches her garden with the same rigorous attention to detail she brings to other aspects of her complicated life, including ballet and literature. "Mrs. Bass knows exactly what she wants—perfection," notes Susan Urshel, and more often than not in the imperfect and humbling world of gardening, she gets it.

Like any true gardener, Mrs. Bass also dreams of beginning all over again, of making gardens in other places—in Italy, perhaps, or in Provence with its forgiving climate and hospitable soil—a garden fragrant with jasmine, lavender, gardenia, thumbergia, and her beloved old-fashioned roses, a garden with water to soothe the ear and "bring the sky to the earth," silky grass, olive trees, or maybe the all-white flower garden she's always wanted, filled with lily of the valley, hydrangeas, lacecap, and oakleaf, which will look its most beautiful in the moonlight. Her only regret is that Russell Page will not be there to advise and encourage her. In the end he was much more than just her landscape architect. He was her teacher, her mentor, and her friend. He helped her daughters with their homework and shared her fondness for scented geraniums, high fashion, and afternoon tea. Judging from the garden that they created together in the "wasteland" of Westover Hills, they were a championship team. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Resources

TRAVEL

Pages 46, 48 For customized tours of European country houses and gardens: **British Isles** Abercrombie & Kent, 1420 Kensington Rd., Oak Brook, IL 60521, (800) 323-7308, in Illinois (312) 954-2944 (England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales); Country Homes & Castles, 4092 North Ivy Rd. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30342, (404) 231-5837 (England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales); Country House Tours, 71 Waterloo Rd., Dublin 4, Ireland, 1-686-463 (Ireland); Heritage Circle, Rowallan Castle, Kilmarnock, Aryshire KA3-2LP, Scotland, 563-38254 (Great Britain, Ireland); Irish Georgian Society, Leixlip Castle, Leixlip, Co. Kildare, Ireland, 1-244211 (Ireland); Missenden Tours, Oak Tree House, Stoke Mandeville, Aylesbury, Bucks HP22 5UX, England, 29661-3027 (England, Scotland, Wales); Royal Oak Foundation, 285 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013, (212) 966-6565 (England, Wales, Northern Ireland); Sotheby's, 30 Oxford St., London W1R 1RE, England, 1-408-1100 (England and Scotland). **France** B & D de Vogüé, 1830 South Mooney Blvd., Box 1998, Visalia, CA 93279, (800) 727-4748; Friends of Vieilles Maisons Françaises, 180 Maiden Lane, New York, NY 10038, (212) 734-1651. **Italy** Venezia Privata, San Marco 2906, 30124 Venice, 41-522-8321. **Portugal** Promoções e Ideias Turisticas, Alto da Pampilheira Torre D-2, 8-A, 2750 Cascais, 286-79-58; Turismo de Habitação, Turihab, Praca da Repùblica, 4990 Ponte de Lima, 58-942335.

FAST FORWARD

Page 78 Beacon cotton blankets, c. 1935, and Pendleton wool blankets, 1900–1930, $95–$650 ea, at Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760. Pair of Art Deco leather club chairs, $8,500 ea, American steer-horn armchair, $2,750, antler console table with carving, $6,000, rustic twig armchairs with bamboo slat seats, $1,500 ea, all at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Pre-1900 Navajo rugs (Transitional blankets), $3,000–$7,000 ea, at Streets of Taos, Santa Fe (505) 983-8268. **79** 1920s Adirondack chaise with rattan seat, $1,650, twig and bentwood armchair with inlaid seat, $1,800, both at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. **81** Adirondack rocking chair, early 1900s, $1,295, at Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760. **82** Louise Bourgeois's *Spring*, at Robert Miller Gallery, NYC (212) 980-5454. **83** Loetz silver-mounted vase, $2,700, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950.

NORTH OF THE BORDER

Page 92 Indian wedding chest, $8,000, similar ones at K. Spiegelman Interiors, West Hollywood (213) 273-2255. Rolled-arm sofa designed by Sally Sirkin Lewis, to the trade at J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, San Francisco; **94** Reproduction wrought-iron chairs, $485 ea, and yucca poles, $49 ea, both at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above). **95** Reproduction French campaign table, $830, *Aloe gainesii*, $1,750, both at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above). Antique kilims, $1,200–$6,000, at K. Spiegelman Interiors (see above).

ESCAPE TO NORMANDY

Page 96 Cast-aluminum Ice chair with poem, designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Neotu, Paris. Limited edition available by special order through Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. **98–99** Tiffany damask, 51" wide, $202.50 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Hinson, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. Cast-aluminum frame with horns, cast-aluminum Memory side table, both designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Neotu, Paris. Limited edition available by special order through Furniture of the Twentieth Century (212) 929-6023. Cast-aluminum stools, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). **102–103** Log bench with cast-aluminum wings, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). **104** Bronze-and-oak floor lamps with aluminum antlers, sold as a set of four, available by special order through Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray (see Address Book below). Fornasetti buttons, $150, the set of 6 at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. **105** Handpainted bedcover designed by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray and available by special order through them (see Address Book below).

EASTON MEETS MIDWEST

Page 112 Red custom gauffrage velvet on stools to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **113** Curtains of Faille du Barry and patterned chair fronts in Vaison Brocaded Stripe, both to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Chair backs in Zerlina Check, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Sofa in Veronese Antique custom gauffrage velvet, plain armchairs in San Marco Cannetille custom silk, and bench in Dangeau velvet—all to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **114** Chairs in Calais French fabric, 50" wide, $96 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **118** Love seat and curtains in Maintenon, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy, Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Bed in Medici velvet, 51" wide, $104.25 yd, to the trade at Bergamo, Ernest Gaspard, Atlanta; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; J.E.H./Denver; Keith H. McCoy, Los Angeles; Delk-Morrison, New Orleans; Ian Wall, NYC; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Regency House, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Marion-Kent, Washington, D.C. **119** Czardis Square carpet in Wilton weave, to the trade at Stark, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Laguna Niguel, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Nina Fawn fabric on chair at right, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above).

HE'S THE TOPS

Page 121 Ferrara woven stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see listing for page 112). **125** Les Faisans Glazed Chintz and Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils.

COLLECTING

Page 158 Interior views available from: **Artists** M. Leliwa Fenwick c/o Philippe Farley, 157 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-1622; Jeremiah Goodman, 300 East 59 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 750-9097; Ralph Harvard at R. Brooke, 138½ East 80 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 628-3255; James Hewson, 21 Hillsboro Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5R 1S6, (416) 921-8059; Eric Ismay, 580 McAllister St., #408, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 552-9638; Craig Johnston, 411 Orchard St., Cranford, NJ 07016, (201) 276-4503; Johnny Karwan, 1430 Waller St., San Francisco, CA 94117, (415) 552-3299; Todd Lovett, 616 Diamond St., San Francisco, CA 94114, (415) 647-5547; Richard Neas, 157 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-1878; David Redmond, 1094 Union St., San Francisco, CA 94133, (415) 776-8336; James Steinmeyer, 323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 752-1114. **Dealers** W. Graham Arader III, 29 East 72 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 628-3668; 560 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 788-5115; 620 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 337-6033; 1308 Walnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19107, (215) 735-8811; Branca, 112 West Illinois St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 822-0751; Florence de Dampierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 734-6764; Golden Calf, 5881 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15232, (412) 441-1188; Stephanie Hoppen, 305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 753-0175; 17 Walton St., London SW3 2HX, 1-589-3678; 9 Sultan St., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1L6, (416) 925-7459; Michael Parkin Fine Art Gallery, 11 Motcomb St., London SW1X 8LB, 1-235-8144; Philadelphia Print Shop, 8441 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19118, (215) 242-4750; Shepherd Gallery, 21 East 84 St., New York, NY 10028, (212) 861-4050; Stubbs Books & Prints, 835 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-3120; Ursus Books & Prints, 981 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-8787.

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Miss Jekyll's Garden

The private photo albums of the legendary horticulturist—rediscovered

Despite her rise in recent years to cult status as a horticulturist, Gertrude Jekyll's role as a designer of English gardens has long been underestimated. It has been commonly, but falsely, believed that it was the architect Edwin Lutyens, her partner, who actually landscaped the gardens of their many collaborative projects. And her own garden, Munstead Wood in West Surrey, the proof of her genius, deteriorated shortly after her death in 1932 and today has all but disappeared.

Now, a traveling exhibition of 101 newly printed photographs, taken between 1888 and 1914, from her extensively illustrated diary-notebooks—"Gertrude Jekyll: A Vision of Garden and Wood," February 16–May 5 at the PaineWebber gallery in New York City—and a book by the show's curators, Michael Van Valkenburg and Judith Tankard Sagapress/Abrams, $35), will quickly correct the misconception.

Jekyll's unmistakable style—influenced by the aesthetics of the Arts and Crafts movement, the color theories of the Impressionist painters, and the enframement techniques of the antique patchwork quilts she collected—is marked by an extensive palette of flowers ingeniously arranged within green herbaceous borders.

For Gertrude Jekyll, whom Lutyens affectionately dubbed Aunt Bumps, Mother of All Bulbs, the spiritual rewards of a garden were as much in the nurturing it demanded as in the enjoyment of it at the peak of its beauty and, as she once noted, "the nearest thing we can know to the mighty force of creation." **Ellen Williams**











The vanished world of Munstead Wood. Clockwise from top: Jekyll's gardener dressed as a monk beside a stand of Cardiocrinum giganteum; the Spring Garden, carefully graded from pale to deep colors; the house, designed by Edwin Lutyens in the early 1890s; steps from the Hidden Garden; borders of pale yellow and pink flowers leading to a gate of pleached laburnum trees.

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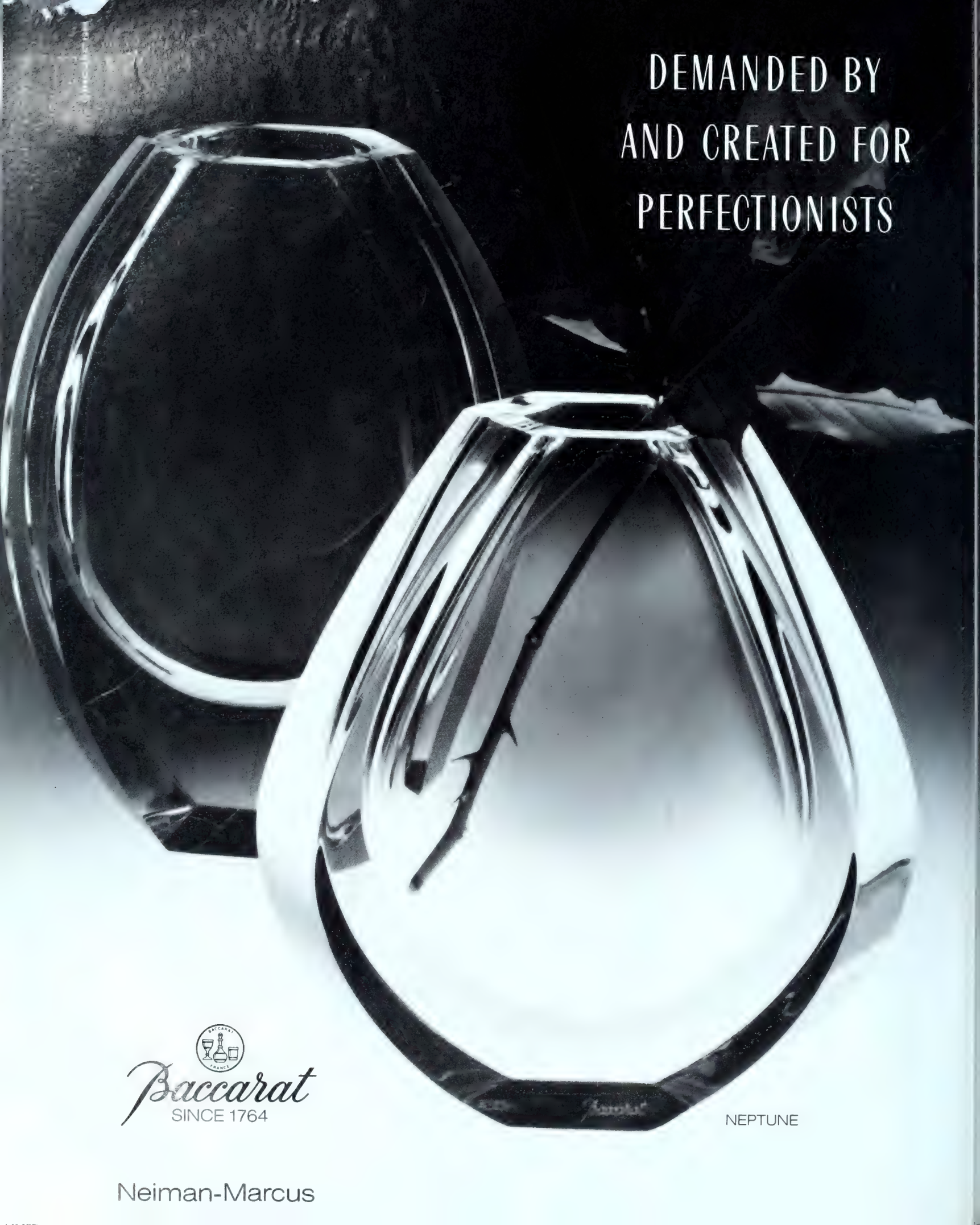
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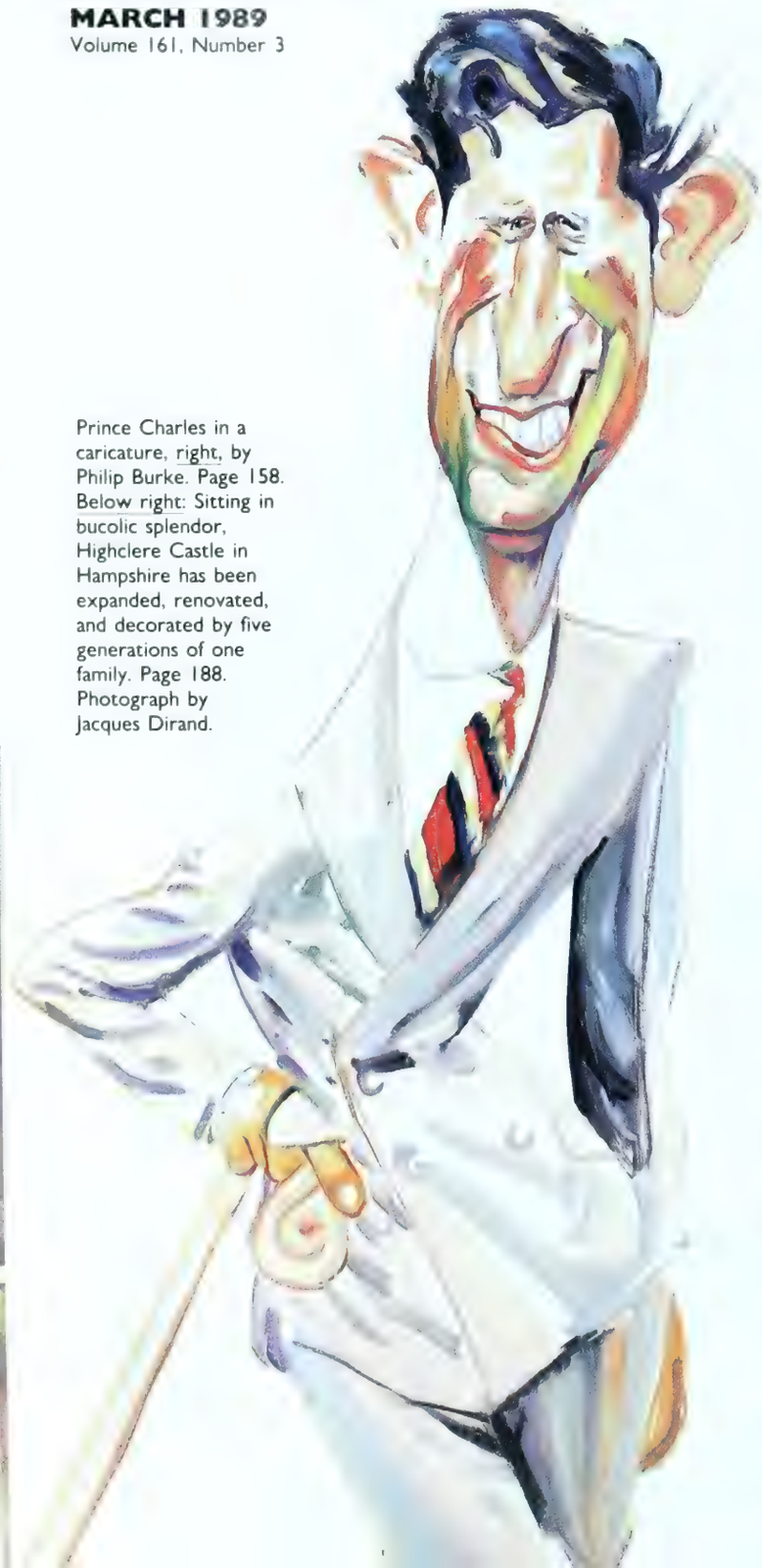
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Prince Charles in a caricature, right, by Philip Burke. Page 158. Below right: Sitting in bucolic splendor, Highclere Castle in Hampshire has been expanded, renovated, and decorated by five generations of one family. Page 188. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.



COVER English living at its best: decorator to the Duke and Duchess of York, Nina Campbell in her London shop. Page 108. Photograph by Snowdon.

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Terry: Keeper of the Faith "Modernism is satanic," architect Quinlan Terry believes. Martin Filler asks Prince Charles's favorite Classicist why **162**

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Prime Time Janet Street-Porter, head of youth programming for the BBC, is hard to miss. So is her new London house, according to Charles Gandee **182**

Ancestral Style Since the nineteenth century, Highclere Castle has been expanded by five generations of a family. Clive Aslet relates the history **188**




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Terre Haute *Glidden Furniture Inc*

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Boone *Redeker Furniture*
Cedar Rapids–*Kenwood House Interiors*
Coralville/Iowa City–*McGregors Furniture*
Newton–*Newton Furniture*

KANSAS
Hays–*Keller Furniture*
Olathe–*Yates Thomasville Gallery*
Wichita *Horton's Furniture*

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green–*Brite Furniture Galleries*
Lexington/Louisville–*Kinnaird and Francke*
Paducah–*Fleming Furniture*

LOUISIANA
New Orleans/Baton Rouge–*Kirschman's*

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston–*Rapid's Furniture*
Brockton–*Willis Furniture Co*
Burlington *Barbo's Fine Furniture*
Fall River–*Cabot House*
Methuen *Leone's Furniture Galleries*
West Springfield–*Valley Furniture*
Weymouth *Cabot House*
Worcester *Rotman's Furniture*

MARYLAND
Arbutus/Arnold/Towson–*Thomasville Galleries of Chesapeake*
Jarrettsville *Jarrettsville Furniture*
Rockville–*Better Homes Furniture*

MAINE
Portland *The Furniture Market*

MICHIGAN
Bloomfield Hills–*Bloomfield Hills Furniture*
Brighton–*E D Ewing Furniture*
Flint *Art Van Furniture*
Grand Rapids–*Klingman's Furniture*
Grosse Pointe Farms–*Scott Shuptrine*
Kalamazoo–*Vans Furniture-Crossroads*
Lansing *Estes Furniture*
Livonia–*Classic Interiors*
Mt Clemens–*Schwark's Thomasville Gallery*
Saginaw *Markey-Elliott Furniture*
Southgate–*McLaughlin's*
St Clair–*Schwark Furniture*
Troy–*Dobbs Furniture*
Utica *Schwark Furniture*
West Bloomfield–*Clayton's Furniture*
Whitehall *Bell's of Whitehall*
Ypsilanti/Ann Arbor–*Tyner's Furniture*

MINNESOTA
Fountain–*Drury's*
Lakeville–*Schneidermans Furniture*
Meadowlands–*Schneidermans Furniture*
Minneapolis–*Doherty's Home Furnishings*
Minnetonka *Schneidermans Furniture*
Osseo–*Suburbia Furniture & Carpet*
St Cloud *Randy's Furniture Gallery*
Willmar–*Lundquist Kine Furnishings*
Woodbury *Nelson Furniture Gallery*

MISSOURI
All Locations–*Milo H Walz Inc*
Both Locations–*DeBasio Furniture*
Joplin–*Bob's Furniture Gallery*
Kansas City–*Yates Furniture*
Poplar Bluff–*Joe Hefner Furniture*
Springfield *Mulhollan Furniture*
St Joseph–*The Colony House*
St Louis/All Locations–*Carafiols Furniture*
Vandalia *Waters Furniture*

NEBRASKA
Crete *Wanek's*

NEVADA
Las Vegas–*Breuners*
Reno–*Breuners*
Reno/Carson City–*Carson Furniture*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester–*C A Hoitt Company*
Meredith *Ippolito's Furniture Co*
Portsmouth–*Cabot House*

NEW JERSEY
All Locations–*Philmor Gallerys*
All 8 Stores–*Huffman Koos*
Trenton–*Olden House Furniture*
Vineland *Brody's Furniture*

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque–*American Home Furnishings*

NEW YORK
All Galleries–*Flanigan's Furniture*
All Stores–*Huffman Koos*
Brewster *Brewster Interiors*
Brooklyn *Better Home Galleries Ltd*
Brooklyn *Clinton House Furniture Inc*
Buffalo/Tonawanda–*Anthone Furniture Co Inc*
Farmingdale–*Thomasville Gallery*
Kingston–*Beesmer's Furniture*
Lakewood–*Lakewood Furniture*
Medford *Nanrich Furniture*
Mt Kisco–*Mt Kisco Furniture*
Syracuse–*Dunk & Bright Furniture*
Troy *Nelicks Fine Furniture*
Utica–*Grace Furniture*
Yonkers–*Thomasville Gallery*

NORTH CAROLINA
Hickory–*The Country Shop*
High Point–*Furnitureland South*
High Point–*Rose Furniture Company*
Jacksonville *Furniture Fair*
Lenoir *Quality Furniture Market*
Randleman–*Shaw Furniture Galleries*

OHIO
All Locations–*White s Fine Furnishings*
Akron *Best Marvin Wollins Furniture*
Aurora–*Aurora Furniture & Int*
Cincinnati *J Schloemer Furniture*
Cincinnati–*Globe Furniture Galleries*
Dayton–*Elder Beerman*
Toledo–*The Furniture Spectrum*
Westlake *Warner Interiors*

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City *Mathis Brothers*
Tulsa–*J Brophy & Sons*

OREGON
Beaverton–*Parker Furniture*
Bend *Interiors International*
Medford *Joseph Winans Furniture*

PENNSYLVANIA
Carlisle–*Andrews Furniture*
Gettysburg *Sixeas Furniture Galleries*
Hatfield/Frazer *David & David Galleries*
Leola *Bareville Furniture*
Levittown–*J B Rogers*
McMurray–*Potomac Furniture*
Philadelphia *Haverford Furniture*
Philadelphia *Kroungold's*
Pittsburgh *Quality Furniture*
Poconos-E Stroudsburg *Rosen's Furniture*
Reading *Gilberts Furniture*
Red Lion–*Zarfos Furniture*
Scranton–*Kaplan Furniture Co*
Southampton *Ken Greenwood*
Williamsport/Shamokin Dam–*Wahl-Braun Furniture*

RHODE ISLAND
East Providence *Liberty Furniture*
Johnston *Coletti's Furniture*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson–*Rogers Furniture Galleries*
Beaufort–*Stuckey Furniture Showrooms*
Charleston–*Thomasville Gallery of Charleston*
Fort Mill–*McKibben's Furniture Co*
Garden City–*Garden City Furniture*
Greenville *Old Colony Furniture*

TENNESSEE
Bristol–*Parkway Galleries*
Knoxville *Fowlers*
Leoma *Story & Lee*
Memphis–*Samuels Furniture*
Nashville–*Sprintz Furniture*

TEXAS
Abilene–*Andrews' Furniture Co*
Amarillo–*Texas Furniture*
Arlington–*Ware Thomasville Gallery*
Austin *Gage Furniture*
Cedar Hill *Stem s Furniture*
Corpus Christi *Braslau's Furniture*
Dallas/Ft Worth–*McConnell's Galleries*
El Paso–*Weberg Furniture*
Garland *Baker's Furniture*
Greenville *Reep's Furniture*
Houston/Bryan–*Star Furniture 5 Galleries*
Killeen–*Aladdin House Furniture*
Lake Jackson-Clute *Heritage House Fine Furniture*
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McAllen–*LFD Home Furnishings*
Midland-Odessa *Aladdin House Furniture*
Nederland *Fowler's Furniture & Design*
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San Antonio–*Dianne Flack Furniture & Design*
San Antonio–*Stowers Furniture Co*
Tyler *Murphy's Furniture Gallery*
Victoria *Stimson Furniture*
Waco–*DuBois Furniture*

UTAH
Murray *Masters Thomasville Gallery*

VERMONT
Williston *Kidder Newhouse Inc*

VIRGINIA
Falls Church *Better Homes Furniture*
Fredericksburg *Galleries by Gallahans*
Lynchburg *Grand Piano & Furniture*
Richmond/Va Beach–*Haynes Furniture*
Roanoke *Grand Interiors*
Winchester *Grand Piano & Furniture*

WASHINGTON
Bellevue/Lynnwood–*Greenbaum Home Furnishings*
Everett *Erickson Furniture*
Kent *Van's Furniture*
Richland *Ennis Fine Furniture*
Seattle *Olsen Furniture*
Spokane–*Spears Furniture*
Tacoma *Schoenfeld Furniture*
Tacoma–*Seldens Furniture*

WEST VIRGINIA
Cedar Grove *Cedar Grove Furniture*
Clarksburg *Mike DiMaria's*
Weirton *Simons Thomasville Gallery*

WISCONSIN
Green Bay/Oshkosh *Snider & Daanen Furniture*
Milwaukee *Colders Furniture*
Milwaukee *Kunzelmann Esser*

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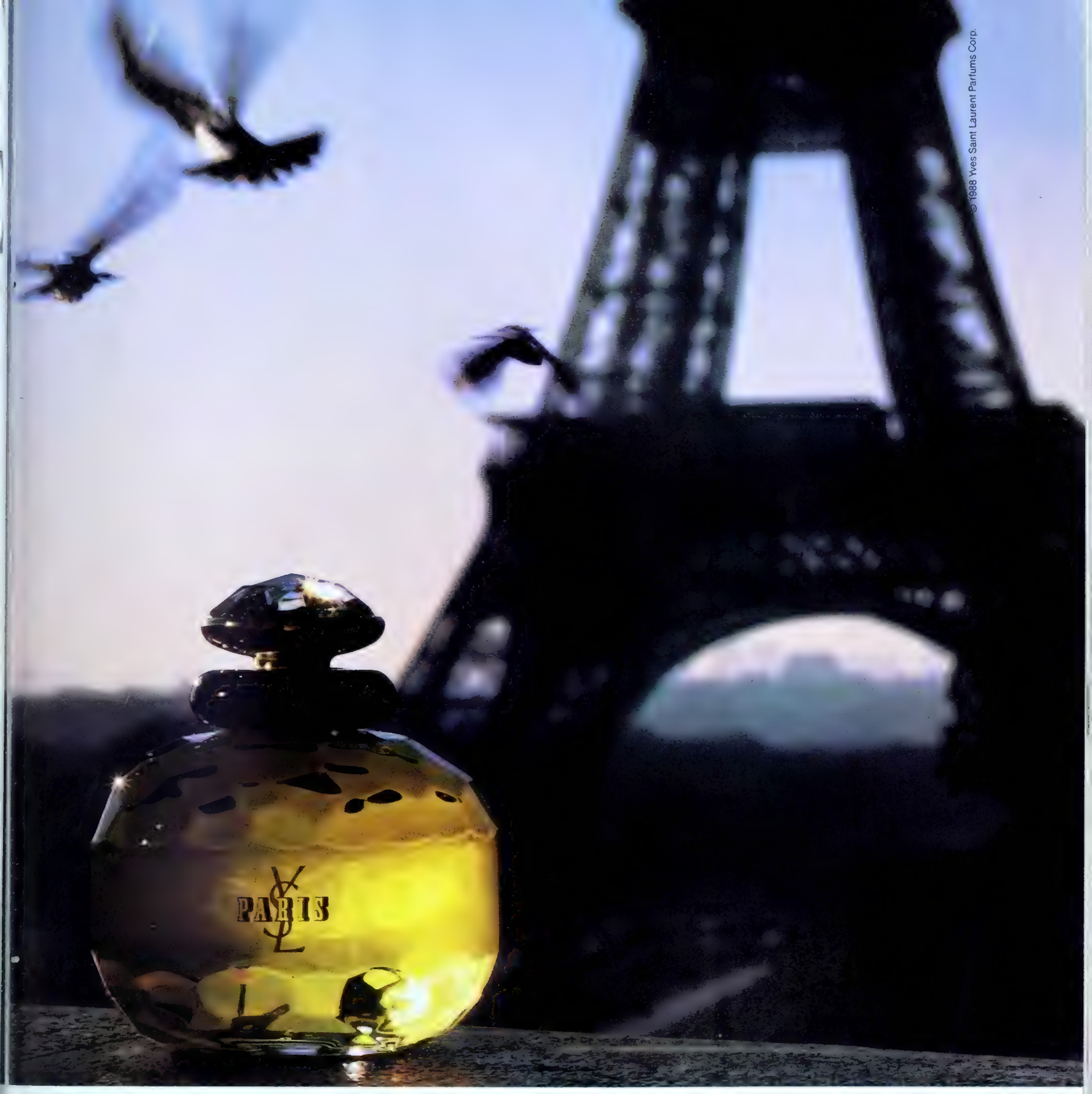
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Emma Marrian, one of HG's contributing editors based in London, keeps her eye out for "things you can't see in America" and brings many of her findings to this all-English issue. Her criteria? "I like a house to look lived in, and, above all, the owner's personality, not the decorator's, should be the dominant factor."



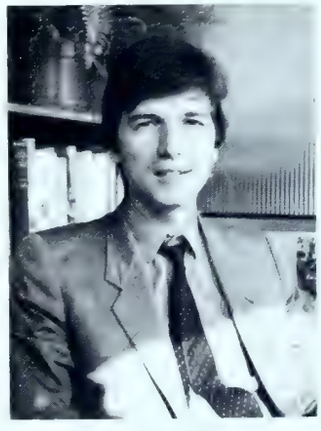
IANTHE RUTHVEN

Malise Ruthven finds David Mlinaric "unquestionably the best British decorator around. He pays as much attention to the fabric of a building as to the color scheme." Ruthven's forthcoming book *The Divine Supermarket* (Arbor House/William Morrow) investigates religious cultures in America.



JOE WRINN

Michael Van Valkenburgh and **Carol Doyle Van Valkenburgh** wrote this month's story on Hestercombe, the Edwardian garden masterpiece of Gertrude Jekyll and Edwin Lutyens in Somerset. He is the principal in his own landscape architecture firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is a writer and filmmaker and recently produced the PBS documentary *Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*.



Clive Aslet compares the unveiling of Highclere to the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb—"a romantic discovery and a stunning example of a 19th-century nobleman's house." As deputy editor of *Country Life*, he writes on English country houses and now turns his pen to those in America in a book to be published next year by Yale University Press. On the bookshelves is his *Quinlan Terry: The Revival of Architecture* (Viking).



JOHN CATRAMBONE

Mick Hales grew up in an "odd assortment of landscapes: the arid suburbs of Karachi, Pakistan, the juju jungles of Enugu, Nigeria, and the green Puritan hills of Devon, England. Photography became my escape from the strict life of an English boarding school." This month Hales escapes to the exquisite gardens of Hestercombe. His books include *Antique Flowers* (Villard) and *In the Neoclassic Style* (Thames & Hudson).

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FOCUS

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy



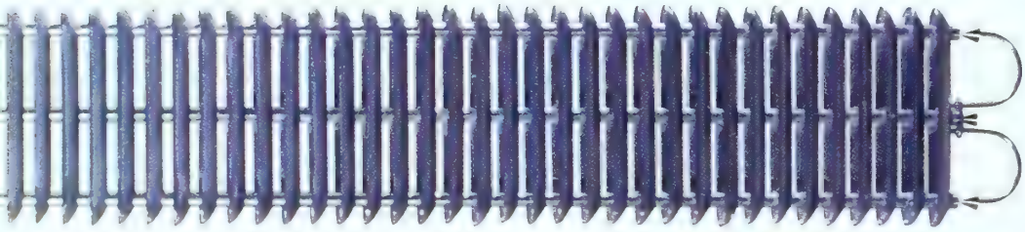
EARTHEN PLEASURES

Emma Bridgewater's work (*left*) revives the feeling inspired by those treasured English earthenwares. Hand-printed pieces seem covered in chintz; stippled ones are fresher than ever. At Macy's, NYC; Garfinckel's, Washington D.C.



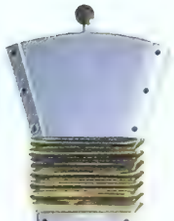
VICTORIANS IN FOCUS

"The Formative Decades: Photography in Great Britain, 1839–1920," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art through March 19, reveals as much about the nature of middle-class British taste as it does about the visions of artists experimenting with the new medium. The insightful travel photographer Francis Frith always kept his prospective buyers in mind when shooting. And the popularity of Oscar Gustave Rejlander's nudes (*above*) lays bare the true interests of stuffy Victorians.

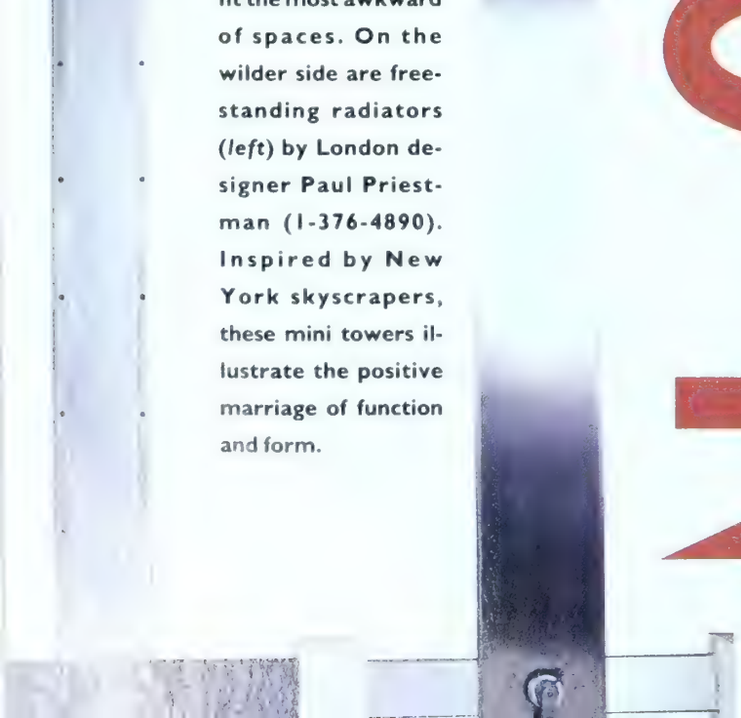


Hot and Cool

If you consider radiators mundane and unwieldy, look again. Sleek new designs by Bisque (*above*), available (London 1-328-2225) in a variety of colors, shapes, and sizes, can be spec'd to fit the most awkward of spaces. On the wilder side are free-standing radiators (*left*) by London designer Paul Priestman (1-376-4890). Inspired by New York skyscrapers, these mini towers illustrate the positive marriage of function and form.

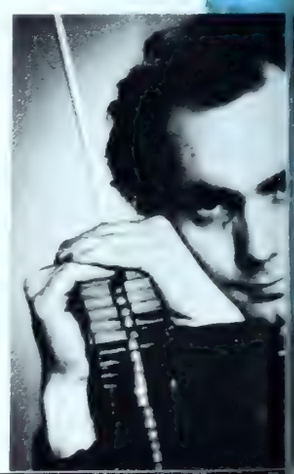






SHATTERING TALENT

Illinois-born artist Danny Lane, in his London workshop (1-254-9096), breaks, scratches, and sandblasts sheets of glass and then refashions the pieces into startlingly original furniture. "I live by my emotions and make decisions accordingly. Poverty and deadlines have produced my best work." Lane's output is not so much functional as fantastical and mythical. Solomon Chair (*right*), with its wobbling twin towers of circular glass skewered by metal rods, succeeds as a seat and as a sculpture (£4,000). The uneven edges and undulating elements used in his furniture crackle with exploded energy and grace.







KEW UP

London's gem of Victorian high-tech design, the Palm House in Kew Gardens (left), *has recently been spiffed up for the 21st century. A three-year overhaul completed last fall included the installation of 16,000 new panes of glass and the replacement of ten miles of corroded wrought-iron glazing bars with ones of stainless steel. At present, botanists are busy restocking tropical trees. Visitors can expect a full-blooming jungle by the summer of 1990.*



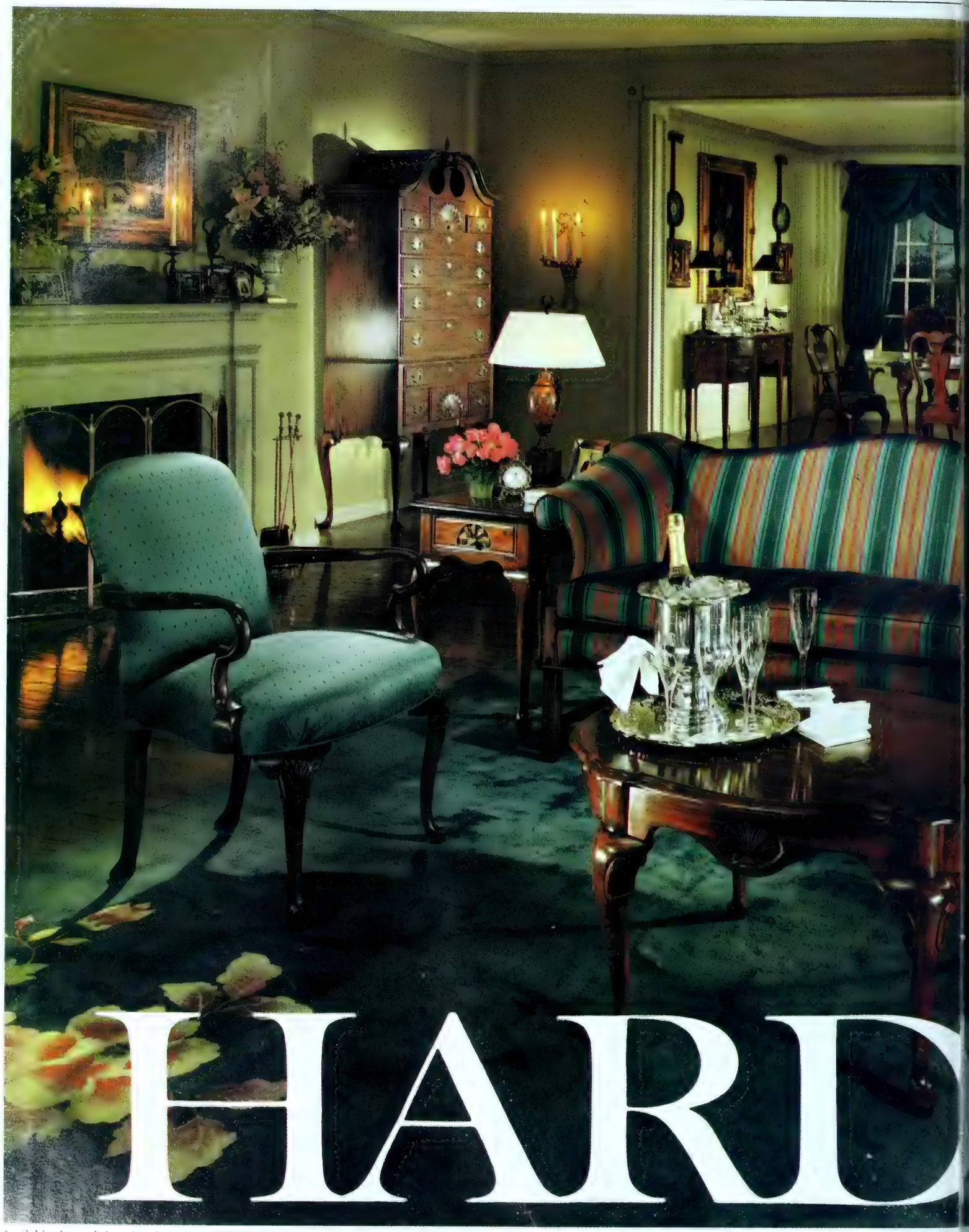
HAPPY FEET

Paul Wearing's one-of-a-kind carpets (*right*) defy their two-dimensional limitations with a textured richness that induces even the most inhibited individual to discard his shoes in favor of walking barefoot through the fibers. What else keeps this talented textile designer busy? Everything from animation projects to building façades. Rugs to order at Paul Wearing, The Bureaux, 65 Farringdon Road, London EC1.



Great Scott

Neo-Gothic is back. Witness the plans to restore the once-glorious St. Pancras Chambers (*left*), designed by Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1873, to its Victorian splendor when it was home to the Grand Midland Hotel. In the works are a 127-bedroom hotel, private-serviced flats, a street-level specialty shopping center, and even an American-style fitness club.



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FORGING FORWARD

Playful shapes, from smiling dolphins to spooky spiderwebs, lend new support to shelves. Wrought-iron brackets (*below*) were designed by the blacksmith-artist team of Richard and Patricia List, who sought to "get away from the boring double-scroll motif." Price: £18–£40. To order, call Godington Forge in Bicester, Oxfordshire, at 86-97423.



CHELSEA CHOICE

John Stefanidis's new shop on Fulham Road (1-352-3537), stocked with his fabrics, wallpapers, furniture, and accessories (*right*), is the showcase of a designer with an eclectic eye. A window display of Italian silks and rolls of wallpaper has the deceptively natural stamp of Stefanidis (*above*). Old blends with new, simplicity with luxury, and everything is extraordinary.



NOTES

SHADY LADY

When painter and printmaker Helen Napper was asked by a friend if she could do something to spruce up an antique lamp, Napper's solution was to do what came naturally—paint the shade. So successful was the outcome (right) *that she's had a steady stream of commissions ever since. Sold in pairs exclusively through the Sue Rankin Gallery on London's Fulham Road (1-736-4120), these colorful light fixtures are priced £300–£800.*



International Stylist

In buildings such as Lever House and the National Commercial Bank in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia (*left*), Gordon Bunshaft set the standard for postwar corporate architecture, reports Carol Krinsky in her new book on the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill partner (Architectural History Foundation, $50).

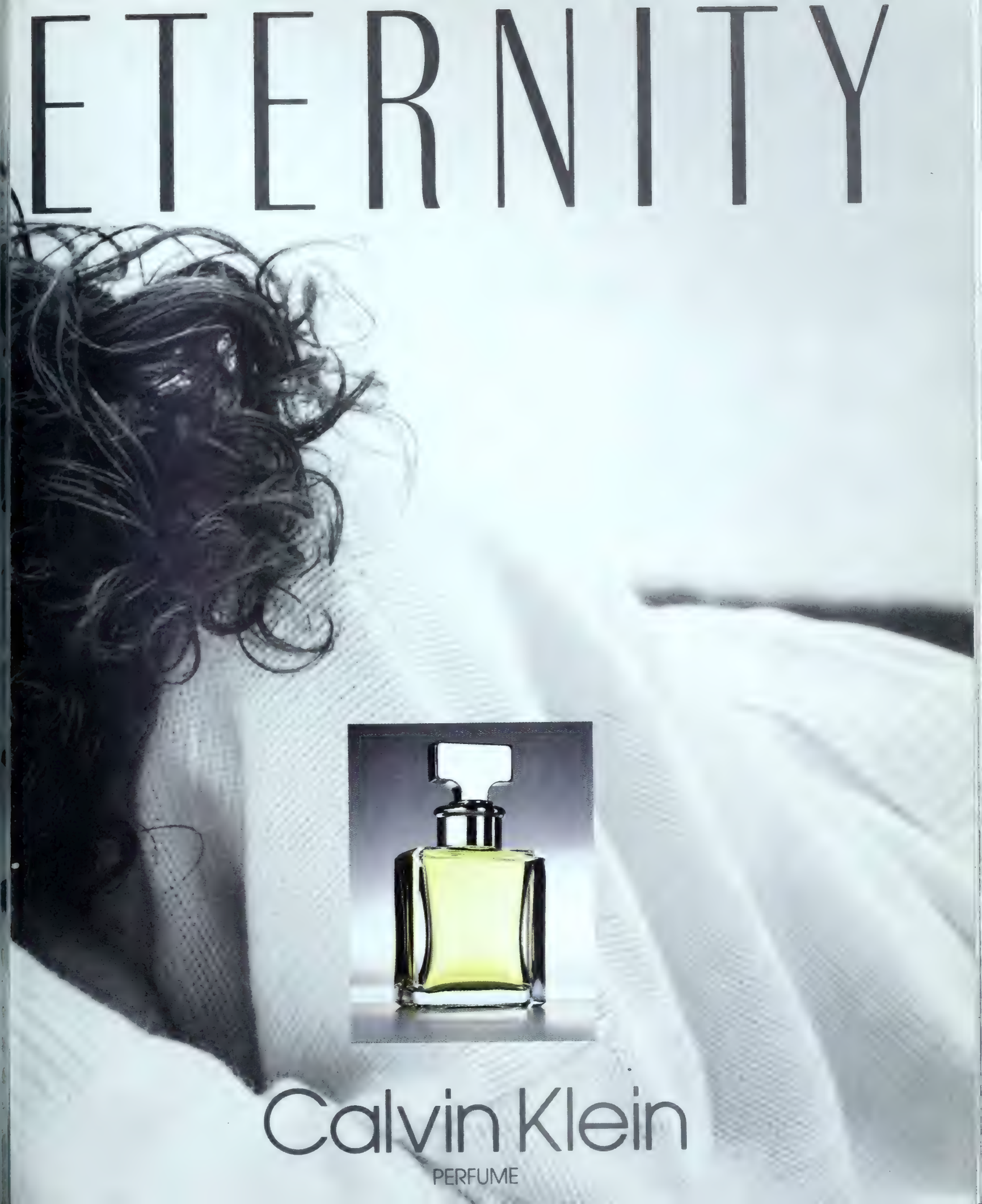
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: JOHNNY PILKINGTON (2); WOLFGANG HOYT; THIBAULT JEANSON (2)



Photography: Arthur Elgort Art Direction: Marc Balet



ETERNITY



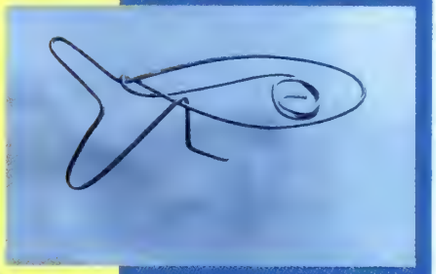
Calvin Klein

PERFUME



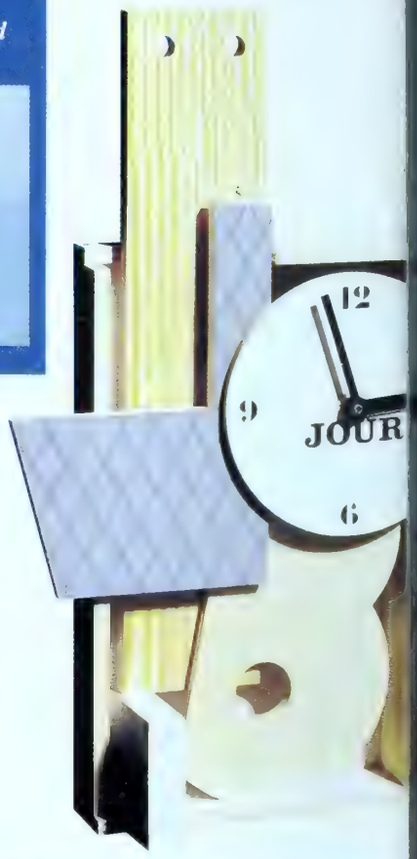
INSPIRATIONS
Neville Brody
Graphic Designer

"A group of designers and I were tossing around ideas for the interior of a London shop called New. I started bending a length of steel wire, others added their own twists, and we ended up with a fish that inspired our scheme. What I like is that it grew organically. This simple impractical thing integrates graphic art, sculpture, and interior design. It's a symbol of freedom and anti-specialization."



OUT OF TIME

Time waxes surreal in the hands of London designers Daniel Weil and Gerard Taylor (1-247-5628). The Jour clock (*below*) is part of their Living Room collection introduced at the 1988 Milan furniture fair. A more recent project is the shop they designed for French Connection.



NOTES

Magical Masterpiece Tour

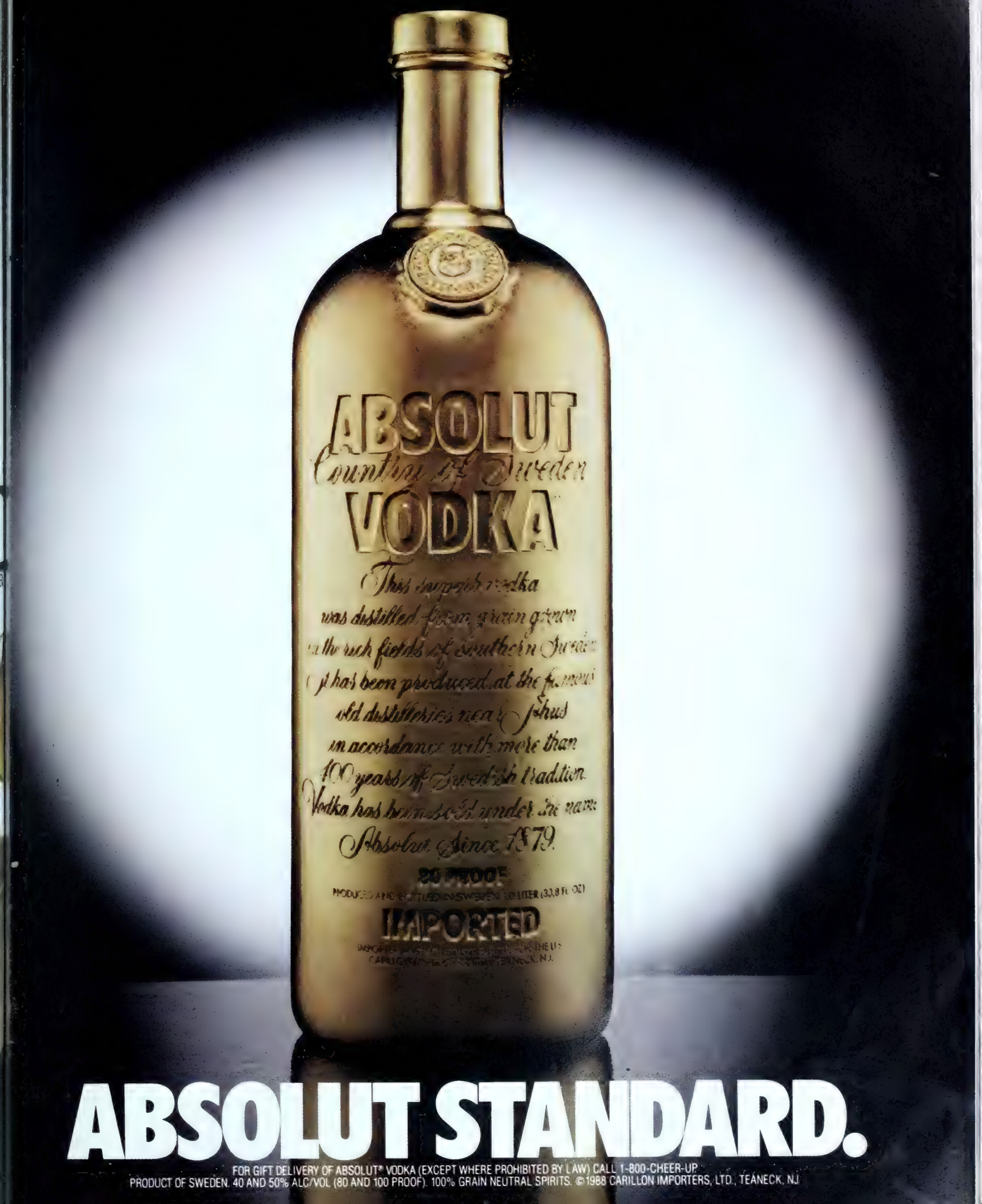
Many consider it the best small museum in Europe, and yet few Americans make the trip to Cambridge to see it. This month the mountain comes to Mohammed when "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum," including an enchanting Elizabethan miniature (*below*), begins a nationwide tour at the National Gallery in Washington.



COASTAL SURVEY

With a permanent collection of 17th- and 18th-century English and Irish furniture, paintings, and objets d'art, the Decorative Arts Study Center under director Gep Durenberger debuts in San Juan Capistrano. The inaugural show, through May 6, is "California Style: Collectors and Collections." Previews included a dining room with Frank Gehry's cardboard table and chairs (*below*).





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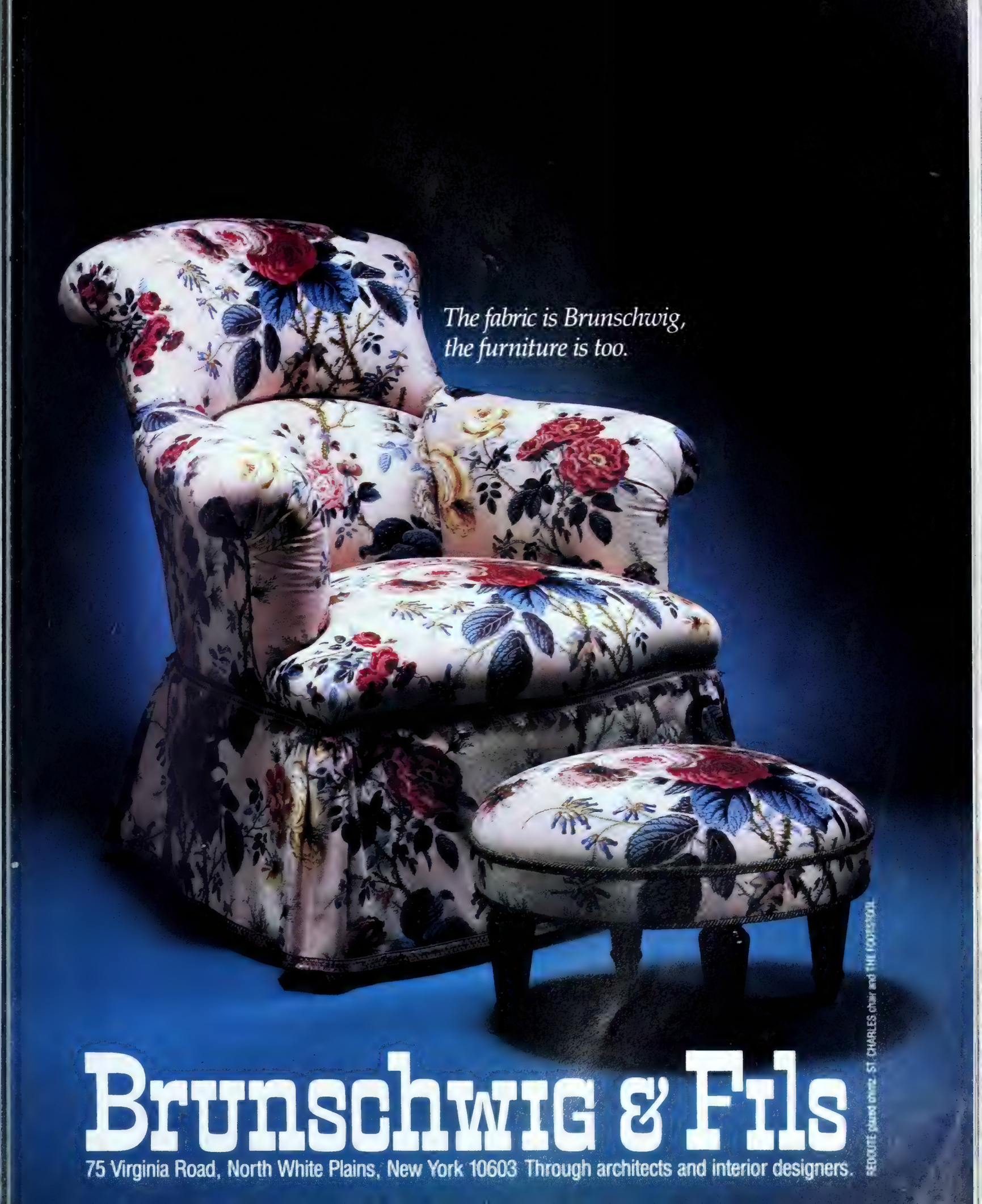


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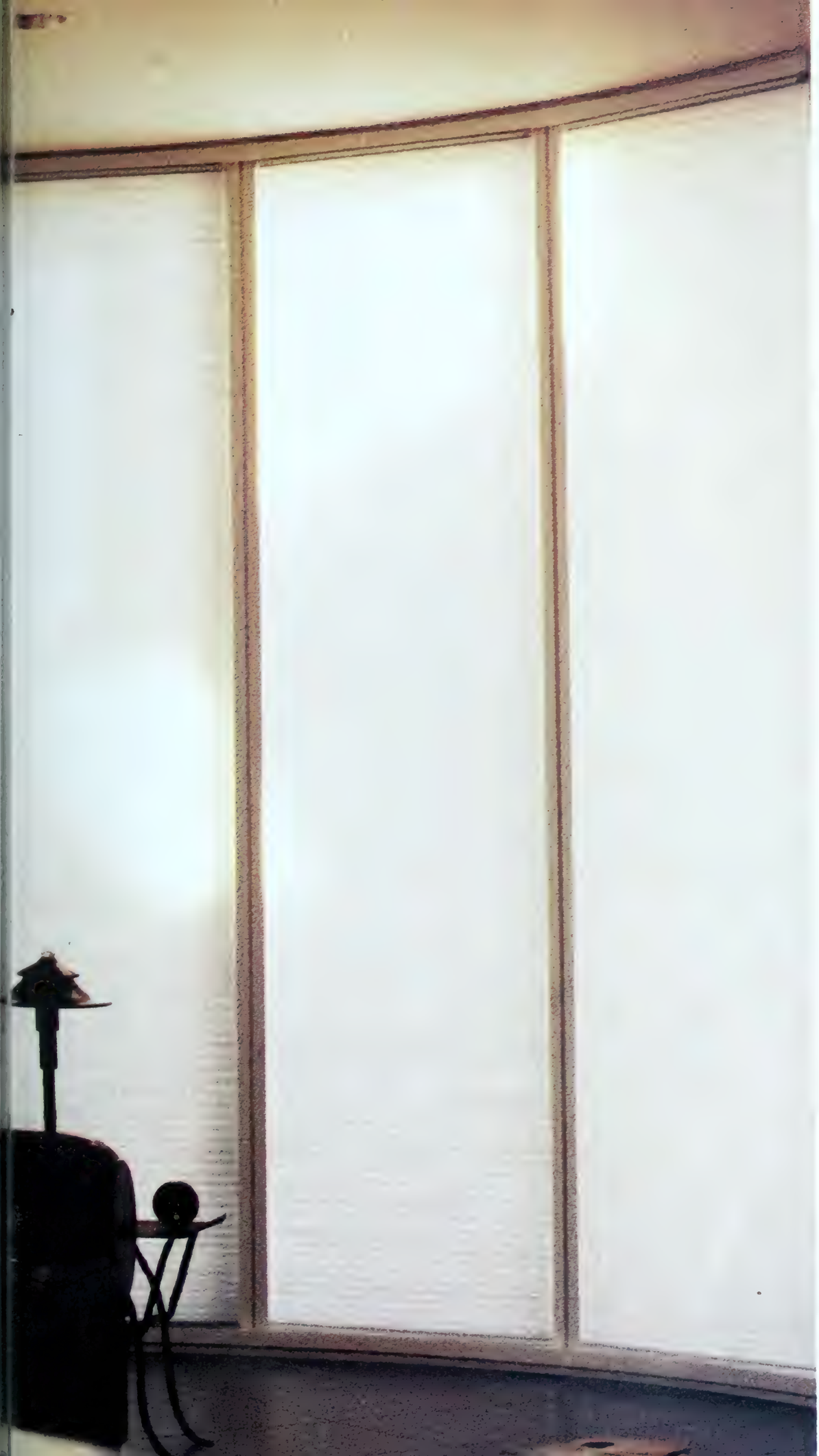
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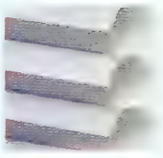
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PEOPLE

The Decorative Dandy

Design historian Stephen Calloway makes an art of English eccentricity

By RHODA KOENIG





Stephen Calloway, left, at work on his architectural drawings. Above: Calloway's Empire bed with Lyons silk hangings woven as curtains for Windsor Castle in 1855.

Stephen Calloway spends much of his time thinking about British taste, but he doesn't think much of it. "Most British taste is terribly reticent. We like polite antiques, a lot of uninteresting mid eighteenth century mahogany—English brown—that's a little too small for the room." Calloway recalls that, after the war, "everything was porridge. Now 95 percent of homes must be magnolia"—the modern euphemism of the garden-obsessed English for off-white. The garden, he adds, often displays greater taste than the English house; frequently the only household objects the owner cares about are the green Wellington boots moldering in the hallway. Too many houses are decorated in what the English themselves call "ghastly good taste"—matching three-piece suites in peach or powder blue imprisoning an undernourished coffee table.

There is, however, a powerful, if minority, tradition running parallel with the anemic one of good taste. That is the theatrical or eccentric style, one that Calloway—author of the recently published and highly praised *Twentieth-Century Decoration* (Rizzoli) and a curator of paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum—and his wife, Oriel Harwood, a ceramicist, exemplify to the hilt. Their Georgian home in the Walworth district of London is named Otranto House, preparing the visitor for the highly Gothic ambience within. The dining room's dark gray taffeta walls are hung with mezzotints in dark elaborate frames. Its fireplace, a writhing baroque fantasy created by Oriel, is topped by masks and pictures recalling the danger and splendor of Venice—long a retreat for the bohemian English. In the sitting area two seventeenth-century curio cabinets are flanked by a pair of grotesque high-back chairs. The library is in a rudimentary stage, but it is being fitted out with proper Gothic bookcases. The Calloways' pet, a black Shih Tzu named Wee Pu, seems too fluffy and affectionate to be in period, but, Oriel insists, "this little dog is in *excellent* taste."

Eccentric taste is most simply defined by Calloway as "people living with things you wouldn't want to live with." It has an element of obsession, of fierce whimsy. "I think whimsy has to be fought for. Horace Walpole had a word for it—he called it fribbling, the art of taking serious things lightly and light things seriously."

Edward James and the Sitwells are twentieth-century heroes of the eccentric to Calloway, as was the owner of the extraordinary

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Snowshill Manor in Gloucestershire in which one room alone contained a hundred or so antique wheeled vehicles. Though Oriel says that she thinks people so fixated on objects probably can't cope with other people, she also thinks the eccentric tradition can embrace revelers as well as scholarly recluses. "The cartoonist Osbert Lancaster," recalls Calloway, "said that all the bright young things of his time saw the decoration of every room as a setting for a party." And the dilettante writer William Beckford was a great Gothic host: "While he was building Fonthill Abbey at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he held a party when the house was far from complete. In the unadorned octagon hall he set out his treasures. Lights were placed in the trees, and guests were welcomed indoors by hooded figures carrying torches."

Calloway feels that openhanded expenditure certainly helps in the exercise of good taste, but it isn't a necessity and can often be a hindrance. "People who are not rich have to be inventive." He believes they should make their own taste manifest by commissioning furniture rather than simply shopping for it, an increasingly popular alternative during the present renaissance in British design. Although he has never bought a piece of new furniture in his life, he advocates that one should "mix the best of the old and the best of the new. You can't fossilize the past, but you can play with it. The past is a dressing-up box." Also, interesting colors cost no more than dull ones. "I love lilac, green, and yellow—that combination makes a lot of people reach for the sick bag, but it is based on a complex color harmony." The Calloways agree to disagree on what is tasteful in colors. "Stephen doesn't think orange is in good taste," Oriel says, a little sadly, looking at an exuberant cornucopia she made before they met. "I've decided to think of it as gold," he says generously.

Even though Calloway doesn't have a high opinion of English taste at this moment, he believes that it's always in flux. "Taste was really good in the 1890s. From 1910 to 1919 it was very bad." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he says, the man of the house was pleased to oversee the decoration of his home and to purchase artistic objects for it, but in the mid nineteenth century a certain ruggedness set in. "Today there's a huge contingent of English men frightened to admit anything is beautiful. They might admit a car can be well styled." The excessively feminine, or sentimental, approach to beauty has its dangers, too, Stephen Calloway feels: the attitude, "What do you mean it's ugly?—it belonged to Great-Aunt Matilda."

One force for good has been magazines: "They have raised the consciousness of what decoration can be—an art form, an expressive form." Sir Terence Conran also helped by "making available a good range of consumer goods at affordable prices on the theory that good design costs no more than bad. But as his regular customers become more affluent, he is running into an uneasy compromise between the simple things he started with and grander things with period pretensions."

Both Oriel and Stephen are vehement that visual literacy should be taught in the schools. They can think of no better beginner's text than William Morris's famous dictum, "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." "It should be chanted every morning," says Stephen. "It should be hung over people's doors. You could do it in poker work." "Perhaps," says Oriel hopefully, "it could be branded on them." ♠





Flea market finds, above; neo-Baroque ceramic mantel, right, by Calloway's wife, Oriel; and Victorian bust in tricorne hat, top.

"I think whimsy has to be fought for."

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NOTES

DESIGN

Coakley's Clan

An Englishman promotes home design talent



The advantages of prescience in the furniture business, which has become much more fashion-conscious of late, should not be underestimated. Nor should Sheridan Coakley, because he has it. Last fall at the Salone del Mobile in Milan, a major clot in the flow of furniture groupies formed at booth D17. At the hub of the crowd were Nigel Coates, Matthew Hilton, and Jasper Morrison—architect and designers, respectively—and their wares. Backing up the rising stars was Coakley, who should have received at least a small percentage of the massive attention for his accomplishments as talent scout. Although he more or less fell into the business, his eye for spotting the best in design has been dead-on, starting with his recognition a decade ago of the classic chrome furniture made by Britain's own Pel company in the 1930s: "I had a shop in the Portobello Road market dealing in original twentieth-century furniture, specializing in the Modernist period. As it became harder to find pieces in good condition, it occurred to me to investigate reproducing Pel furniture. Eight years ago I took the idea to Pel's chairman, who thought I was a bit of a nut case. I went ahead anyway. So did Pel, six years later."

Coakley's winning ways with reproductions—in addition to his Pel line, he is the UK distributor for the Alivar reeditions of classics by Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Mackintosh, and others—forecast his success with contemporary furniture. In 1985 his eye struck again: his shop, SCP Limited, was the first in England to exhibit the designs of Philippe Starck. "Carrying Starck was a watershed for SCP. I stopped trading in collectibles and by late 1985 was working with Jasper and Matthew on new designs that were launched at the Salone in autumn 1986."

Coakley's triumvirate shares no common look—"Jasper is traditional with a minimalist approach, Matthew's work is organic, and Nigel's has been described as neo-Baroque." But their aim is allied with the man who brought them together—to move beyond one-off pieces, to produce furniture with a "commitment to both classic quality and the best of current design." The man with the eye has a way with words, too. "These three are not 1987 or '88 designers; they are true good designers. There is a longevity to their style."

Heather Smith MacIsaac



Nigel Coates



Jasper Morrison



Matthew Hilton

SCP's three contemporary furniture designers produce work—neither one-off nor mass-produced—that demonstrates a taste shared with Coakley, above left, for an eclectic yet cohesive modern style.








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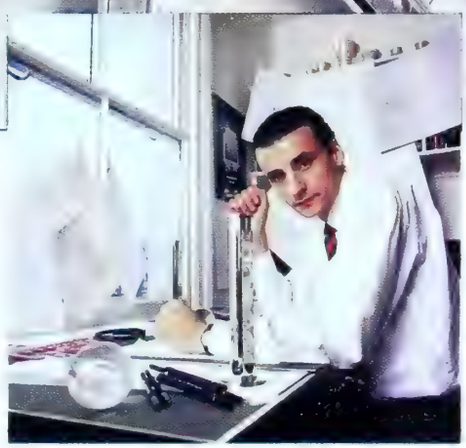
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NOTES





DESIGN

Bijoux à la Table

London artist Paul Belvoir makes the most of silver's malleability

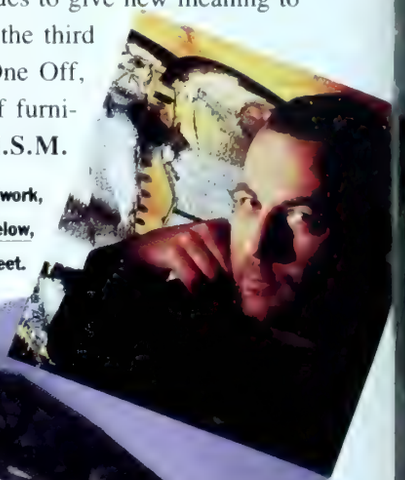
If the dinner conversation gets dull, one could always play with the silverware," says 25-year-old Paul Belvoir (*top*) about the cutlery he designs. He combines silver—unexpectedly—with quartz marbles, and even the most well-mannered diner might be tempted to give the spoon a roll. His candlesticks, flatware, serving dishes, trays, even desk clocks are entirely handmade, unmistakably modern—and have already been included in twentieth-century auctions at Sotheby's and Christie's. It was said of Jean Puiforcat that he "specialized in costly simplicity." The same words describe the new Belvoir collection. **Christina Hopkins**



Revolution at Retail

Katharine Hamnett and Nigel Coates, enfants more visibles than terribles of fashion and design, have broken the increasingly haute tone of Sloane Street with a new shop for her by him. With fish tanks and padded curtains, Coates has perhaps out-Beatoned Cecil himself. Over in Covent Garden, Ron Arad continues to give new meaning to the cutting edge with the third edition of his shop, One Off, and his latest range of furniture, Volumes. **H.S.M.**

Ron Arad, the Merlin of metalwork, right, and his new shop, One Off, below, hidden away on Shelton Street.





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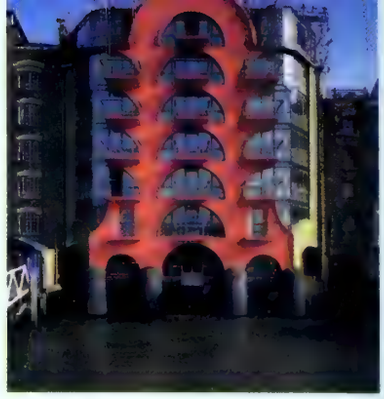
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The Worst of Thames

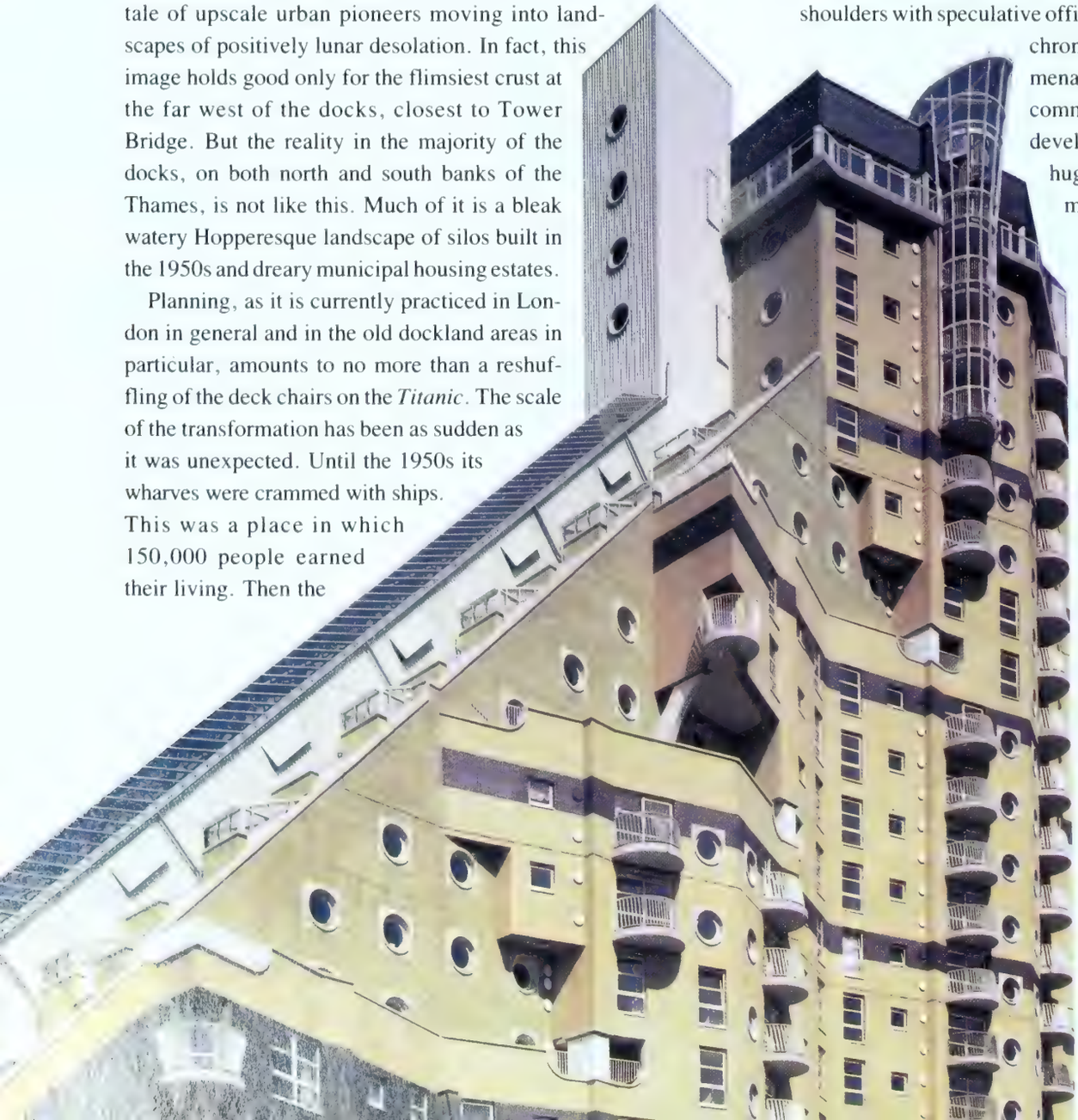
Life in London's trendy Docklands is far from an urban utopia, reports DEYAN SUDJIC

The idea the outside world has of London's docks is of Victorian brick warehouses built around water basins surrounded by high and handsome walls. The news media chronicle the way the East End warehouses have been turned into lofts, with the usual tale of upscale urban pioneers moving into landscapes of positively lunar desolation. In fact, this image holds good only for the flimsiest crust at the far west of the docks, closest to Tower Bridge. But the reality in the majority of the docks, on both north and south banks of the Thames, is not like this. Much of it is a bleak watery Hopperesque landscape of silos built in the 1950s and dreary municipal housing estates.

Planning, as it is currently practiced in London in general and in the old dockland areas in particular, amounts to no more than a reshuffling of the deck chairs on the *Titanic*. The scale of the transformation has been as sudden as it was unexpected. Until the 1950s its wharves were crammed with ships. This was a place in which 150,000 people earned their living. Then the vast new container ships hit the port of London with the impact of a neutron bomb. Instantly the old enclosed docks were obsolete. The situation looked hopeless; the economic underpinning of the whole East End seemed to have been kicked away.



The London Docklands Development Corporation was established under the Thatcher government; its efforts at fashioning a free-market London coincided with the economic upturn of the 1980s. Together they produced the biggest building site in Europe. The LDDC was prepared to pay virtually any price to entice people onto its rotting acres. It asked nothing of the developers but that they come. And to pull them into the core of the area, it offered all kinds of inducements and bribes: a ten-year tax holiday to anybody who set up a business, virtually no planning controls, no urban design regulation. It is in this featureless environment that the low horizons of the LDDC have spawned an architectural zoo in which crinkly tin boxes housing industrial space rub shoulders with speculative office buildings and in which greed and a chronic failure of nerve have produced a menagerie, not a new city. The manifest commercial success of the Docklands as a development focus has in turn triggered a huge increase in land values. This has made the first generation of development redundant less than five years after it was built. Two new buildings are being torn down to make way for denser developments like Olympia & York's new Canary Wharf with Cesar Pelli's 800-foot colossus rearing up out of nowhere. The tawdry Docklands Light Railway, built in a hurry and at bargain-basement rates to ferry commuters, is already hopelessly inadequate, and monstrous traffic jams are developing on the grossly overstretched roads. But it is too late for the LDDC to impose a more enlightened view of urban development. As a lost opportunity, the new Docklands rates as one of London's saddest episodes. ♠



Condemned by Prince Charles in his recent TV show is the Cascades, left, by Campbell Zogolovitch Wilkinson & Gough. Top: Also by that firm is Docklands' China Wharf.


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NOTES

ART

Estate of the Art

Jonathan Warrender's bird's-eye views of England's green and pleasant land

By MARK GIROUARD



In 1500 the Venetian painter Jacopo de' Barbari donned a pair of imaginary wings, soared into the air, and produced an enormous panorama of the city of Venice, as it could be assumed to look to an intelligent eagle hovering over the city. Barbari's panorama was an important early example of a new way of depicting landscape. It caught the imagination of contemporaries and ultimately led to the modern map and plan. England had nothing to compare with this until the seventeenth century when a group of Dutch and Flemish painters, who had learned the technique at home, moved to England. Between 1680 and 1740 bird's-eye views of British and Irish country houses were produced in large numbers, both in the form of engravings or book illustrations and as oil paintings.

In recent years occasional bird's-eye views of country houses have been painted, but Jonathan Warrender is the first artist to have made them a specialty. He started painting them about twelve years ago, after a dispiriting four years at a London art school where he felt little sympathy with current fashions for abstract or kinetic art. His first commissions were in Scotland to which his family had moved and where he still lives. They had a touch of naiveté about them, like that of a Sunday painter, allied with a warmth and directness that gives them great charm. His later paintings are cooler and smoother, painted with great assurance and remarkable skill in choosing a viewpoint or deciding where to cut the picture boundary.

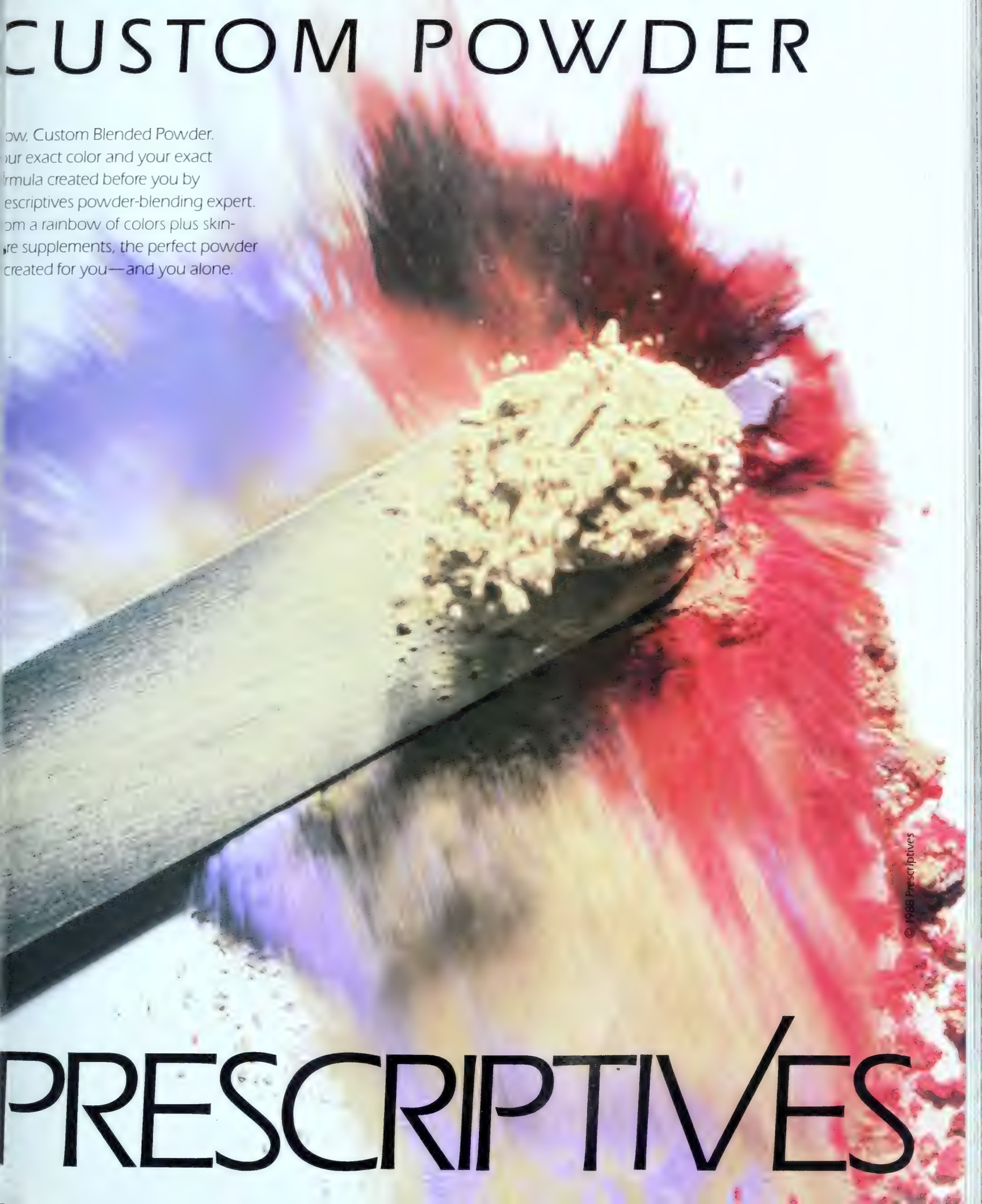
He works from sketches made on the ground and has no pretensions or desire to produce a photographically accurate depiction of what would be visible from a given aerial viewpoint. Since most English country-house owners look back to the eighteenth century as a golden age, this approach is clearly popular with his patrons. But it gives the pictures a certain coldness, accentuated by the fact that most are painted from a distant viewpoint. Warrender is aware of this and would like to bring a greater sense of drama into future pictures. He has been fascinated, for instance, by the contrast in many country houses between weekday somnolence and weekend activity, when the house and its surroundings break into frenetic life as the guests arrive. He would like to portray this in a picture or pictures. This kind of approach suggests something very different from the elegiac emptiness of his more recent works. It will be interesting to watch how this gifted and attractive artist develops. ♠

Ditchley Park, Oxfordshire, detail, left, and Thenford House, Northamptonshire, below, by Jonathan Warrender, 1986.



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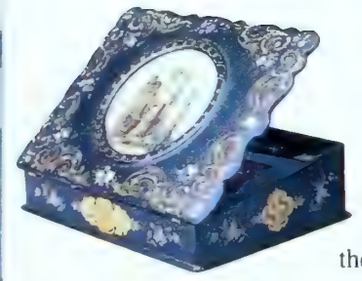
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ANTIQUES

Paper Chase

Using papier-mâché, paint, and varnish, the Victorians made some remarkable things

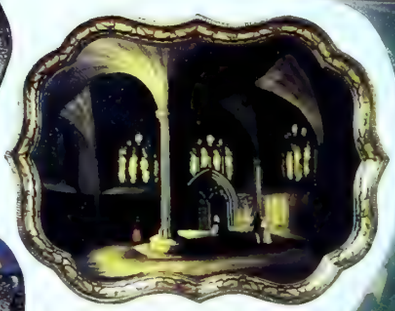
By MARGOT GURALNICK



It's little wonder that the English were among the first in the sixties to make paper dresses. After all, the notion of transforming pulp products into unexpected objects was nothing new to them. Queen Victoria may never have dreamed of donning a disposable gown, but she did have the option of sleeping, sitting, and taking tea on furniture composed entirely of papier-mâché.

The art of mashing and molding paper has been practiced in the Orient since ancient times when warriors faced each other on the battlefield wearing papier-mâché helmets, lacquered and polished to a high sheen. But it was the late eighteenth century English who developed the most remarkable papier-mâché—or paper ware as they called it—so strong it could be sawed, dovetailed, and treated in every other way just like wood. Better than wood, it didn't crack when varnished and heated and so was perfect for japanning, the English imitation of Japanese and Chinese lacquering. First developed in the Birmingham workshop of craftsman Henry Clay, who died paper rich in 1812, the process for making this improved papier-mâché involved painstakingly layering intact sheets of paper. Such was the public's enthusiasm for this malleable material that it was put to use







English 19th-century papier-mâché. Clockwise from top right: Tray from Vernay & Jussel; slipper chair from Kentshire Galleries; Gothic Revival tray from Stair & Co.; vase by Jennens & Bettridge from Kentshire Galleries; chinoiserie mirror, c. 1760, from Stair & Co.; mother-of-pearl decorated lap desk from Burke's.

MONICA STEVENSON


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ANTIQUES

as rail carriages, ceiling ornaments (including those in the House of Lords), piano cases, and doors. In 1852 an Australian developer even commissioned an entire village of prefabricated papier-mâché cottages.

More typical, however, are the tea trays, gaming tables, face fans (that kept makeup from melting in the heat of the hearth), and sewing stands mass-produced by dozens of European firms, but most skillfully by Jennens & Bettridge of Birmingham. Coated in

Queen Victoria had the option of sleeping, sitting, and taking tea on papier-mâché

black varnish, edged in gold, and painted with a whimsical mélange of mandarins, ho-ho birds, and fretted bridges, these pieces captured the imaginations of Westerners in the throes of an Oriental mania. Other best-selling subjects included seascapes, time-ravaged cathedrals, pet portraits, and sumptuous still lifes, all of which shimmered with mother-of-pearl highlights.

Once de rigueur for every well-appointed parlor, papier-mâché ultimately fell out of fashion, too labor intensive to survive the industrial revolution. What had been made, nevertheless, had been made to last, and an astonishing number of pieces can still be found. Prices, though escalating, range from $1,800 for a lap desk to $4,500 for a pair of chairs to $90,000 for a spectacular chinoiserie mirror. Papier-mâché dwellings may be hard to come by these days, but lurking in antiques shops all over America and England are enough papier-mâché surprises to furnish a house. ♠ *Editor: Sarah Kaltman*

(For a listing of papier-mâché dealers see Resources.)


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Open House

A game-cum-chat show lets TV viewers peek inside some famous British digs

By BARBARA WALDER

If a man's home is his castle, the drawbridges are down again all over Britain as the hit quiz show *Through the Keyhole* starts its third season on ITV. Each Friday night two celebrity householders will have their drawers turned out, their covers pulled back, and their psyches laid bare for ten million viewers, a celebrity panel, and host David Frost in a funny, tacky, irreverent, and sophisticated game-cum-chat show that has become the show in the UK everyone hates to love.

Guessing the owners' identities from an idiosyncratic, often startling film tour of each house is the excuse for this delightful nosey-parkering program. Created by Frost, executive producer Kevin Sim, and transplanted American, design journalist Loyd Grossman, the program satisfies everyone's voyeuristic curiosity to see how other people live while it violates every basic British taboo.



David Frost, at left, and Loyd Grossman are the hosts of *Keyhole*

Naturally, this has attracted viewers across all age and income lines, kudos and condemnation from critics, and a surprising assortment of famous "victims" (as they are known in-house)—sports stars, show-biz personalities, newsreaders, politicians, businessmen—household names like Robert Maxwell, Stirling Moss, and Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, who are willing to go belly-up on national TV as their personalities and possessions are dissected. So disturbing is this show to some, with its hilarious bad taste and casual incongruities of highbrow-lowbrow humor, many Brits think it could only have come from America.

"Actually," said Kevin Sim, "it comes from the interior design magazines. We asked ourselves, 'How do you do this on television?' when *TV-am* [one of the two British breakfast shows] was being planned. I was resisting the idea that we simply do glossy spreads or interviews with designers. I was more interested in *why* people make their decisions."

What they eventually came up with was a five-minute weekly breakfast bit with Loyd Grossman touring a mystery celebrity's house and trying to guess the owner by talking out loud about the kind of person who lived there. Strange and successful because "house detective" Grossman has a unique ability to amuse and ad-lib in an arch, acerbic Anglo-American drawl, this hit bit was transformed a few years later into the present half-hour prime-time program that has shocked but riveted such a large cross section of the British public.

"The British are in theory the most house-proud nation in the world," said Grossman, "and because they're so obsessed with their houses and possessions, they've often had the attitude that it's really kind of unfair to criticize a chap's lampshade. What the program was consciously designed to do was break those taboos. We wanted an unfey, unfawning approach to the whole business of people's lifestyles. Well, where in the history of television have you heard two celebrity panelists wrangling over wallpaper? By doing this we created a new form of entertainment."

With almost two hundred "victims" under his belt, Grossman still happily prowls through people's houses like a busybody baby-sitter. But now he uses his American classlessness, design expertise, and arresting worldview to point out clues and red herrings in a guessing game for a British panel of three semi-intellectuals (mostly media) who are clever, quick-witted, and amusing. And who don't mind roughing up the mystery celebrity's or each other's taste and personality while analyz-



Stirling Moss



Margaret, Duchess of Argyll



Robert Maxwell

"Happiness is not having what you want, but wanting what you have."

—Hyman Judah Schachel

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ing Grossman's "evidence" with their own ad-lib witticisms.

Presiding over all of this with great relish and aplomb is David Frost, who, game over, chats up the identified householder after he's been trotted onstage through the huge cartoonlike keyhole that dominates the cheery, clever set. With a comeback or two to the cheeky panel and a parody-like presentation of the "official" key, designed by Garrard's, the Crown jewelers, it's out through the keyhole and on to the next victim.

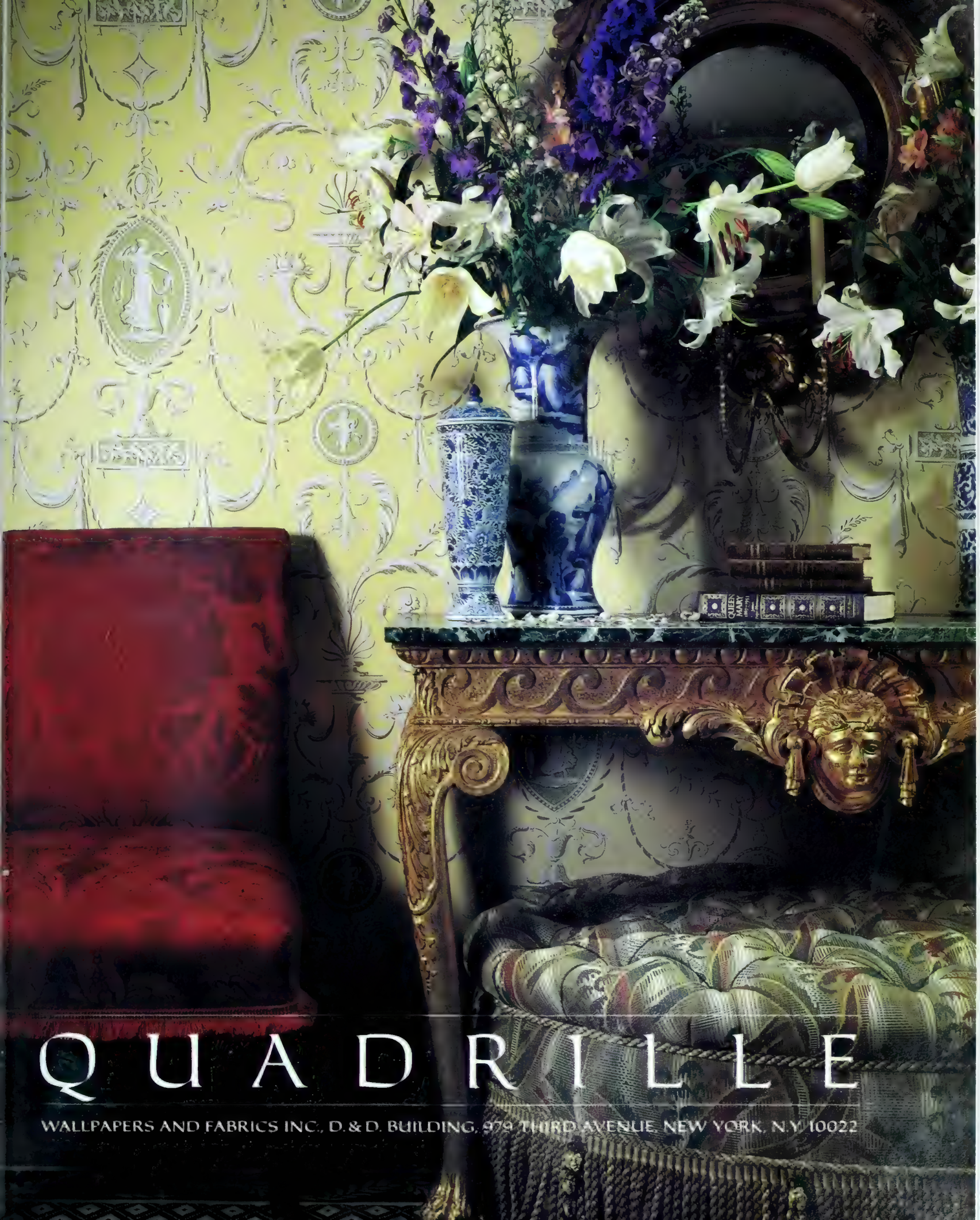
Why, in a country where "priv-acy" is so prized it can take years to be invited home to dinner, would anyone go on this show? "The converse of privacy in a house-proud nation," said Grossman, "is the desire to show off that house, your taste and possessions. It's also a way to give celebrities human interest they don't get other ways—it's an amusing, interesting way to be on the telly."

"Half the people we approach," said Frost, "say, 'That sounds like fun.' The other half say, 'Not in a million years.' It's great fun to do the show, but I'm in the second category—not in a million years!"

Maybe the show works because the British are so good at making fun of themselves. Or maybe because it's like a sophisticated Victorian parlor game where no one is *really* unkind and, among friends, you can just let yourself go. There is a nice chummy feeling about it with panelists and householders mingling genially after tapings and victims sometimes becoming panelists—and panelists victims—in subsequent shows.

Already scheduled for a fourth season and having shot everywhere in Great Britain except the Channel Islands, there are plans to look at Brits abroad. And with the format already sold to Germany and a deal in the works here, the program clearly has some kind of universal appeal.

Slick and sunny and brisk, using typical television conventions and managing to make fun of them at the same time, *Through the Keyhole* intimately reveals famous people through elegant, artful chatter. With something for everyone, it soars, lightheartened, dissolving sangfroid and stiff upper lips. You laugh out loud and learn that fame and fortune may mean happiness, but not necessarily good taste. ♠



QUADRILLE

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DECORATING

Forever English

Ten odd things Brits can't live without

By GLENN HARRELL



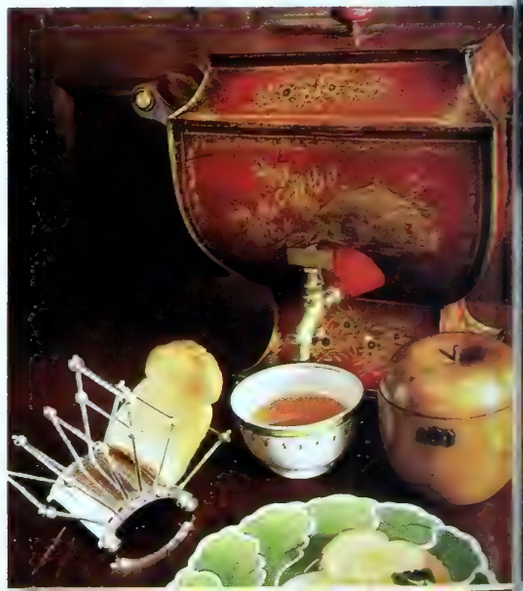
Pair of George III mahogany hall chairs, c. 1800, from Florian Papp; antique paisley shawl from Vito Giallo; stenciled wood bootjack from James II; cast-iron footscraper from Knoud's; peat bucket of maple and mahogany, c. 1790, from Kentshire. Details see Resources.

Despite the American fascination with British style, few possess the telltale essentials for the authentic look. Here, ten objects—largely unknown in the U.S.—that the proper English house is seldom found without:

1. Hall chairs Unupholstered wooden chairs, often carved with the family armorial on the seat back, provide low-ranking visitors—deemed unworthy of the nearby drawing room—a waiting spot in the corridor of stately homes. **2. Library steps** Handsome mahogany ladder, often convertible into a table or chair, is designed for browsers in pursuit of the loftily shelved. Its aura is so impressively bookish you'd think everyone in England had gone to Oxford. **3. Knole settee** The world's first convertible sofa, it is a survivor of those racy Restoration days when it was used as a Carolinian casting couch. **4. Tea caddy** A lockable box for storing tea leaves, it is a sentimental leftover from the eighteenth century when tea was so precious it was stashed away at night. **5. Canterbury** The original wooden magazine rack, invented to accommodate the Victorian proliferation of periodicals, makes today's Lucite containers look positively vulgar. **6. Pole screen** An elegant adjustable shield protects the face from the ravages of a blazing fire. **7. Aga** A coal-burning stove that kills the damp chill of English weather at its dreariest by generating a slow, even heat. **8. Coal scuttle** A covered receptacle for coal—its downscale Irish cousin is the peat bucket. **9. Bootjack** Equestrian traditions die hard in this class-conscious country, as witnessed by this instrument for pulling off the most unwieldy of boots. **10. Toast rack** The only way to bring hot toast to room temperature. In American houses, more often found on desks sorting letters. ♠



Regency library steps, left, from Newel. Below right: Christopher Dresser toast rack, c. 1881, from Kurland Zabar; tole urn, c. 1830, from Newel; dessert plate, c. 1910, and waste bowl from James II; tea caddy.





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DEALER'S EYE

The New Curiosity Shop

Crammed full of the rich and the strange, Alistair McAlpine's gallery is an obsessive collector's paradise

By PATRICK KINMONTH

The cognoscenti tread the pavements of Cork Street in London searching for the wunderkinds of modern painting who are peddled behind gleaming glass up and down the street. Only a few, however, know enough to mount a discreet staircase, knock at a plain door, and enter another world.

In two small rooms Alistair McAlpine, also known as Lord McAlpine of West Green (a title granted for his political services), has assembled an extraordinary quantity of things that have caught his eye and his imagination. Both are highly developed, and the result is a cross between an alchemist's workshop, a pharaoh's tomb, and the Ark. The McAlpine family is king of the construction company that bears its name on vast cranes over London. The only crane you are likely to find at McAlpine's gallery, however, is beautifully inscribed on a piece of African pottery or stuffed.

McAlpine does not encourage the idle visitor, but he welcomes the enthusiastic amateur. The variety he offers is truly a seventeenth-century mélange of contrasts, recalling the days when a prince eager to find the meaning of life, nature, and art would assemble bizarre organic creations and intriguing works of man in a cabinet of curiosities, or *Wunderkammer*, to use its proper name. Vying for attention in McAlpine's shop are dinosaur eggs; Renaissance jewels; tribal hair decorations, which double as whirling knives; Elizabethan sleeping hats with beautiful tarnished silver thread, well worth the itchiness in bed; and heavy doubloons that ring as you touch them and conjure up Shylock.

One of the rooms, the holy of holies, with a table covered in red Fortuny fabric and strewn with strange and beautiful things, is only for initiates. With the assistance of a good vintage, McAlpine opens the collections that lie in specimen cabinets along the wall. The shallow drawers reveal a treasure chest array of bronzes, gems, embroideries, and weapons. Here is a ring with a miniature of Garrick, the great actor (who once wore it), given, as the inscription tells, by Lord Roseberry to another great actor, Sir Henry Irving. There's a





A boa constrictor skeleton, above, spirals beside a Roman portrait bust in Alistair McAlpine's office. Left: McAlpine inspects a 2nd-century Roman head on a table laden with gold rings and a c. 1910 Nigerian head. Below: A carpeted display of the 16th- and 17th-century glass that is McAlpine's current passion.



DAVID MONTGOMERY



CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO,
DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, SAN FRANCISCO

cozy secrecy to the room. The walls are swirled with deep red paint, the doors heavily paneled and hung with fringed curtains. It would be the ideal place for a person from the past, arriving in the twentieth century, to feel quite at home.

McAlpine, after all, is used to satisfying the most discerning. Over the past four years he has created, from a patch of scrub on the coast of Western Australia, a watering place and sanctuary for endangered species of mammals and birds, especially parrots. "Migrants that used to fly straight past," he says, "now drop in." McAlpine's shop has a similar reputation. My first visit there was the beginning of a controlled (I like to think) addiction. A friend had showed me a Hawaiian bone fishhook he had bought from McAlpine. It spoke of animal cunning, human necessity, and the beauty that comes from a marriage of the two. Like the mackerel it was intended for, I was hooked. A week later I could be spotted glowing with pleasure as I walked down Cork Street carrying a Victorian giraffe skull under my arm. I could have settled for a zebra or cart horse skull, but it was the giraffe, with its Hepburn cheekbones, that stole my heart. Later still I found it impossible to avoid the fossilized beak and teeth of a pterodactyl. So many millions of years older than I can grasp, it sits on my table, more beautiful than sculpture, and grins at human folly and at me. An Elizabethan nightcap now beckons. For me, it brings back to life its wearer in a way far more immediate than any painting. I can see the chamber at night: a bed with a massive canopy of oak slung over with a great crewelwork, and in the light of the moon, the sleeper's breath silvered like the hat's embroidery by the frosty air that chills the house.

His place is a cross between an alchemist's workshop and a pharaoh's tomb

McAlpine's most recent fascination is glass. In the second room of his gallery, early fifteenth century wallhangings of the life of Christ form a background to a table covered in the finest examples of the Venetian, Flemish, and German glassblowers' art, twisted into vessels and ornaments, gilded and enameled. They share with McAlpine's other passions a vulnerable quality, and perhaps that is the thread which links all that intrigues him, from the parrots to the tribesmen who made the feather headdresses framed on the walls to these fragile trumpets of past beauty. Alistair McAlpine protects essential notions of the infinite variety of our world which we are bound to preserve. Even at a price. (Alistair McAlpine, 33 Cork St., London W1; 1-437-4760) ▲





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The Best of Manors

England's country-house hotels offer the "masterpiece theater" of vacations

Americans visiting Britain may long for an invitation to a grand country house, but often, when their wish is granted, they wish it had remained one. Walk-in fireplaces, Elizabethan paneling, ormolu commodes and the like are all very well, but their charms eventually pale beside frigid windy bathrooms, hot-water taps that emit a thin stream of silt, brussels sprouts that have been boiled long enough to kill all the germs in Belgium, and unhygienic dogs. The safer option for those who want both charm and comfort is one of the country houses that have been converted into grand hotels. Here is House & Garden's pick of five of the best.

Hambleton Hall Hambleton, Oakham, Rutland; 572-56991

Cozy rather than stately, Hambleton Hall sits atop a hill where a garden of fragrant tea roses bordered by lavender hedges slopes down to a meadow where sheep nibble at the edge of Rutland Water. The mansion, built in 1881, was once the scene of lively evenings—as the motto FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS over the door suggests—but is now as peaceful and comfortable as any harassed city dweller could wish for. The owner, Tim Hart, says he aims to re-create the ambience enjoyed by "Victorians who were interested in food and comfort—not in the aristocracy." The fifteen guest bedrooms are not grand but generous; gentle (though not anodyne) chintzes, acorn and stripe prints, Victorian samplers, golfing pictures, Staffordshire pottery, and sentimental portraits of chubby children with well-fed pets fill the rooms. Two bedrooms are done up in the late Raj style—mine had a four-poster topped with minarets and a settee piled high with gold-thread cushions. Although you have to go downstairs at Hambleton Hall to find a fireplace, they do blaze merrily in the red-glazed bar hung with sporting prints, the tartan-accented lobby, and the peach-and-blue drawing room with its French doors looking out to the garden.

In the dining room, seventeenth and early eighteenth century plump bourgeois goddesses gaze down on guests tucking into Hambleton's traditional fare—sea trout, lobster, lamb in summer, and victims of the air and forest in autumn—or its more fanciful cuisine. Full marks go to the roast grouse served with game chips and tender miniature brussels sprouts with chestnuts. I was extremely amused by my mushroom-and-eggplant terrine with a tangy lemon-flavored snail salad, followed by Dover sole in a sabayon sauce flavored with lemon and ginger and topped with cockles. Banana-rum custard in a caramel sauce was light but comforting, though rose hip and grapefruit jelly seemed to be striking the invalid note a bit hard. But then, Hambleton Hall does put itself out to be reassuring to the timid visitor, especially those who may not have much experience of the country. On every bedside table, a little notice reassuringly explains, "At certain times of the year, small insects may appear in your room. These will not harm you."

Rates: Until April 1—doubles £80–£155. After April 1—doubles £85–£180.

Rhoda Koenig

Hintlesham Hall Hintlesham, Suffolk; 473-87268

"This place seems excessively clean," remarked my traveling partner as we made our way up the impressively long drive that leads to Hintlesham Hall, a stately Tudor mansion with a Georgian façade and decorations. Hosts David and Ruth Watson have created a grand hotel that reeks of both comfort and





Gidleigh Park, left, a Stockbroker Tudor house near Chagford, Devon, is owned and operated by the perfectionist American couple Kay and Paul Henderson, below.



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Chewton Glen, left, near New Milton, Hampshire, is an Edwardian remodeling of a house dating back to the early 18th century. Above: Latest addition to the hotel is the Conservatory Restaurant, completed last summer.

TRAVEL

charm. Gainsborough painted the former occupants of the house, and although no portraits of that stature remain, the hall has lots of pleasant pictures of smiling chatelaines, humorous dogs, and naughty Louis Wain pussycats. The public areas—smoking rooms, a nonsmoking restaurant, a drawing room, and a billiards room—are huge and comfortable, if on the bland side. Its seventeen bedrooms more than compensate for this. Heart of Oak, one of the snug top-floor rooms, has Tudor beams that just clear the elaborately carved tester bed. Rosette features a stone fireplace and a four-poster caparisoned in pink toile, while Braganza boasts a ceiling of exuberant seventeenth-century plasterwork. Fortunately, the bathrooms, large and windowed, with bidets, hair dryers, and showers, have never heard of any period earlier than the 1980s.

Dinner at Hintlesham Hall, prepared by Alan Ford, a former chef at London's Dorchester Hotel, is equally posh. Kidneys in a light mustard sauce could not have been better—all reminders of their former function had been concealed in the most genteel fashion. Nor did I have any complaints about my warm beef salad with pine nuts in a ginger dressing. My John Dory with saffron sauce and duck breast in port wine sauce were perfectly acceptable but nothing to write home about; standards, however, bounced back with the pudding course. Roasted figs served over Cointreau ice cream were a brilliant mixture of hot and cold, delicate and intense, and the hazelnut soufflé with chocolate sauce was marred only by what seems a sybarite's oxymoron: "Too much chocolate."

Rates: £80–£225 (includes full English breakfast). **R.K.**

Ston Easton Park Ston Easton, near Bath, Avon; 761-21-631

After a long day of driving and antiquing, I arrived at Ston Easton Park toward late evening, just as the sun was sinking, a time when the already rather severe eleven-bay Georgian façade of the house was cast in ominous shadow. Apart from a Doric portico, some flower-filled urns along the drive, and a few guests playing croquet on the lawn, the hotel looked cold and unwelcoming. One step inside the 1739 Palladian house's cove-ceilinged entrance hall dispelled that first impression. Greeted by the ever-present country-house dog, I glimpsed what lay ahead: a time capsule of eighteenth-century English living re-created with period furniture and decorative objects.

When Peter and Christine Smedley decided to restore and open the house as a hotel, they hired London decorator Jean Monro—whose shop on Montpelier Street in Knightsbridge is definitely worth a visit—to do the interiors. Working around the Classical architecture, Monro and associate John Lusk used paint finishes in the eighteenth-century manner and modern English chintzes as rich colorful backgrounds for the Smedley family's collection of Georgian and Edwardian antiques. The saloon has a double-pedimented door flanked by Corinthian columns. Under the plasterwork and painted ceiling and bordered with an elaborate frieze of shells and flower garlands, the walls are decorated with enormous grisaille panels of giant urns and Classical figures in ornately carved frames.

Dinner orders are often taken over drinks in the library. It's a four course prix-fixe menu, continental in spirit but with plenty of


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local fare: English lamb and fowl, Scotch beef and salmon, and some delicious country cheeses. The Smedleys' colorful collection of rare porcelains lining the walls of the dining room warranted a close look before we sat down to a dinner that was as pretty as everything else at Ston Easton. The only flaw: the predictable food was good but it didn't quite "sing," a small letdown from the quality we'd become accustomed to. Breakfast, with delicately sliced fresh fruit and home-baked breads served on charming bone china, was brighter. The Print Room, done in the eighteenth-century manner, is a special treat; ask to see it if it's not open. And check out the "downstairs" where guests are welcome to see the restored inner workings of the house: the servants' hall, the game room, and the



Thatched-roof farm within walking distance of Gidleigh Park near Chagford, Devon

wonderful old linen room. Speaking of linen, the bedsheets are real linen, and as you slide between them for the night, don't miss that little tin of homemade shortbread next to your bed.

Rates: Until April 1—singles £60; doubles £95–£260. After April 1—singles £60–£75; doubles £105–£260. **Joyce MacRae**

Chewton Glen New Milton, Hampshire; 4252-75341

Chewton Glen reminds one of the famous observation that the Holy Roman Empire was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire, for there is little about this English country house that is English, countrified, or even conventionally homey. It is, however, one of the most carefully conceived, brilliantly run, and consistently enjoyable resort hotels anywhere. The achievement of owner Martin Skan and his Swiss-born wife, Brigitte Stuart, is all the more remarkable when one considers how skillfully they have created an aura of bucolic charm. The sixty-acre Chewton Glen is not far from a busy highway and rows of suburban houses, but one would never know it. The Skans cleverly rerouted the approach to the fifty-room hotel through the New Forest, a medieval royal hunting preserve, giving the feeling of a vast verdant buffer between Chewton Glen and the modern world. The picture-pretty interiors, decorated by Brigitte Stuart, are equally escapist and protective, though their bandbox freshness, thoughtful detailing, and attentiveness to comfort are the antithesis of the shabby stately homes of England.

Chewton Glen's flawless French cuisine is supervised by head chef Pierre Chevillard, formerly of Troisgros. His smoked duck breast is the finest one has ever encountered, his carpaccio of salmon an unforgettable demonstration of supreme simplicity, his ravioli with morels a distillation of the most elusive flavors conveyed with the lightest of textures. The wine list is encyclopedic, with a strong commitment to such heavyweight labels as Château Latour and Romanée-Conti. Understandably, Chewton Glen attracts a truly international following, but as the polyglot conversation in the luminous apricot dining room indicates, it is well worth the detour. Jolly excursions through this history-rich region of England are conducted in the hotel's sleek Jaguar by chauffeur Geoff Gates, whose professionalism and character epitomize why Chewton Glen commands the loyalty of so many discerning and cosmopolitan regulars.

Rates: Until April 1—doubles £125–£160; suites £230–£300. After April 1—doubles £138–£175; suites £250–£330. **Martin Filler**

Gidleigh Park near Chagford, Devon; 6473-2367

One instantly obvious difference between Gidleigh Park and many of its competitors is that the green Wellington boots lined up by its front door are used, not decorative. Set in a remote corner of southwest England within hiking distance of majestic Dartmoor—one of Britain's most thrilling landscapes—Gidleigh Park proves that if you provide the highest standards of excellence, the world will beat a path to your door. This fourteen-room hotel, housed in a half-timbered mansion built in 1928 by an Australian millionaire, is the labor of love of Paul Henderson, a former corporate efficiency expert, and his wife, Kay. These expatriate Americans have devised an atmosphere so authentically English that the majority of their guests are British subjects, not the least bit put out by the fact that there is very little to do at Gidleigh Park except play croquet (the Hendersons are fanatics), go for invigorating tramps on Dartmoor, or sit around leafing through copies of *Country Life*. This is one of the few vacation destinations on the planet where teeming rain does not seem like a rebuff from the Creator. One simply pulls on Wellies, a mac, and gets on with it. Do not even think of bringing children.

In Ulster-born chef Shaun Hill the Hendersons have one of the wizard exponents of the new English cookery. His straightforward, though astonishingly subtle, reinterpretations of English classics show that if handled sensitively, the incomparable produce of Britain can yield results every bit as impressive as the best of France or Italy. Setting off Hill's beautifully presented specialties—sweetbreads with wild mushrooms, grilled Dart River salmon, poached Scotch fillet steak, and what one critic has rightly called the best breads in the British Isles—is the astounding wine cellar assembled by the perfectionist owner. This Tony Randall look-alike has concentrated such passion and erudition into that 600-label collection that oenophiles could make a holiday of just reading his annotated wine list. There is something profoundly relaxing about a stay at Gidleigh Park, which conveys the very essence of what an English country-house hotel is all about—or should be.

Rates: Doubles £125–£210 (includes dinner for two, early morning tea, and continental breakfast). **M.F.**


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Beyond Chintz

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Finespun chintz—long the standard-bearer of British fabric—has a challenger. Taking their cue from splendid Renaissance tapestries and bold Turkish carpets, richly patterned woven textiles are warm and regal. Christopher Hyland in New York, for example, is a good source for historic British designs in silk, cotton, and wool which have often been used in the Palace of Westminster. Designers Guild of London spins a collection of jewel-toned jacquards strewn with swirling foliage. And Osborne & Little pays homage to Middle Eastern ziggurat motifs with jagged stripes and geometric design. Although chintz may still reign supreme, these English wovens, as durable as the monarchy, are equally majestic.

Eric Berthold



Material Splendor. Flora and fauna filled Windsor Tapestry, left, in a blended fabric at Christopher Hyland, NYC. Below: Fougère, available in three vibrant palettes, by Designers Guild, London. Above right and right: Swatches of cotton, wool, and silk fabrics from Osborne & Little, Christopher Hyland, Designers Guild, Cowtan & Tout, M. R. H. Cloth, and Arthur Sanderson & Sons. Details see Resources.

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Channel Crossings

Despite rumors of a new English cuisine, PAUL LEVY finds that the best British food is French, actually



It is a popular view that Britain is witnessing a revival of fine English cooking. Restaurant guides give awards for "modern British cooking," and several chefs with good Anglo-Saxon names figure regularly in the British gossip columns.

Two different versions of this renaissance story are current. In the first, British restaurant-goers are participating in a rebirth of good English fare that dates back, variously, to medieval times, to the Elizabethan period, to the eighteenth century, or to the days of Mrs. Beeton, whose famous *Book of Household Management* was published in 1861. In the second account, everything is newly minted: Brits are eating their way through the birth of a new English cuisine.

For adherents of the first tale, the protagonists are all female. The heroines are Hannah Glasse, Eliza Acton, and Isabella Beeton, those faithful recorders of the virtues of English cooking in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the second story gets most of the attention these days, and the names are all masculine; they belong to chefs such as Simon Hopkinson, Alastair Little, Rowley Leigh, Marco-Pierre White, and, above all, a Swiss, Anton Mosimann, who has done more than any person now living to restore respectability to English food. (In his heyday Mosimann's kitchens at the Dorchester Hotel were considered the Harvard and MIT of the British food world—the ultimate halls of postgraduate education for chefs. At one point, the waiting list numbered 650 applicants.)



Anton Mosimann offers English fare at Mosimann's. Above: Logos for Mosimann's and Bibendum, where Simon Hopkinson serves up bistro treats.

Chefs are Britain's new celebrities, having gained a high social profile in the home country of gastronomic philistinism. Thanks to the cheerful vulgarity of his appearances on a BBC television program in which he taught a working-class family in Sheffield how to improve the quality of their Sunday lunch for very little extra expenditure, quite a lot of people could pick out Anton Mosimann in a police lineup. But don't be fooled by his TV outing with the common

RECIPE#1: Dinner At Dusk



"Salmon with Dijon Sauce"

2 salmon steaks, 1 inch thick
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2 pearl earrings
3 Tbsp. GREY POUPON® Dijon Mustard
2 tsp. fresh lemon juice
1 Vivaldi concerto
2 Tbsp. melted butter or margarine
1 clove minced garlic
2 symphony tickets
¼ tsp. dry dill weed
2 orchids



Put on pearl earrings. Combine sour cream, Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard, dill weed, lemon juice and garlic. Mix well. *Place orchids: one at entryway, one on nightstand.* Brush salmon with melted butter or margarine. *Place symphony tickets beneath his napkin. Put on Vivaldi concerto.* Grill or broil salmon steaks as desired. *Maintain high heat with dining partner.* Generously add Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce to give salmon steak new meaning. *Illuminate orchids for when you return from the symphony.* Bon appétit.





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folk; the 42-year-old doyen of the new British cuisine recently left the kitchens of the Dorchester Hotel to set up a members-only private club at London's smartest address, off Belgrave Square.

Since the new British cuisine is essentially a return to traditional favorites, Mosimann's real contribution to the culinary life of Great Britain has been to refine the dishes of domestic cooks. At Mosimann's, bread-and-butter pudding is always on the menu and often boiled beef, or bangers (sausages which, when served here, may be made of fashionable duck rather than standard-issue fatty pork), oysters in their season, sometimes roast beef, and Dover sole.

In the case of the desserts, these often emanate from the nursery; Mosimann apparently takes full advantage of the fact that the appetite of the upper-middle-class British male is ruled by nostalgia. At home or in his club, he wants nothing more than to recapture on his plate the flavors of his childhood. Give him overcooked beef and a steamed suet pudding and you've made a customer; cook the beef properly and lighten the pudding and you've made a regular. Mosimann knows all the tricks, so if you want a real taste of Britain, you must go to the table of this Swiss national—provided you know someone who is a member of his exclusive club.

Despite all the recent attention paid to customary British fare, the most exciting culinary news in England is the reinterpretation of the cuisine of cross-Channel rivals. Today's native kitchen hero, Simon Hopkinson, prefers British dishes to French ones. A 34-year-old Lancastrian, Hopkinson came from the Shed in Dinas, Dyfed, by way of cooking for a bachelor household, being an inspector for a restaurant guide, and winning réclame as the chef of Hilaire in London's Old Brompton Road, then the gastronomic flagship of a chain of restaurants noted more for their design attributes than for their food. Now the chef of what has become my favorite London restaurant, Hopkinson has come to the top of the Michelin building in a place that he and his partners, Sir Terence Conran and Paul Hamlyn, call Bibendum after the emblematic Michelin man.

The Michelin red guide is still the Bible, so far as most London restaurateurs are concerned. But judging this restaurant, located in Michelin's own former London corporate headquarters, is going to give the guide inspectors severe critical indigestion, because Bibendum's ambitions are different from those of other fine restaurants.

Simon Hopkinson serves food that I could happily eat every day: old-fashioned bistro food, *cuisine de grand-mère*. In France, Michelin does not normally give any stars at all to places that specialize in these kinds of dishes—its highest accolade for this type of retro-granny food is usually the red M, not the weightier stars.

If they are fair, however, and of good appetite, the Michelin men are going to find that they have never tasted this sort of food cooked to this standard. In my own experience there's no bistro food as good as this in Paris and precious little of it in Lyons.

So here's the oven-glove challenge I'd throw down to Fat Mich: taste Hopkinson's black truffle omelet, its creamy center enclosing a dozen slices of crunchy raw fungus as thick as fifty-cent coins that yield up their perfume to the warmth of the egg. See if you can resist finishing his simple roast *poulet de Bresse*, its skin crisp, its white meat juicy, the succulent legs brought to table in a second service. Have spinach with it, each leaf buttery and still intact, and mashed potato, one part best olive oil to four parts potato. See if you don't agree that the *tarte fine aux pommes* is the best you've ever tasted, the microscopically fine layer of puff pastry as thin as Guérard's and as crisp as that of Jacques Lameloise.

Although Bibendum is the most interesting restaurant venture to grace London in the past ten years, it fits few patterns. In its scale, color scheme, lighting, seating, and spacing of tables (except for the slightly mean tables for two lined up against the twin long banquettes on either side of the principal window) the room at Bibendum acknowledges what most restaurant designers so inconveniently forget—that customers are human beings and want to have a good time. For all its comfort and refinement, this place strives for the atmosphere of a brasserie with its glass windows etched with Michelin town maps, its long bar, and glass-and-wood waiters' stations. The room pulsates with energy and warmth and luxuriates in light and space. Bibendum sets a new standard for luxury.

Simon Hopkinson and Sir Terence are challenging Michelin on its own grounds, literally and figuratively. The French haven't bested the British in a war since 1066. They've been making up for it in the kitchen ever since. But they'd better watch out. As the example of Simon Hopkinson shows, the British are changing the culinary rules of engagement.

London Restaurants

Alastair Little
49 Frith St., W1; 1-734-5183
The new English cuisine is served here in all its glory by one of Britain's culinary celebrities, owner-chef Little.

Bibendum
Michelin House, 81 Fulham Road, SW3; 1-581-5817
Exceptional bistro-style food is prepared by chef Simon Hopkinson and served in a brasserie atmosphere. The restaurant, perched atop the Deco Michelin building, was designed by Sir Terence Conran.

Clarke's
124 Kensington Church St., W8; 1-221-9225
Chef and owner Sally Clarke serves a fixed menu of extraordinarily good homey food.

Golden Chopsticks
1 Harrington Road, SW7; 1-584-0855
Even if she wasn't one of London's most accomplished Chinese chefs, Yee-Kui Choi would be notable for her gender in a culinary culture that is typically a man's world.

Harvey's
2 Bellevue Road, Wandsworth Common, SW17; 1-672-0114
Chef Marco-Pierre White brings his experience in the kitchens of London's finest restaurants home to his own new eatery.

Kensington Place
201 Kensington Church St., W8; 1-727-3184
Rowley Leigh, formerly of Le Poulbot, presides in the Kensington kitchens, offering an array of original dishes. The restaurant was designed by architect Julyan Wickham.

Le Caprice
Arlington House, Arlington St., SW1; 1-629-2239
Light and fresh international cuisine served in a glamorous setting is the specialty of chef Anthony Howarth. The menu here is flexible; no one expects you to have every course.

Mosimann's
11B West Halkin St., SW1; 1-235-9625
English favorites, prepared by Britain's most famous chef, are served to members of this private dining club and their guests.

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GARDENING

Small Wonders

Independent of fashion, the English cottage garden mixes beauty and utility

By ROSEMARY VEREY



What is it that has created the enduring magic of the cottage garden in England? Perhaps that it enshrines the true country dweller's pattern of life. The husbands who labored on the land and the wives who cared for and cosseted their families fashioned their gardens to feed themselves and to bring color and brightness into drab hardworking lives. Cottage gardens have always mixed utility and beauty: the rosemary bush and lavender hedge were convenient and sweet-smelling places to dry clean linen; the scarlet runner arrived here in the seventeenth century as a flower for the garden but soon became a vegetable for the cook.

The inspired seventeenth-century clergyman William Lawson, vicar of a country church in the north of England, wrote two books for his parishioners—one for the husband and one for the wife—combined in *The New Orchard and Garden*. He tells the husband in no uncertain terms that the gardener should not "be an idle or lazy lubber." If he cannot hire a gardener, he must "take all the pains" himself. There cannot be too much sitting around over the weekend, for "weeds are always growing, moles work daily. . . . In winter trees and herbs should be lightened of snow. Drifts of snow will set deer, hares, and other noisome beasts over walls and hedges into your orchard." In summer the picture is just as daunting, for the labors "are endless" if this cottage garden, so romantic to us now, is to be kept in good and profitable trim.

The jobs William Lawson assigns to the country housewife sound more artistic and more amusing than her husband's but are no less time-consuming. She must know the heights of her herbs and be able to teach her maids "to know herbs from weeds," and she must grow enough vegetables to feed her household, collecting seeds to sow for next year's crop.

I often think the front garden of a cottage is like the frontispiece of an early book: it can tell you in a nutshell the story not only of the garden but also of the family to whom it belongs. It shows pride without ostentation, neatness without restriction. A straight path leads directly to the door sheltered by a porch. The path is not neatly patterned with brick or stone as it is at the manor house, but is of gravel, cinders, or flat pieces of stone gathered nearby. We expect it to be flanked by narrow beds overflowing with a mixture of colors, spilling over the pathway. Planted together are herbs, flowers for scent, flowers for picking, which are grown from seeds, exchanged or self-sown.

In another corner is a flowering shrub—lilac or syringa. By the porch you are aware of the scents of honeysuckle and roses and of the nonchalant arms of a *Clematis montana* rambling around the window frames and through the eaves. There are sure to be pots by the door, hiding the shoe scraper, surrounded by rosemary, and filled with sweet-smelling herbs, or, as in Victorian days, with favorite fuchsias and scented geraniums mixed with bright



Mrs. Holland's garden in Sussex, left, and Mrs. Franks's in Oxfordshire, below, are characteristic of cottage gardens as they have been tended for hundreds of years.



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begonias. If the husband is gardener at the mansion, he will try his hand at box edging and topiary, a proud echo of his labors for his master. The carefully clipped shapes will frame the gate or doorway to be seen from the road by passersby.

Just as the front garden tells a story, so does the back garden where husband and wife work together growing vegetables and fruit trees. For William Lawson plants are of "two sorts and therefore it is meet that we have two gardens: a garden for flowers, and a kitchen garden." The front garden with flowers "shall suffer some disgrace, if among them you intermingle onions and parsnips." Lawson recommends beds be divided "that you may go betwixt to weed." Here roses and lavender grow, for they give "comfort to the senses," and sunflowers stand tall. As in the front garden, the beds may well be edged with trimmed box or the path with fragrant dianthuses and parsley. A rose-and-honeysuckle archway spans the path, a more rustic version of the rose arbor at the manor. The vegetables will be lined up in tidy rows, sometimes with stepping stones. There will always be a place for the pigsty and beehives; without bees the fruit blossoms will not be pollinated and the flowers will not set fertile seed.

This has been the image of the cottage garden for centuries. New varieties of vegetables, fruits, and flowers have been developed, and new plants have arrived from overseas. However, a core of cottage garden plants remains ever popular. Some love to be left undisturbed—in fact, will improve over the years—clumps of candidum lilies, peonies, primroses, violets, hollyhocks, and clove-scented pinks. Others will seed themselves readily—foxglove, marigolds, nasturtiums, love-in-a-mist, honesty, mignonettes, forget-me-nots. The seeds of other plants must be collected, stored, and sown in due season—wallflowers and sunflowers, sweet peas and sweet williams.

What has changed in cottage gardens today? The flowers, albeit improved, are much the same. It is the cottagers that have changed. Now many town dwellers make cottages their weekend homes; others commute from villages to jobs in nearby towns. They tend to their gardens with nostalgia, love, and care, but with a different emphasis.

Our erstwhile country housewife had to cultivate her small patch intensively to provide produce for her family and flowers for her enjoyment. Instead of relying on the manor house, her neighbors, and her skill in propagating seeds, she is now more likely to visit the local garden center. The bees and pigs have gone, the paths have become sophisticated. The patio for barbecues has edged out the laundry shed. A garage occupies the space where the privy once stood, but it is covered with *Clematis montana* and rampant Himalaya musk roses, just as the privy used to be. Cottage gardeners of the past acquired their craft by instinct and inheritance; those of today have to learn by reading and by trial and error. The effect may well be the same. The village flower show is a symbol of continuity, and as long as the new arrivals enter into the spirit of country life, all will be well in our cottage gardens. ♠



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RALPH LAUREN
CLASSICS

EDITOR'S PAGE

MARCH 1989

In this issue HG takes a look at English style today—from Nina Campbell, the Duke and Duchess of York's decorator, to the Prince of Wales and his favorite architect, Quinlan Terry. We visit a range of houses, from the Cotswold retreat of the director of the venerable Colefax & Fowler to the Chelsea mews house of picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen and from the Gothic castle of the Carnarvon family in Hampshire to the quirky modern house of BBC producer Janet Street-Porter in London. The distances we travel may seem great, but surely no greater than the span from Buckingham Palace to the Docklands. Is it any wonder that the spawning ground for some of the Western world's most colorful—or at least most chronicled—eccentrics should also welcome American export Danny Lane with his startling glass furniture and the homegrown architect Nigel Coates, who uses aquariums as the central feature for a new Sloane Street clothing store? England is a country where style—whether timeworn and unapologetically threadbare or innovative and shockingly new—is always inspiring, and sometimes even a revelation.

A shelf in the corner of Mary Goodwin's London drawing room displays Classical busts characteristic of her style.



JAMES MORTIMER

Nancy Novogrod

Editor in Chief



The Well-Appointed Decorator

Her house in Chelsea and her shop in Knightsbridge explain why Nina Campbell is Peruvian's choice. Charles Gandee reports



A hearty appetite for creature comforts characterizes Nina Campbell's decorative style—not only at home in the master bedroom of her Chelsea house, this page, but also at work, opposite, in the second-floor design studio of her shop and office on Walton Street. Details see Resources.

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG







Early last year when Buckingham Palace announced that Parish-Hadley had been retained to decorate the Duke and Duchess of York's new country house, Sunninghill Park, near Windsor Castle, eyebrows rose, nostrils flared, frowns creased the brows of Britons. Parish-Hadley is, after all, American.

Effectively bowing to the criticism, the royals quietly disengaged the New York–based decorators and commenced a search for a new decorator situated a bit closer, shall we say, to Big Ben. By October the search had ended, and the young duke informed Nina Campbell of Knightsbridge that he and the duchess would be pleased if she could find the time to take on their two-story sixteen-room house. Campbell said she could.

Because I was curious about the royal commission, I stopped in not long ago at Campbell's retail shop and office two blocks from Harrod's. Although I was ex-

Judging by the choice of Nina Campbell as the decorator for her new country house, above, the Duchess of York (the former Sarah Ferguson), top, prefers a homelife more casual than formal. Right: Campbell's own living room in London.

H PARTNERSHIP

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



Campbell's Soupçon

It seems that Nina Campbell is popping up everywhere these days. Below: In a crystal cloud at Denton's in London—"the most remarkable chandelier shop on earth." Center: Pincushions that bear the Nina Campbell Ltd. stamp. Bottom: Two vignettes from Campbell's room at the Royal Oak Designer Showhouse in New York City. Right: Her own dining room cum library.





pecting someone grand if not downright regal, what I found was an accessible and unpretentious 42-year-old woman who, save for the gold Bulgari watch on her left wrist, could have been any other good-natured mother of three with an Audi, an A-line skirt, and sensible shoes.

Campbell confessed that she was excited about working with the duke and duchess, whom she described as "fun, funny, and relaxing," and admitted that she was "extremely flattered to be chosen. They're a young couple and it's their first house and it's rather nice to help them on their way." Would the house help her standing as a decorator? Would it give the countless lines of fabrics, wallpapers, carpets, tiles, and soft goods that carry the Nina Campbell Ltd. label a competitive edge in the marketplace? "Yes," said Campbell, without hesitating. "Now I can probably design sheets and put my name on all sorts of things. I love the idea of the Japanese fiendishly buying my designs while I'm asleep. I think it's a wonderful idea, an American idea, and long may it last."

Campbell's healthy attitude toward consumerism dates from the sixties when she made her working debut in the bridal registry of the General Trading Company on Sloane Street: "I suppose that was quite formative for me, because I got into glass and china and objects and everything. It gave me a passion for shops." From there Campbell moved on to the venerable house of Colefax & Fowler, where she earned £8 per week as a gofer: "I was a failure at making tea, I was a failure at typing letters, so out of desperation I sort of followed behind John Fowler with a suitcase full of samples. He was the most marvelous man—very funny and generous with his knowledge and with himself." After three years Campbell struck out on her own, armed with such pearls of Fowler's decorating wisdom as it's a bad idea to line a four-poster bed in yellow, whereas it's a good idea to line lampshades in pink—though not too much pink, cautions Campbell, "otherwise you end up looking a bit like Barbara Cartland or something."



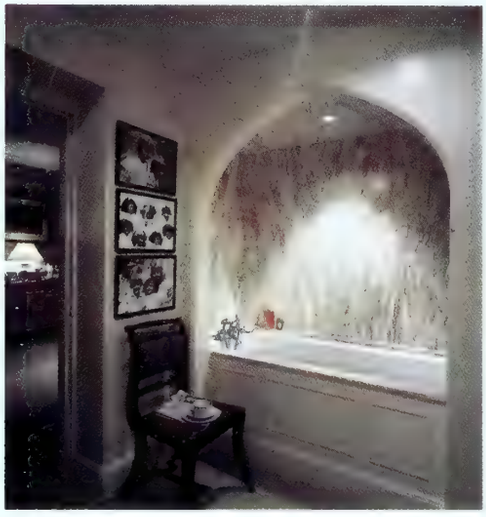
"I*t was really an*



tle fifties house of no architectural merit whatsoever"



The pink-and-blue French cotton hydrangea print Campbell ordered for her bedroom, left, and adjacent sitting room, right, was chosen for the simple reason "it is happy making." Below: Gothic architecture is another recurring decorative motif throughout the master suite, including the bathtub enclosure with its marbleized backsplash.





"I'd rather have a good sofa and no curtains than a bad sofa and a mean pair of curtains"

Throughout her career Campbell has vacillated between her interest in selling and her interest in decorating. "There are times when I go off the whole idea of decorating—you know it can be a nightmare." The early seventies was one of those times, so Campbell simply pulled down her decorating shingle and opened up a shop on Pimlico Road. At present, however, she seems to have reached a happy accord. Upstairs at 9 Walton Street, Campbell is a decorator, currently hard at work on a range of residential projects, from a small castle in Cheshire to Manhattan art dealer Richard Feigen's country house in Bedford, New York; downstairs she's a successful shopkeeper—"Sean Connery was in yesterday"—selling everything from Venetian glass and Rumanian carpets to porcelain sardines and coffee cups with little blue hearts all over them.

Campbell lives, by her own account, "in an ugly little fifties house of no architectural merit whatsoever" which she bought in 1985 and transformed into a "sort of Gothic cottage." Why Gothic? "It was the only hope," quips Campbell, who shares the Chelsea house with her children and their ever-changing menagerie of pets. Although the Gothic motif appears on everything from cabinets, mantels, and moldings to furniture, lamps, and accessories, Campbell made room for the friendly assortment of antiques, heirlooms, and personal souvenirs that, to her mind, make a house a home.

To find out what we, not to mention the Duke and Duchess of York, might look forward to in the next year or so from her office, I asked Campbell to characterize her work, to define the Nina Campbell style. "Well, comfort has to be the most important thing, of course. And practicality is important, too—if it's not practical, it's not comfortable. If you have a sofa in the country, for example, it must be covered in something that allows you to sit down, relax, and put up your feet—not some silk thing that gets a spot if you just look at it.

"I think you've got to design rooms that can stand *(Text continued on page 206)*

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG





Statues of Bacchus and Ariadne guard the entrance hall to the drawing room from which Mary Goodwin surveys her redecorated flat. "I wanted something that was personal and perhaps quirky," she says. The entryway is draped in fabric by Carolyn Quartermaine. Opposite: A shelf in the corner of the drawing room displays two busts from Goodwin's collection of reproductions of Classical statues. The window swag is an antique silk sari. Details see Resources.





CLASSICAL TRANSLATION

Eight flights above London, the resourceful Mary Goodwin brings the past into the present

BY DINAH HALL

JAMES MORTIMER





There is something disturbing about the indentations left on the white leather pouffe in Mary Goodwin's drawing room after the lady of the house has been sitting there—but not for any prudish, anatomical reasons. No, it is simply that those renegade marks disturb the formality of the room. Why, heaven forbid, they almost make it look lived in.

When applied to Mary Goodwin's style, the cozy expression "lived in" is neither appropriate nor complimentary. But if comfort is achieved through being at one with your environment, then Mary, an adviser to the National Trust who is as straight-backed as her furniture, is supremely and elegantly comfortable.

A year or so ago the walls of her quarters were a dark vibrant blue, the furniture Regency. To visitors, the decor seemed well suited to Mary, who prefers to be addressed as Miss Goodwin by those to whom she has not been introduced. But in the space of twelve months the flat has gone through a reincarnation.

"It was built as an artist's studio," she explains, "so I felt it was important to go back to that look. I wanted a feeling of light and space because that, after all, is what I've got here." That she certainly has, although what she has to pay for those qualities—a heart-pounding slog up eight flights of stairs—would be daunting to a less determined soul. She apparently considers her expanse of light-drenched rooms well worth the price, having lived there for eight years at the top of an 1896 redbrick mansion in West London.

The light-enhancing green she chose for the living area was suggested by a copper dome she sees from her window but was

Night and Day plaques by Thorwaldsen flank the mirror in the white leather suite. Designed by architect John Wright, the furniture pays unabashed homage to Le Corbusier. Stairs lead to a window platform, which offers a sky view.



To create a second anteroom, left, part of the drawing room wall was taken down and the new opening dressed in composition moldings from George Jackson. Hercules watches over the drawing room while Aphrodite regards the intimate dining table. Below: A metal daybed by Carolyn Quartermaine lends an air of antiquity to the original anteroom. The curtain fabric is by Jane Wildgoose.



more directly inspired by the drawing room of Lansdowne House, created by the celebrated eighteenth-century architect and furniture designer Robert Adam. (When part of the house was taken down in 1930 to allow for road construction in London, the rooms were auctioned off. The drawing room is now on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.) The rams' skulls and composition moldings fixed around door openings and display cases also reflect Adam's influence on her taste, but Mary's style stops far short of imitation.

"It's important to look at the past and react to it," she says, "but I certainly didn't want a pastiche. I wanted something that was very personal and perhaps quirky, but if it had to be labeled, I would call it an interpretation of the past."

Many of the fabrics she used in her redone apartment were commissioned from two art school graduates, Jane Wildgoose

JAMES MORTIMER



and Carolyn Quartermaine. Carolyn also designed the daybed as well as a console and a stool concocted of mild steel with rod frames in a witty combination of industrial materials and Classical proportions.

Perhaps because she sees enough prints and drawings in her day-to-day job, in which she oversees the conservation of those works owned by the National Trust, china is the adornment she prefers for her own residence. "I like the colors on china and the fact that they don't fade," she asserts. "Because they are three-dimensional and take up space, you notice them more than you do a drawing, which tends to become part of the wall."

In an abrupt shift of subject she says of her china pieces: "They're all damaged, of course; otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to afford them in the first place."

Also an avid collector of reproductions of Classical statues and busts, Mary's preference for three-dimensional decoration is apparent in all her rooms, as the gods stand guard throughout the apartment.

In the bedroom Mary's skills as a decorator are most evident. As a starting point for the scheme, she used a 1934 Wilton rug that features a Pompeian design. She painted the walls a dark terra-cotta, performing the work herself, as a pair of paint-spattered trousers in the bathroom testifies. She then hung panels of plain white cotton on the clay-toned walls, creating a Malmaisonesque effect. Mary is not one for prettiness, so the effect she's achieved is sculptural rather than soft.

For her, a perfect evening begins in the small anteroom off the drawing room, with Mary reclining—lounging would not be an appropriate word—on the daybed with a good historical novel. And that same evening ends in this flat, immersed in another good book, snug in the bed made for her by Colin Stanwell-Smith.

Miss Goodwin is at home. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray



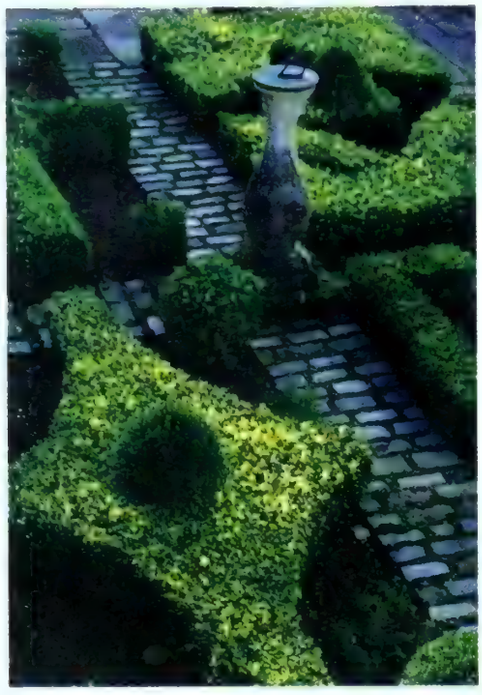


Designing her bedroom around a Pompeian theme, Goodwin swathed her walls, left, in Swiss cotton clasped into place by composition rams' skulls, providing a dramatic backdrop for the bed by Colin Stanwell-Smith. Right: Kitchen shelves hold some of Goodwin's collection of 18th- and 19th-century china.

JAMES MORTIMER



COTSWOLD RETREAT



At Tughill House, a decorator comes home to the English country-cottage style

BY ROS BYAM SHAW

The outer hall, left, with its old stone flags and walls glazed the color of toffee, is a recent addition to the 16th-century house. Above: Topiary box hedges in a cottage garden of 18th-century formality.

JAMES MORTIMER







Stanley Falconer's philosophy of interior design is simple. "I like a house to be comfortable, livable, and when possible, cozy, and that can never be instantly achieved. If my rooms have any cachet or success, it is because I go on working on them—often for years at a time." Falconer is a director of that quintessentially English decorating firm Colefax & Fowler, where he has worked as a designer for 25 years on everything from office blocks, hotels, restaurants, and flats to castles, museums, yachts, and the interiors of private jets. For the past thirteen years his spare time has been devoted to a personal project, a sixteenth-century house in the Cotswolds. He is such a perfectionist that one senses it will never quite be finished. Meanwhile, to the layman Tughill House is a definitive distillation of the English country-cottage style at its simple, unpretentious, and modestly elegant best.

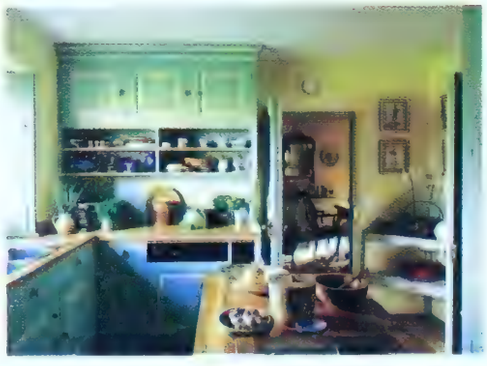
When Falconer set about house hunting about sixteen years ago, he had a stricter set of stipulations than most. He wanted somewhere untouched and remote with no new developments, no caravan sites, and in a "working" village. After a long search Tughill House was the first to come up to the mark. Settled in its own miniature valley, the house is reached by a series of narrow country lanes that dip and swerve through Gloucestershire farmland. On the edge of a tiny village, complete with church and manor house, that can hardly have changed since the days of Jane Austen, it's about as far off the English beaten track as you could get without pitching camp in the middle of Dartmoor.

Inside Tughill the welcome is as warm as the winter air is frosty. Fires flicker in the hearths of low-ceilinged rooms, and there is a faint smell of beeswax polish and indoor flowers. Tall and distinguished with handsome blue eyes and a large smile, Falconer conducts a tour, leading from room to room, ducking just a little through upstairs doorways, telling an amusing decorating anec-

The living room, top left, looking through to the morning room. The carpet is Colefax's Duck's Foot. Center: On an upstairs landing, 18th-century insurance plaques beside a gilded French mirror. Left: Staffordshire rabbits sit on the living room mantel. Opposite above: Mullioned windows in the morning room give views onto the garden. The window seat is in Colefax's Strawberry Leaf. The rug is an 18th-century kilim. Details see Resources.

JAMES MORTIMER

Falconer is such a perfectionist that one senses Tughill House will never be quite finished



The robin's-egg blue for the kitchen was copied from the painted 18th-century French commode visible in the dining room.



Another new room, the dining room, has a fireplace found in France which displays a collection of antique delft. On a 19th-century Ziegler rug, painted leather-covered chairs, probably Swedish, surround a French cherrywood table.









A faux bamboo four-poster, above, with an early 19th century patchwork quilt dominates one of the guest bedrooms, where Stanley Falconer opened up the ceiling for greater height. Colefax's Angouleme covers the sloping walls. Far left: In the main bathroom a grand Queen Anne–style commode discreetly conceals the lavatory. Left: An early 18th century wing chair covered in an antique needlepoint.

dote here, picking up on a favorite treasure there, pointing out some of the more subtle details of design. "I can't bear the oaky-poky look," he says, gesturing toward exposed beams he has chosen to paint rather than strip.

Talk of oaky-poky—conjuring visions of black beam–striped rooms fat with blousy pattern, festooned with horse brasses, and bright with copper kettles—is a reminder of the exquisite restraint that characterizes this interior where nothing is superfluous, nothing overdone. Only three rooms have been allowed the luxury of patterned wallpaper; elsewhere walls are painted in gentle shades of stone, creamy pink, or sand. Curtains are likewise kept to a minimum. Instead there are wooden shutters punctuated only by frilled pelmets upstairs. New chintzes are used sparingly and mixed with a delicious selection of antique textiles—a Regency patchwork quilt on a bed draped with Colefax's Geranium Moiré, an eighteenth-century embroidered counterpane on a four-poster hung with Percheron's Bassorah. There are some wonderful collections—faience, for example, in the dining room and early blue-and-white china in the kitchen—but there is no clutter. The effect is delightfully informal, the eye that achieved it unerring.

Such harmony is all the more remarkable when you are told that until quite recently half of the building simply wasn't there. Time-weathered though Tughill appears with its steeply gabled roof, its stable and outbuildings, not all of it has seen more than a handful of winters. Using reclaimed local stone, the "color of porridge with cream," and new stone from a nearby quarry where four hundred years ago the original builders of Tughill found their materials, Falconer has doubled the size of his house to add a dining room, kitchen, larder, hall, cloakroom, second staircase, bedroom, and bathroom. Even the little barn used as a garage is no older than the car that sits inside it.

The architectural sleight of hand is so successful that you might imagine yourself the object of a designer hoax if it were not for the photographs showing Tughill as a building site, the house dwarfed by a gargantuan digger. Inside, an antique fireplace, antique terra-cotta tiles, and the convincing unevenness of the thick plastered walls complete the illusion. Doors have been copied from originals, so have windows, shutters, skirtings, and beams.

It is no surprise to learn that Falconer started his career, in common with so many great decorators, as an antiques dealer. There followed a brief apprenticeship with the venerable firm of interior decorators Trollopes in Belgravia. Later he defected to Colefax & Fowler—"I realized we spoke the *(Text continued on page 205)*

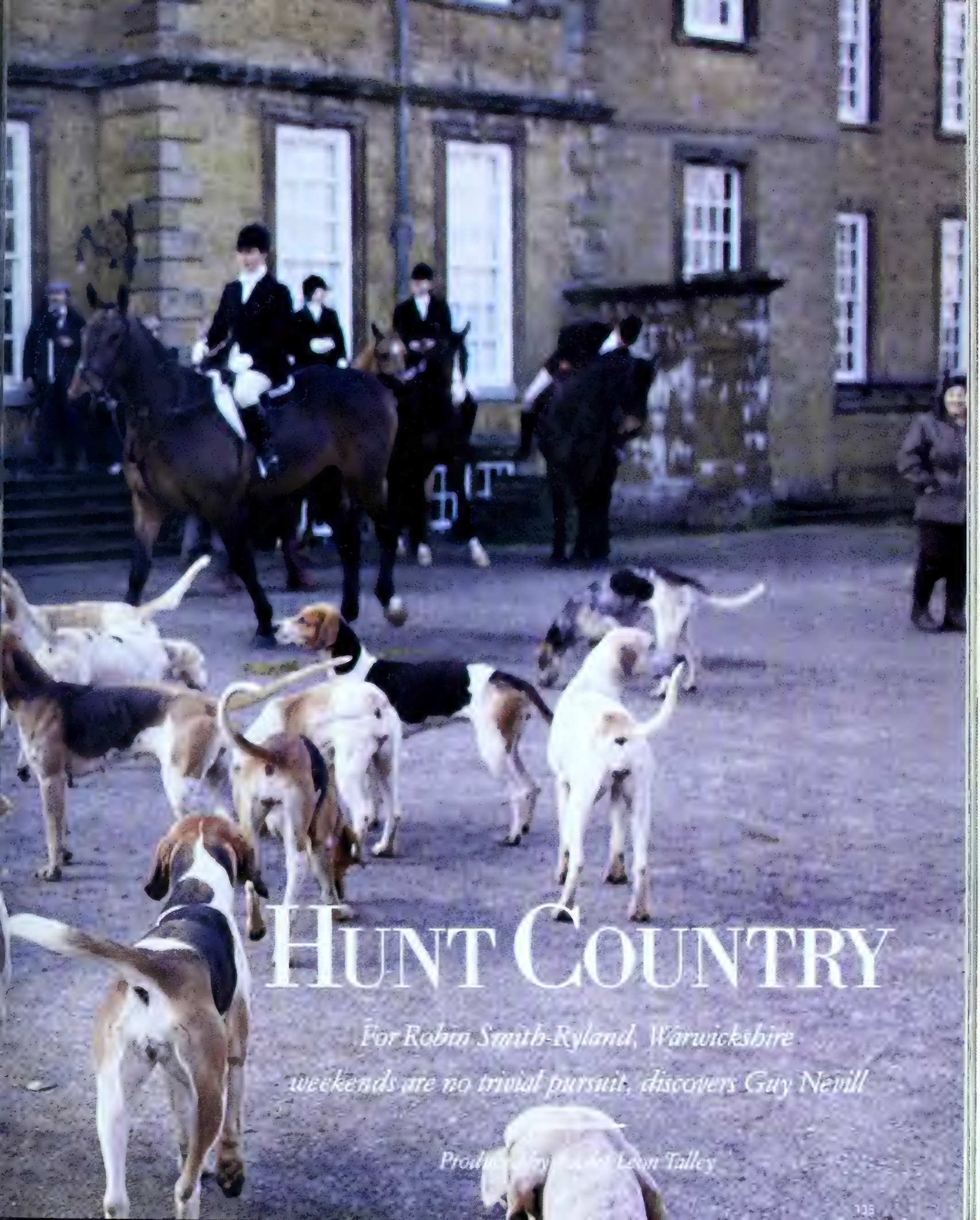




The wood-paneled "thunderbox" lavatory and washbasin, above right. Right: The inner hall has a painted plant stand and mirror that once belonged to John Fowler. The walls, decorated with a simple stenciled frieze, display 17th-century Besler botanical prints.



Huntsman Ralph Markee, in left foreground, with his hounds at the traditional opening meet of the Warwickshire Foxhounds at Upton House.



Hunt Country

For Robin Smith-Ryland, Warwickshire weekends are no trivial pursuit, discovers Guy Nevill

Proud[illegible] by Leon Talley





Robin Smith-Ryland, left, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat of hunting pink with Warwickshire Hunt buttons, buckskin breeches, and a black silk hat, outside his 16th-century farmhouse in Sherbourne. Above: In the drawing room an 18th-century chimneypiece is flanked by Indian columns and crowned by a Dutch still life of birds. Opposite: Red Valentino curtains, red-painted deck chairs from Peter Jones, 18th-century English doors Smith-Ryland's wife, Hélène, found in Paris, and two 18th-century French candelabra—Yves Saint Laurent's wedding present to the Smith-Rylands—add up to a bold look in the dining room. Details see Resources.

Robin Smith-Ryland is the archetypal Edwardian dandy. Heroic, wayward, and original, he has a wacky schoolboy arrogance and all the charm of a bygone era. He is the secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt, and it is this pursuit that is his passion. His ambition was to be master of this pack of hounds that hunts the backbone of England, covering some four hundred square miles with twelve hundred farmers. This past December he won the battle for the mastership for the next season.

Smith-Ryland is suited to rule. His father is the queen's representative in Warwickshire and farms thousands of acres at Sherbourne near Warwick. Educated at Eton and commissioned into the Coldstream Guards, Smith-Ryland learned how to manage men in anticipation of foxhounds. He then went to Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, for in England to manage a hunt is to rule a kingdom. "Fox hunting is the image of war without guilt," he says, although cynics might say the enemy cannot fight back.

For Smith-Ryland, dress is de rigueur: scarlet swallow-tailed coat made by Frank Hall of Market Harborough; his celebrated buckskin breeches once worn by Lord Fortescue in Lionel Edwards's famous painting of the Quorn; boots made by Lobb and expected to last a lifetime; and on his head one of the last black silk top hats of its kind made in England, a relic from crashing falls through bullfinches. Thus rigged, 35-year-old Smith-Ryland is ready for the meet.

Astride he cuts a dashing figure, riding three-quarter-bred hunters with the constitution to carry fourteen and a half stone. From November to April he hunts four



days a week across fields of wheat and grass and vale. Away from the field, Smith-Ryland watches intently as the huntsman draws from covert to covert. When the hounds have gone away, he takes his own line over the big timber and the wide Warwickshire hedges and ditches that loom black out of the mist.

Bonhomie on the hunting field is self-evident, and, scent permitting, the field enjoy their day. Above mud-splattered scarlet, weather-beaten faces beam while flasks are emptied and flanks sweat and heave. At dusk the huntsman blows for home. Horses are boxed; there is talk of the day as well as plenty of tea and whisky. Soda siphons squirt. Ribaldry is rife.

The other passion in Robin Smith-Ryland's life is his wife of three years, Paris-born Russian Baroness Hélène de Ludinghausen. Dark, magnetic, and soignée, Hélène directs the couture at Yves Saint Laurent in Paris, commuting to Warwickshire on the weekend. The baroness claims to have been daunted when she first saw the plain pink-painted sixteenth-century farmhouse with its many subsequent additions, but not for long. She quickly began redecorating. The effect is Russian and not a little French. She brought eighteenth-century English fireplaces from London and doors from Paris, painted woodwork to match the maple furniture already there, and used heavily lined French cotton fabrics to create a warm atmosphere. Reds, pinks, and honey colors predominate in the house.

The dining room is very festive, with deep-hued red chintz Valentino curtains, two eighteenth-century candelabra (a wedding present from Yves Saint Laurent), and lots of Peter Jones deck chairs to seat the masses. In the sixteenth-century attic she converted into boudoir, office, and bathroom, Hélène used a red paisley Boussac print throughout. The resulting space is so cozy that they call it the Womb.

All over the farmhouse are signs of Hélène's decorating and love of clutter. A Ming horse vies with encrusted daggers from Oman, India, and Tibet. There are Kashmir shawls, leopard skins, Russian



An impressive collection of top hats, waistcoats, riding boots, gloves, and sporting regalia in the valeting room. Racks of whips and spurs share wall space with hunting prints.

OBERTO GILI







Robin Smith-Ryland, left, in scarlet smoking jacket with Cottesmore facings and buttons, with his wife, Baroness Hélène de Ludinghausen, wearing Yves Saint Laurent.
Opposite: A huge candy-twisted four-poster bed made from oak on the estate dominates the master bedroom. On the back wall, an icon given by the baroness's grandfather to his wife to celebrate the birth of Hélène's mother, Princess Xenia Scherbatoff.

royal memorabilia, banners from Rajasthan, even a Thai elephant saddle used as a settee. Robin's presence can be felt in the many sporting paintings and photographs of himself on favorite horses; Spy cartoons, fox pads, and a fine hunting library. In contrast, the valeting room is a monument to law and order: gleaming boots; pink coats and waistcoats; jacks, pastes, and cleaning stuffs; rows of whips, spurs, straps, and leggings; dancing pumps and button ankle boots worn only at Ascot.

On Sundays the Smith-Rylands inspect the stables, visit the black Berkshire pig, and run the lurchers. There is the next day to plan and yesterday to clear up: fencing and gate-shutting; hedge-laying parties and earth stopping; hunting gates to be locked; damages to be repaired; and farmers to be cajoled, pacified, and visited. Now Robin's quest for the mastership is over. Intrigue and many candlelit Byzantine-like conferences took place to sort out squabbles and factions because Robin needed support, for there are those who might resent the wayward huntsman. Yet if the Warwickshire had not warmed to Smith-Ryland, he could have tried the more fashionable Quorn or Cottesmore country. For whatever happens, Robin feels sure he was born to be master of men and foxhounds. ♠

(For hunting information see Resources.)

OBERT







In the drawing room, left, eight unframed portraits of a 17th-century Franco-Italian family, unified by a gilded ornament, hang above the sofa with antique tapestry cushions. A late 18th century Italian painting has been transformed into the table. Right: Fortuny-covered chairs flank a French mantelpiece and a 19th-century French floral watercolor. Details see Resources.



CHELSEA COLLECTOR

Picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen applies her gift for display to her converted carriage house

BY JONATHAN ETRA

Pictures are her philosopher's stone, transmuting an insignificant wall into the rare and wonderful





It's the last remaining village green in central London,'' explains antique-picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen, locating herself in time and space. We are in Gainsborough's London, in *Tom Jones,* or, better yet, *Pamela,* tranquil and secure. Hoppen's step through time, however, was painstakingly achieved; her home, an eighteenth-century mews house, was retrieved from near-fatal modernization. ''It needed a lot of work,'' she says. In the dining room, for example, she retained an ''amazing man'' to lay the floor of Belgian oak, piece by piece, nail by nail.

The effort was well spent. ''I tried to create something cozy, comfortable,'' says Hoppen, who feels that home is the ultimate retreat, an antidote to the frenzy of life. The master bedroom, for example, ''has wonderful light, very warm, with a golden feeling about it,'' she says, waxing lyric. ''You're in central London, but it seems a million miles from anywhere.'' The color scheme is subdued, indeed colorless, no chintz. There is the cream wool-covered chaise, and the bed—submerged in heaps of antique linen, hand-embroidered sheets and pillowcases—is a nest of white. Hoppen adores antique linen and has a lady in Yorkshire who scours the country unearthing it. Hoards of the stuff—hand-embroidered with flowers

RICHARD



The entirely blue-and-white dining room, above, with Hoppen's Worcester and Chinese export porcelain collection on the walls and in the cupboard. A table draped in antique lace and linen displays a Staffordshire dinner service, c. 1895, from Ford & Sons and Bristol Blue goblets. Opposite above: A collection of blue-and-white porcelain tea caddies, silver, and crystal create a novel window treatment. Opposite below: Antique white linens cover the bed and side tables, formed by stacked lawyer's deed boxes. On the wall Portuguese painted leather panels were part of an 18th-century screen. In the foreground, a floral crewelwork rug.

and coats of arms—which were never used have been found in hope chests. There are stains from age at the folds, but the linen washes out white and fluffy.

If upstairs is calm, downstairs is all activity. Hoppen is an advocate of clutter: "The minimal look is not me." Pictures are in absolute control of the walls, not a centimeter escapes. "I've always been obsessed with pictures. You can never have too many." She does, however, have preferences: "I love faces, interiors, flowers, anything unusual." And she sees nothing incongruous about mixing styles—having a sixteenth-century portrait next to a modern still life next to a nineteenth-century architectural print or Bakst costume design. Pictures are her philosopher's stone, transmuting an insignificant wall into the rare and wonderful. "Pictures pull a house together," Hoppen exclaims, as if to impress upon us the need to fill our own walls at once. In fact, she is currently writing a book on decorating with pictures for Clarkson N. Potter. Her conclusion: there are no rules.

Hoppen's love of pictures intimately ties her homelife to her work. Although she





earned a law degree, no shred of legal inclination remains in her. She is entirely a creature of art, with galleries in London, Toronto, and New York. "I buy from a personal standpoint, stock only what I like," she explains, pointing to a small lush portrait of a nineteenth-century Oriental actor, then to a primitive landscape that was painted by a retired plowman.

A quickly darting figure with dark yellow hair shadowing a soft angular face, Hoppen claims to be an ascetic. Her favorite clothes are blue jeans and sweaters. She prefers simple food—fresh fruit, bread, shellfish. If she entertains, it is at home with friends at a casual dinner in her blue-and-white dining room, the colors perfectly matching her collection of Worcester and Chinese export porcelain.

Her children live in London. A daughter is a successful decorator. A son is an antiques dealer and photographer. "We don't compete," she assures. "But we all like old things." Thus we leave Stephanie Hoppen, safe in a green corner of London, her house a living exemplar of a simpler way of life. ♠ *Editor: Judy Brittain*



An upholstered chaise in cream wool and a huge silver gilt–framed Italian chair, above, provide a comfortable corner in the bedroom. The Dutch bombé chest dates to 1700. Opposite above: An 18th-century fruitwood commode supports a miniature of Queen Elizabeth I—a 19th-century copy of the original at Hatfield House. Opposite below: A trompe l'oeil summer board of blue-and-white ginger jars conceals the hearth. Fortuny fabric covers the French dining chairs.



MASTER OF CABINETRY

George Bullock, the great Regency furniture maker, rediscovered

Every so often in the decorative arts a major figure comes suddenly to the fore after decades, even centuries, of neglect. Inevitably that happens not just because of the intrinsic quality of the artist's work but because it speaks in very contemporary terms once again. In the decorative arts no figure has enjoyed a more dramatic or deserving revival during the past few years than George Bullock, the English Regency cabinetmaker whose pieces are now among the most coveted on the international antiques market.

Nineteenth-century furniture in general and Regency furniture in particular have exceptional appeal to the eighties sensibility. Regency seems at once Classical and contemporary, graphic and yet romantic, imposing but practical for the way many people want to live now. Some Regency designs can be dainty in proportion and finicky in detailing, but that was never true of Bullock. He was to furniture what Sir John Soane (in whose circle he moved) was to architecture. Both men were maverick innovators who took the basic forms and motifs of Classicism and transformed them into something so original and powerful that their work stands alone in its period.

In effect they were Modernists before their time, cutting through the claptrap of history and memory with a force we can understand as though they were designing today. One sign of that is James Stirling's enthusiasm for Bullock. A pioneering collector of offbeat English furniture of the highest quality, Britain's most important contemporary architect was onto Bullock well ahead of the pack and now owns several magnificent examples.

Like many of the unjustly obscure in the annals of art, Bullock was forgotten largely because of his early death, at age 35. Although his independent career lasted less than fifteen years; he was exceptionally productive. But rather than spin off endless repetitive pieces for sale on speculation, Bullock tended to concentrate on a few very large commissions for fitting up entire houses. This too led to posthumous oblivion. A few of his major projects remained intact for so *(Text continued on page 206)*



George Bullock, top left, by Joseph Allen, 1808, designed the dazzling dwarf cabinet, above, c. 1817. It combines larchwood and ebony with brass inlays and mounts, and a top of British marble. It is now touring the U.S. in the "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum" show.

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Napoleon's footstool, above, part of the house Bullock fully outfitted for the exiled emperor on Saint Helena in 1815.



Rosewood sofa table, above, and detail, right, enriched by Bullock's characteristic brass inlays.

Powerful mahogany side chair, below, now owned by the British architect James Stirling.





Although Bullock's designs are strong enough to make their presence felt individually, he was fortunate to receive several large commissions not just for whole rooms but entire houses. Among them were New Longwood House, the British luxury prison for Napoleon on Saint Helena; a Gothick castle for the Marquess of Cholmondeley; and Tew Park, Oxfordshire. His furniture for Tew Park, opposite, remained there until 1987, when the largest known hoard of Bullock works was auctioned off by Christie's.

TOP LEFT AND OPPOSITE COURTESY CHRISTIE S OTHERS COURTESY H. BLAIRMAN & SONS



Best Laid Plan

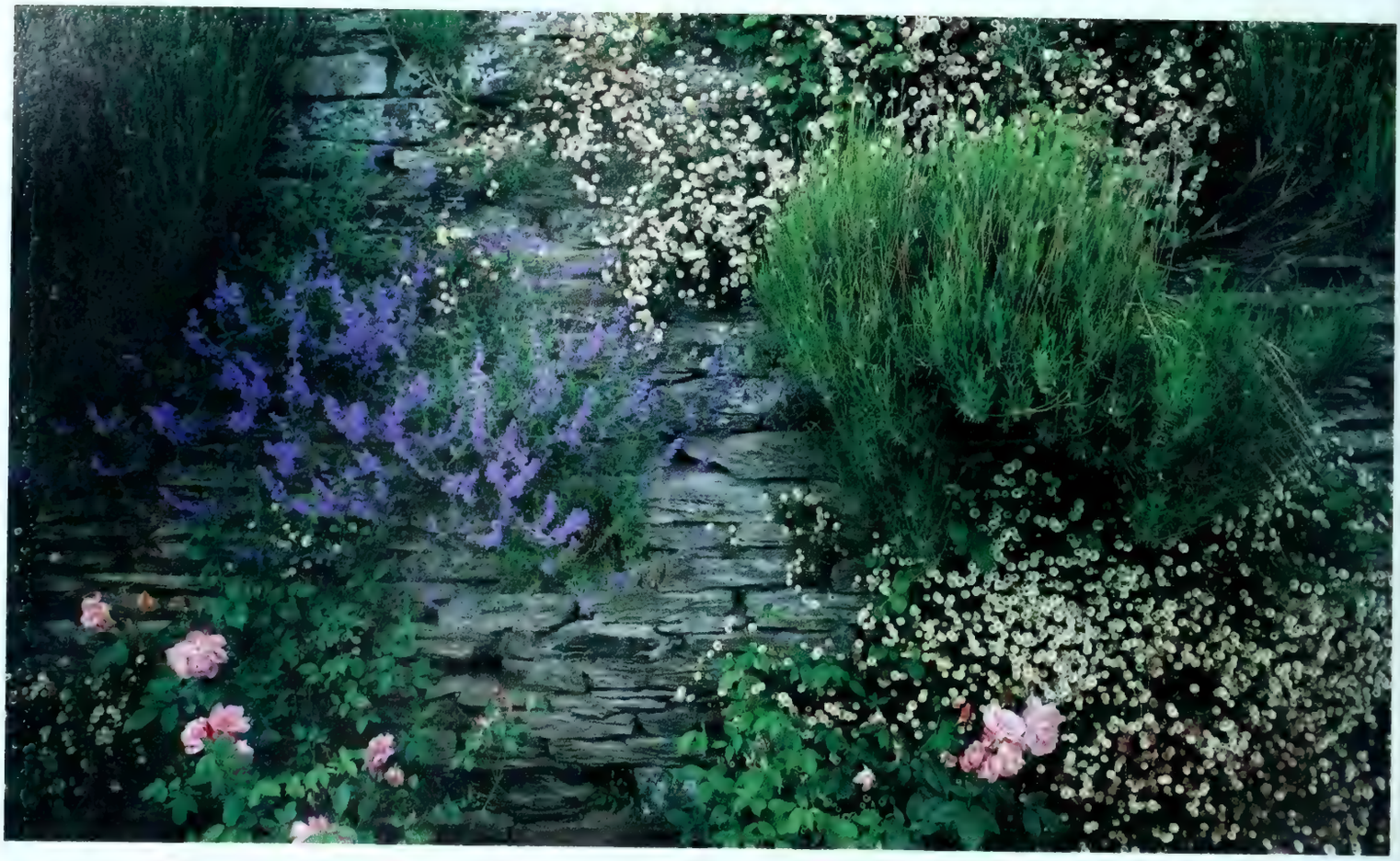
Gertrude Jekyll's brilliant planting and Edwin Lutyens's architectural mastery make Hestercombe a superb example of collaborative garden design, say Michael Van Valkenburgh and Carol Doyle Van Valkenburgh



Silvery plants like *Nepeta mussinii*, dwarf lavender, pinks, and santolina cascade down walls and creep up steps at Hestercombe, softening the garden's formal stone structure. Some were planted; some are the wind-borne surprises that delighted Gertrude Jekyll.

MICK HALES





Delicate erigeron, above, veils catmint in bloom, lavender in bud, and pink roses. Opposite: Along the Grey Walk, stone mowing strips edge daisy-starred lawn.

Wandering through Hestercombe today, you can sense the ghostly presence of its two enormously talented creators: architect Edwin Lutyens and his mentor, friend, and frequent collaborator, Gertrude Jekyll. Their vastly different skills are woven together at Hestercombe in a work of art that merges garden architecture and planted form to create, in its most sublime moments, something much greater than the sum of its parts. This haunting garden, which stretches over a hillside in Somerset, about a three-hour drive west of London, was commissioned in 1903 by the Honourable E. W. B. Portman for his rather undistinguished manor house—at present inhabited by the local fire brigade. Now the property of the Somerset County Council, the garden has undergone a substantial and commendable restoration since the 1970s. Every effort has been made to use plants originally specified and not modern hybrid "improvements," and therefore Hestercombe is widely viewed as the most accurate Jekyll planting in existence.

When Lutyens and Jekyll began work, the site held a single terrace reaching out some 75 feet from its broad southern face and an informal park with mature trees and shadowy glades bordering the house on the north, east, and west. Just as the *bosco* provides a chaotic foil to a measured Italian Renaissance garden such as Villa Lante, the randomness of the romantic park is a counterpoint to the orthogonal plan and balanced proportions of the gardens at Hestercombe. But in provocative ways the severe geometry of the garden's stone walls and terracing also shares qualities of nearby fields. Along the Grey Walk, for instance, Lutyens's retaining walls are by necessity massive, but the local stone laid with recessed mortar joints reduces their visual bulk and accentuates light and shadow to create an illusion of depth. Jekyll's artful planting softens the north wall in a way that redefines its shape, allowing it to become part of a planting scheme that dances along in an imaginative and lissome configuration. Plants of varying heights step out from the wall; billowy pocket plantings are embedded in it. Jekyll's use of contrasting colors—white or pale plants against dark foliage—and recurring plant forms at random intervals on the opposite borders spark unexpected relationships, increasing the feeling of movement from one side of the walk to the other and the sense of plants cascading down a hillside. Jekyll's years of research in her own gardens at Munstead Wood are fully revealed in a brilliant weaving of gray foliage plants like lavender, pinks, catmint, lamb's-ears, and rosemary. But the primary ingredient in this most accomplished border—as throughout the garden at Hestercombe—is the artistic genius of the Lutyens-Jekyll collaboration.

Lutyens's design for Hestercombe evolved without stylistic influences from the house. Rather, the classical detailing of the garden and orangery are strongly reminiscent of style of the seventeenth-century architect Christopher Wren. The materials used, the patterning of the main part of the garden, and Lutyens's decision to utilize the existing terrace as a neutral space be-



tween house and garden indicate his desire to relate the new gardens to the surrounding landscape rather than to the house.

He stepped his new garden down the hillside in a series of deep terraces joined by extensive stairways, centering its main element, called the Great Plat, directly below and in front of the original terrace. The main walkways in this recessed parterre radiate diagonally from the center to stairs in the four corners. Thus, he draws one's attention away from the house, focusing it instead on a series of views of other elements of the garden and animating those views by revealing them from unexpected angles. This main garden is joined, without awkward spaces, to a series of smaller gardens near the orangery by a masonry rotunda at the southeast corner of the house which works as a kind of hinge or pivot point.

Lutyens's pergola at the southern end of the parterre has been criticized as an effort to separate his landscape from its surroundings. But the opposite is true: by removing some of the columns and their connecting beams, he opened up vistas to the distant landscape as part of a sequence of movement through the garden. The view across the circular pools, along the rills, and over the tanks to the farm fields is extraordinary. The bays of the pergola frame and hold the distant Somerset hills, and the water tanks appear poised and capable of irrigating the fields below. The decision to open up the pergola to this spectacular vista seems to have been made late in the design stages and possibly on site. At the ends of the pergola, oval windows have been cut into the enclosing masonry wall to provide a glimpse into the next landscape. Lutyens used such devices throughout Hestercombe to connect the garden spaces to one another.

In this remarkable garden the masterful hand and vivid imagination of Gertrude Jekyll created exquisite plantings perfectly attuned to Edwin Lutyens's superb sense of space, proportion, and detail. Hestercombe, stark yet sensual, sets a standard rarely surpassed for collaborative brilliance. ▲ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*



The view from the original terrace embraces both the Great Plat—the main parterre with its diagonal paths, vine-covered pergola, and flanking water rills—and fields and hills of Somerset.

MICK HALES







The peonies and low-hanging *Clematis montana* create a favorite Jekyll "garden picture." Opposite: Lively play of architecture and plants beyond the wisteria-draped arch invites the visitor to investigate.

At age forty, Prince Charles, laying a cornerstone (and at a construction site, opposite), has finally found the public role that long eluded him. As spokesman against Modernist architecture and champion of a return to Classicism, his taste for projects such as Quinlan Terry's new Richmond Riverside development, below, has already had a strong effect on British design.



Martin Filler tells how the Prince of Wales has built himself a new career as architectural power broker

CHARLES
ENGLAND'S DESIGNING PRINCE

God bless the Prince of Wales.'' Thus ended one typical review of what was unquestionably the television event of 1988 in England, *A Vision of Britain: A Personal View of Architecture,* a 76-minute documentary written and narrated by the Prince of Wales and aired on the BBC last October, just before his fortieth birthday. From cabbies to country squires, Old Etonians to East Enders, the response seemed virtually unanimous: Prince Charles was speaking with the voice of the nation.

It has now been five years since the heir apparent chanced upon the cause that established him in the public mind as something more than the queen's son and the Princess of Wales's husband. His famous speech before the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1984—bristling with provocative phrases like ''monstrous carbuncle'' and ''giant glass stump''—brought him at long last the sense of mission that had eluded him throughout two decades of official life. Who can blame the man for embracing one of the few activities that has given him real recognition as an adult?

Architecture has helped boost the self-esteem of many of Prince Charles's forebears as well. The Prince Regent became completely obsessed with architecture and decorating during the long and frustrating decades before he finally became King George IV at age 57. He spent millions on his palaces and their interiors, most memorably the staggering Royal Pavilion at Brighton. Queen Victoria's more sober-sided consort, Prince Albert, was also an important patron: the Crystal Palace was built under his aegis for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Architecture has always been a perquisite of princes, and the current Prince of Wales has simply found a more contemporary way of putting his mark on the landscape of his country.

No one in Prince Charles's philistine







"I'm accused of wanting to return to the past, to a kind of glorified Disneyland. That's not the case at all"

family (except his nonpracticing Modernist architect cousin, the Duke of Gloucester) has been interested enough in architecture to have inspired him into the closest thing he'll have to a career until he mounts the throne. It was as a university student at Cambridge in the late sixties that he found his calling. While the rest of his generation was becoming more radical, he became more reactionary. Although he had to be dissuaded from joining the Labour Club while an undergraduate, his populism is rooted in royal condescension. Prince Charles has been portrayed as a kind of aging hippie, but his outlook is antiquarian rather than Aquarian.

At Cambridge the impressionable young prince fell under the sway of the Peterhouse Set, a coterie of architectural, theological, and social conservatives at Peterhouse College, which he gravitated toward while he attended the more liberal Trinity College. Guru of the so-called Young Fogeys at Peterhouse is the architectural historian David Watkin, author of the revisionist anti-Modernist tract *Morality and Architecture* and teacher of a new generation of commentators who support the prince's pronouncements. Prince Charles's recent outspokenness came as a great surprise to many because he had maintained a relatively low profile until the landmark RIBA address. He then and there took up the role of royal curmudgeon which his boorish and competitive father, Prince Philip, created a generation ago, making often outrageous but always quotable comments on the decline and fall of the British.

Flushed with the success that came via the very news media he otherwise disdains, Prince Charles quickly became a force to be reckoned with, the de facto Minister for Architecture of the United Kingdom. Yet unlike most critics, his power is not merely opinion: architects and developers now standardly vet their proposed building schemes with the prince to prevent the damaging impact of his well-publicized disapproval. Although he avows that his chief objective has been to "create discussion about the design of the built environment, to rekindle an alert awareness of our surroundings," Prince Charles in fact has been exercising a very effective form of high-handed design censorship, an aggrandizement of British royal privilege unparalleled in modern times.

Actually, there is not much of a case to be made in favor of contemporary architecture in Great Britain, and it might be said that the Prince of Wales has chosen a large and easy target. The profession's present leading lights—James Stirling, Richard Rogers, and Norman Foster—are rarely employed in their own country and have received most of their important commissions from abroad. What has been built in England in recent years is of a far lower standard than most current architecture on the Continent. But the longer history of Modernism in Britain has been a proud one, and such innovative engineers and architects as Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Paxton, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, and the planners of the Garden City Movement stand as tall in the annals of British design as those incomparable Classicists Jones, Wren, Hawksmoor, Adam, and Soane. There are several Britains when it comes to architecture, but Prince Charles has chosen to focus on the validity of only one.

This was abundantly clear in his TV show, followed by a five-part series, *Visions of Britain,* which also included installments on Rogers and the apostle of England's conservative Classicists, Quinlan Terry. Only minutes into his film, the prince declared that "sometime during this century something went wrong," a fact indisputable to anyone who has lived through even part of it. "For various reasons," he went on, "we allowed terrible damage to be inflicted on parts of this country's unique landscape."

Those various reasons, left unspecified by the prince, included the appalling poverty and degradation rife in the cities of the world's first industrialized society, the devastation wreaked by the Nazis during World War II, and the need to solve as quickly and economically as possible the desperate housing, health, and educational needs of the nation in the wake of the Depression and the Blitz. There was something unforgivably insensitive about the tanned and immaculately dressed Prince of Wales sitting in the ravishing garden of Highgrove, his Gloucestershire country estate, and intoning about Glasgow's Gorbals, one of the worst slums of Victorian Britain: "The tenements had not been so bleak as their reputation suggested."

Gossip magazines have made a tidy trade in rumors *(Text continued on page 206)*

HOPE AND GLORY
Prince Charles with an architectural model in the style he favors, above left, and in the robes of the Order of the Bath, opposite left. Opposite right: England's most controversial structure of the eighties, Lloyd's of London by Richard Rogers, "needs a solid brick wall and a slate roof," says Quinlan Terry.

ALPHA/GLOBE PHOTOS







MARTIN CHARLES

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Quinlan Terry, right, defender of an ancient architectural creed, bicycles to work from Higham Hall, his Georgian house built about 1810. Inset above: Merks Hall, an Essex country house Terry completed in 1986.

"Modernism is satanic," architect Quinlan Terry believes. Martin Filler asks Prince Charles's favorite Classicist why

TERRY

KEEPER OF THE FAITH



Dedham is the kind of idyllic English village every American dreams of—and every Englishman as well. It is not surprising to learn that two of the most English of all English artists, John Constable and Sir Alfred Munnings, were attracted to this picturesque Essex town, for the pastoral landscapes that surround it are like their most familiar paintings come to life. But now another of the arts is bringing visitors to Dedham: its most famous current resident is Quinlan Terry, the controversial Classical revivalist whose backward-looking designs have paradoxically become the newest thing in British architecture.

Although the 51-year-old Terry has been quietly keeping the flame of Classicism alive in Dedham for over 25 years, only recently has he become known outside a small circle of anti-Modernist fanatics. At first deemed little more than an eccentric anachronism in a time of extreme stylistic upheaval, Terry is at last being taken quite seriously for attitudes that just a few years ago earned him little more than bemused smiles and upturned eyes. Now he is no laughing matter.

One major factor in Terry's newfound stature is the patronage of the Prince of Wales, leader of the English reaction against Modernism and champion of a return to the *(Text continued on page 207)*



MLINARIC NOW AND THEN

From parties in the swinging sixties to historical restorations in the eighties, Malise Ruthven traces the career of the London decorator

His friends still call him Monster, a nickname that dates from the 1960s when he wore shoulder-length hair and clothes from Hung on You. Its precise origins are obscure; no one seems sure if it derived from his somewhat exotic appearance or from his allegedly fierce temper. In either event the nickname stuck, partly because of its obvious irony: David Mlinaric is a neat, precise, modest man with a quiet charm and exquisite manners whose lifelong mission has been to create order and elegance out of chaos and ugliness. Yet there may also be some deeper truth lurking behind the name, a suggestion that his personality might have a Manichaean streak: the iron discipline and self-control, the constant aspiration to perfection could be the obverse of a wild passionate nature inherited from his Slavic ancestors. Many of David's friends from the sixties were extravagant people. Perhaps he loved them—as he loves them still—because their chaos confirmed his sense of order, their romantic exuberance his penchant for classical austerity.

Now age fifty, approaching midcareer, David Mlinaric is by general consent Britain's top decorator. His clients include the National Trust, the Foreign Office, and a diverse selection of Britain's richest men, including John Aspinall, Sir James Goldsmith, Sebastian de Ferranti, Jacob Rothschild, and Mick Jagger. Since most of David's longtime clients are friends—and loyalty to his friends, regardless of their circumstances, is one of his most endearing characteristics—newcomers may be told they will have to wait two to three years before he can turn his attention to them. This is the main reason, he says, why he does so little work on the west side of the Atlantic, where few people are prepared to wait.

For David Mlinaric the sixties still retain their magical afterglow. His first big break came in 1965 with the commission to design a pavilion of orange and yellow ribbons and an Art Nouveau bandstand for a dance in the London garden of his friends the Ormsby-Gores, children of the late Lord Harlech, Britain's ambassador to Washington and confidant of John F. Kennedy. It was one of those parties people still remember at which royalty, the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, and dukes danced—or at least rubbed shoulders—in what promised to be a new, less stuffy, less socially stratified England. Mlinaric is one of the era's great survivors.

In David's case the hippie image was always misleading. He might for a time be the soul of a party; but unlike most of his peers he had to get up in the morning. Apart from the need to earn money, he had a strong sense of obligation to those clients—often the parents of friends—who had been kind enough, as he saw it, to give him work. David's conscientiousness, the quiet ambition that set him apart from his contemporaries, was probably rooted in his background. His father landed in England from Slovenia (later part of Yugoslavia) around 1910 while immigrating to the United States. Robbed of all his money and possessions at Victoria Station, he found work as a furrier and eventually attained a position of considerable prosperity with a shop in Bond Street, a house in Twickenham, and a Rolls-Royce. David was sent to Downside, an exclusive Catholic boarding school run by Benedictine



David Mlinaric, opposite, is currently restoring what he considers the "best painted room in England," in London's 18th-century Spencer House. Mirrors and painted panels were removed for the duration, and the walls hung with polyethylene. Below: A collage of designs and colorings for a London house.

OIS HALARD

monks where he met several of his lifelong aristocratic friends, including Baron Piers von Westenholz, his first partner, and Lord Gormanston, an Irishman whose activities in the sixties and seventies were regularly featured in the gossip columns.

Downside made a lasting impression—particularly the Abbey Church, a fine Victorian Gothic building designed by Gilbert Scott. "I was always glad to go there," says David, "because I enjoyed the architecture so much. I would trace the lines over and over again, the ups and downs of the columns, the vaulting of the roof. I liked the ritual and the grammar of the building, the way things balanced each other, as well as the odd curiosity, like the cardinal's hat hanging above his tomb, or the altar cloth made out of one of the czar's coronation robes."

David's feeling for architecture—his greatest strength as a designer—was scarcely enhanced by a year at the Bartlett School of Architecture in London where he enrolled in 1957 at the age of eighteen, though he benefited, he says, from drawing elevations of the Parthenon. It was the heyday of Modernism, when Corbu and Mies were gods, and the Bauhaus was still Valhalla; pupils were being brainwashed into designing the blocks and towers that would soon disfigure Britain's cities. Unsympathetic to the architectural zeitgeist, David switched to the Bartlett School of Decoration where he learned the "good old Beaux-Arts principle" of seeing by drawing.

If he became a rebel, it was as part of an elitist rebellion, spearheaded by John Betjeman, against an Establishment which was itself iconoclastic as well as philistine, tearing down ancient streets and vandalizing an urban fabric that had grown up over many generations. It was a poor time for design in Britain. The style favored by youth was Coffee Bar Contemporary: mud-colored walls with bright orange sofas, boomerang-shaped tables with splayed legs. At the

1988



Above the fireplace in the Mlinarics' drawing room (once his studio), a Rex Whistler painting of Mrs. Mlinaric's mother and aunt. Beneath the mezzanine bedroom area, a set of sepia drawings of ancient English sites. The 18th-century chairs retain original needlepoint under their checked slipcovers.

He deplores the way certain decorat



usy their rooms in chintz curtains and deep-pile carpets

FRANCOIS HALARD



1981

The Bow Room at Castle Coole has been restored to its Regency splendor. Mlinaric had the chinoiserie fabric rewoven from an original fragment.



1975

At Thorpe Hall, Mlinaric created a comfortable sitting room for what was once his country house.

TOP: COURTESY NATIONAL TRUST; BOTTOM: DAVID MONTG



1986

Engravings, portraits, silhouettes, and marble busts line the wood-paneled corridor in Jacob Rothschild's office.



1988

Dining room walls were stippled a French mustard color to complement the client's collection of modern and Eskimo art. Above the table is a Gothic oil lamp chandelier by Anthony Salvin.

CHARD BRYANT; BOTTOM: FRANÇOIS HALARD



1980 Always attentive to detail, Mlinaric had the architectural panels in the dining hall at Magdalene College, Cambridge, restored to their original green color.



1988 Mlinaric placed a ladder in the bathroom of a client's London mansion flat so that she could open the top level of the double-tiered curtained cupboards.

1978 In a wood-paneled anteroom at Beningbrough Hall, Yorkshire, blue-and-white Chinese export china is clustered above the chimneypiece.





1972 A Welsh dresser filled with china and other supplies, wooden ceiling beams, a checked tablecloth, and a brick floor give a rustic look to the kitchen at Thorpe Hall.



1988

The upstairs seafood bar at the Savoy Hotel is as informal as a continental seaside café with its red-and-white awning ceiling.

Newcomers may be told they will have to wait two to three years for Mlinaric



1984

Mlinaric indulged his passion for authenticity by re-creating the original Empire damask in the yellow salon of the British embassy in Paris.

other end of the spectrum, classicism had descended into unthinking pastiches of traditional English style which depended more on draperies than on good architectural "bones." After a year and a half with Michael Inchbald—from whom he learned the importance of planning—and a spell in the office of architect Dennis Lennon, David set up on his own with his friend Piers von Westenholz. With £800 in capital and a secondhand station wagon, they rented John Singer Sargent's old studio in Tite Street, Chelsea, decorating it with dark red walls, bright red curtains, and gilt mirrors "bought for a song" in the salesrooms. Desmond and Mariga Guinness, founders of the Irish Georgian Society, were an important influence at this time. Their castle at Leixlip near Dublin showed what could be done with a lot of flair and relatively little money—"a few bits of silk, a bunch of ostrich feathers, and a splash of paint," as David puts it. Leixlip seemed far more exciting than the more expensive and studied interiors he saw in London, though he well knew that the effect of spontaneity, Mariga's hallmark, was much more difficult to achieve than appeared at first sight.

David's first clients were mostly "young business people who had just bought a flat in Cadogan Square and wanted it done up." Their budgets rarely extended beyond paints and fabrics, and cheap ones at that: "Our palette was emulsion paint and Indian cotton." Nevertheless, his special way with paint, his use of subtle tones to bring out a building's architectural qualities, his insistence on ripping out partitions and restoring rooms to their original proportions brought him to the attention of the National Trust. A major breakthrough was Millichope Park in Shropshire, a Greek Revival house that had been a school during World War II and was being converted back for family use. John Cornforth, *Country Life*'s architectural writer and an influential member of the National Trust, was particularly impressed by David's use of color in a hall that rises through two and a half stories, "making sense out of a difficult architectural space." A commission for the Trust soon followed: Beningbrough Hall in Yorkshire, a fine eighteenth-century house with problems similar to Millichope's which was being prepared as an outstation for London's National Portrait Gallery. In 1977, after the death of John Fowler, Da-





vid was the natural choice to succeed him as adviser to the National Trust. He is the only decorator in England, says Cornforth, who seriously concerns himself with the problems of restoration.

The Mlinaric look may be described as understated elegance, implying that a room, however recently decorated, has always been that way. It is justly prized by those who wish to create the effect of effortless respectability. David's most recent finished work—apart from Mick Jagger's exquisite little château on the Loire—is the astonishing Palladian replica, modeled on the Villa Rotonda, built by Quinlan Terry and Julian Bicknell for Sebastian de Ferranti, the electronics magnate.

David's painstaking methods and his determination to remain small (he employs a permanent staff of only eight, most of whom have been with him for years) means that he completes only two or three jobs a year. Though he lives comfortably in London with his wife, Martha, who looks after the firm's books, and three children, by far the greatest part of his fee is absorbed by the army of craftsmen he insists on employing—the specialist painters, carvers, plasterers, and carpenters. Indeed, he is largely responsible for the revival of craft skills that had all but disappeared in England—an achievement, he says, that gives him more pleasure than anything else. ♠

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet, Judy Brittain

1988

In the kitchen of a client's London flat, left, a polished sea of glass, granite, and wood. The overall effect is of a luxury liner. Above: Work in careful progress at Spencer House.

1978

A view of the majestic two-story entrance hall, right, with its Georgian decoration at Beningbrough.



1980

In the hall at Magdalene College, Mlinaric edged panels in gold to echo the splendid wall brackets.




SNOWDON



Sir Anthony Caro creates a new and startling version of the English garden folly: Sculpitecture

CARO

"I thought it would be nice to make a sculpture you could actually get inside of," says Sir Anthony Caro, dean of British sculptors, describing the new plywood landscape pavilions he playfully calls Sculpitecture. Inspired by a collaboration with architect Frank Gehry, Caro continued to experiment on his own, working with carpenters who hammered up and tore down his ideas as he improvised on the spot. "I wanted to expand the boundaries of sculpture by making something on an architectural scale which I could treat as loosely as sculpture. Architects don't get their hands dirty enough, you know. My work in the sixties was very pure because those were very pure times. Now I find myself wanting to thicken up my work and make it more complex because these times are so much more complicated." And more lively, too, thanks to this unexpected update on the English garden folly. **M. F.**



Caro's Lakeside Folly, below, built last summer in upstate New York, can be used like a traditional gazebo. A smaller variation is called the Pool House. Opposite: The sculptor at work in his North London studio.



VICTORIAN FANTASY

Lord Glenconner refurbished his London house in the manner of the Victorian Tennants

BY DAVID OGILVY

Appropriately, on the day I visited Hill Lodge Lord and Lady Glenconner were preparing for a party. By their standards it was a modest one—drinks for their daughters Amy and May and their school friends—but preparations were nonetheless fastidious. Lord Glenconner was busy arranging flowers with the concentration of a set designer. In fact, the whole house had the air of expectancy you find in a theater shortly before the performance begins.

Lord Glenconner, better known as Colin Tennant, is an old hand at theatricality and entertaining. His parties in both London and the Caribbean have long been a focus

The ceramic mantel, c. 1870, in the drawing room is one of only three made by Maw & Co. John Stefanidis designed Bronzino fabric at windows. Above left: Lord Glenconner sits in the library before William Etty's *The Homeric Dance*, 1841. In his lap, plans for his Saint Lucia resort. Details see Resources.

RICHARD DAVIES





A Pugin sofa sets a genteel mood in the library, left and opposite, for which Stefanidis invented Gothic bookcases. Gilt pelmet is Victorian. Atop the Regency Gothic desk are accessories made for Lord Glenconner's great-grandfather, Sir Charles Tennant. Meissen jaybird is by Kaendler. Below: Regency chairs in dining room were collected by Lord Glenconner's grandmother. Centerpiece is an 18th-century Sceaux cabbage.

The style is more usually seen in museums than in private house and it is this unfamiliarity that creates its startling effect

of attention for the English press. Princess Margaret, Mick Jagger, and other socialites and celebrities own villas on Lord Glenconner's holiday island of Mustique or visit it frequently, and a crowd is sure to follow him to the Jalousie Plantation, his new resort on Saint Lucia.

The Tennant family, however, has its roots in a very different world from the one they now occupy. Like the Du Ponts in the United States, the Tennants in Scotland amassed a great fortune in the chemical industry. By the 1830s they were emblematic of the new European bourgeoisie, with one foot in Scottish Protestant ethics and the other in limitless capitalism. Hill Lodge is a curious homily to this great period of emergent wealth.

The house was built in 1841 as a late Regency villa, possibly for the developer of Campden Hill Square, on a steep hill in Kensington. In contrast to the typical town house on the square, it might just as well be found in an English country town. Lord Glenconner's mother, who now lives in one of the attached cottages, bought the house in 1948 as a London family residence with few affectations. Lord Glenconner wanted to reinvent the house, but rather than disguise its nouveau origins, he



RICHARD





A mid-Victorian half tester in Lord Glenconner's bedroom, above, is flanked by portraits of his parents by Strang. On the door, Sargent's drawing of his father. Lady Anne's sitting room, below, is a non-Victorian haven, as is her bedroom, opposite. Stefanidis's settee and footboard fabric is based on the needlework carpet. On chiffonier, Meissen, Wemyss ware.



decided to exaggerate them. Just as the Victorians used the Gothic style to express fantasies of their past, so he, with designer John Stefanidis, used Victorian bourgeois taste to express his.

Lord Glenconner deliberately used new materials wherever possible to impart the bourgeois quality he chose to extol. For example, the carpets, which set the tone for the main rooms, are from a London firm established in 1780. The firm had kept all its designs since then, and Lord Glenconner and Stefanidis duly chose two from the 1840s or '50s. The result is striking if not startling; we are more accustomed to seeing faded and worn Victorian furnishings than new and radiant ones.

In pride of place on either side of the ceramic fireplace in the drawing room hang dour portraits of the Tennant of the period and his wife, and family objects and furniture also ground the historical fantasy. But Lord Glenconner admits to growing restless once something is finished, and he is always looking to perfect some detail. His other antidote to restlessness is to use the house for what it seems best for—entertaining. As I left, he eagerly resumed preparations for the party, the set designer putting on the final touches before curtain up. ♠ *Editor: Judy Brittain*







PRIME TIME



UP ON THE ROOF architect Piers Gough created a home-office complete with terrace for his longtime friend, and now client, Janet Street-Porter, opposite.

Janet Street-Porter, head of youth programming for the BBC, is hard to miss. And so is her new house in London, according to Charles Gandee

TIM STREET-PORTER



Waving proudly in the gentle breeze above Janet Street-Porter's new house in London is a flag emblazoned with the skull and crossbones. It was a Christmas present from Sigue Sigue Sputnik's Tony James, Street-Porter's rock-star beau. Though the Union Jack would have been a more cordial, not to mention patriotic, token of yuletide affection, it wouldn't have filled Street-Porter's bill in quite the same way. After all, when the 42-year-old executive producer of youth programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation presented architect Piers Gough with her domestic agenda, at the top of her list was the simple mandate, "I don't want anyone coming over to borrow a cup of sugar." Maybe it's to Gough's credit, maybe it's to the unfriendly flag's, but so far no one has even tried.

"In many ways she's completely terrifying," reports Gough, who has known Street-Porter since 1965 when she was Janet Bull and they were both students at London's Architectural Association, an institution of higher learning for which Miss Bull had but four terms' worth of patience. When face to face with the college dropout turned television mogul, Gough's assessment of his former classmate seems almost conservative. On the evening I dropped by, for example, she was wearing a flamboyant hot-pink costume made of flowing Pucci-inspired scarves, a pair of massive black shoes that might best be termed long-life, and a Rastafarian-style mane of red hair extensions. "This is my coming-back-from-the-

TIM STREET-P



ANYTHING GOES in the second-floor master suite, above, where an oversize parcel trolley has been pulled in to act as a bed and wire school lockers, right, have been rigged up to serve as well-ventilated closets. The integral-color plaster walls are lined with Street-Porter's collection of prints by, among others, Piranesi and Jim Dine. Details see Resources.

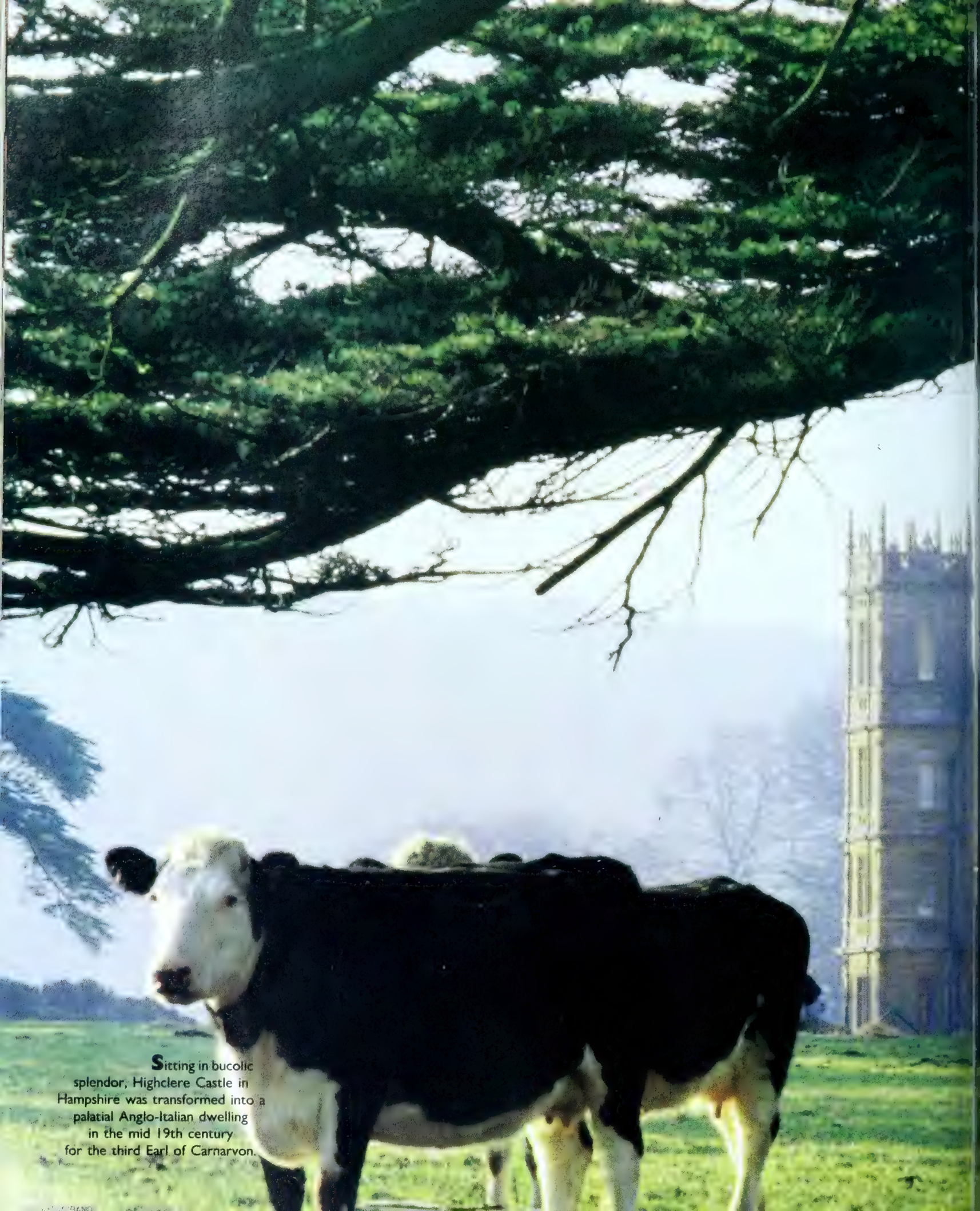
country outfit,'' said Street-Porter, who had, in fact, just returned from her cottage in Yorkshire. It was also hard not to notice, after a minute or two, my hostess's overwhelming preference for a stevedore's vocabulary, which she delivered with considerable gusto in her potent cockney accent.

In other ways, Street-Porter is more conventional. For example, when a rowdy wine bar opened up next door to her once-quiet Georgian house on the Thames, she wanted none of it. (One senses that behind the flashy façade lurks a workaholic.) So being a woman of considerable means and limited tolerance, Street-Porter rang up her old friend the architect, who just happened to know of a vacant lot on a sleepy street two blocks from the Smithfield meat market where she could take residential refuge from the yuppie storm. Street-Porter snagged the site, and Gough snagged the commission.

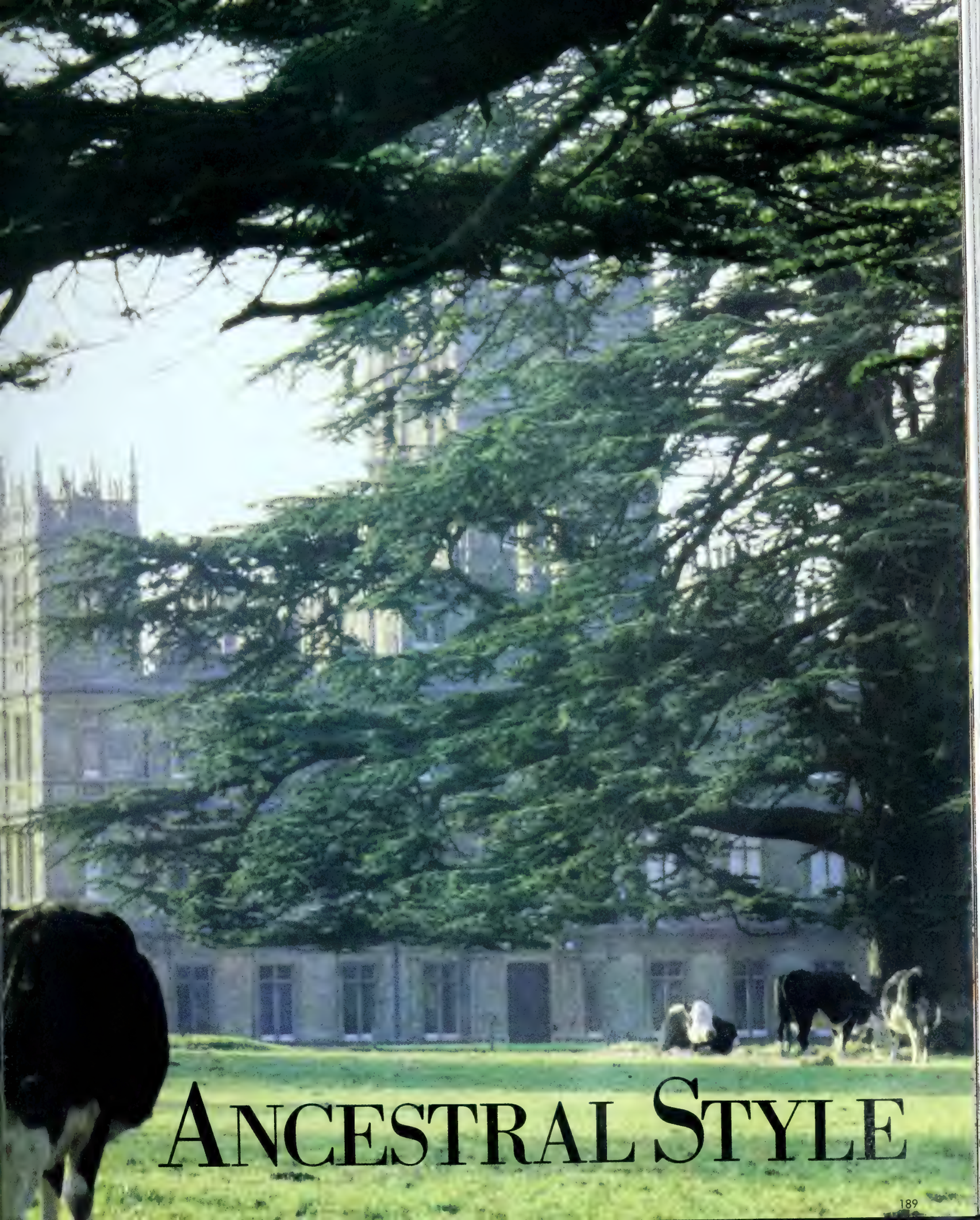
''It's just a simple brick box with holes punched into it,'' explains Gough. ''But I do *(Text continued on page 205)*

A WOMAN'S PLACE is at home in the penthouse office, above, according to Street-Porter, who asked lighting designer Patrice Butler to design the quirky chandelier. Right: Although Street-Porter tends to eat out, her dining room nonetheless boasts a scroll table by architect Piers Gough, raffia chairs by London designer Tom Dixon, and three twig pieces by L.A. artist Chuck Arnoldi.





Sitting in bucolic splendor, Highclere Castle in Hampshire was transformed into a palatial Anglo-Italian dwelling in the mid 19th century for the third Earl of Carnarvon.



ANCESTRAL STYLE

Since the nineteenth century, Highclere Castle has been expanded, renovated, and decorated by five generations of a family. Clive Aslet relates the history



Upon seeing Highclere Castle in Hampshire for the first time, you might think the houses of Parliament had broken free, rambled down the motorway, and stopped to graze in the middle of a sweeping landscape park. The tower at Highclere is strikingly similar to that at Westminster; both were designed by Sir Charles Barry, the most fashionable architect of the day.

A house at Highclere had already existed for centuries before the tower was built. It was a large plain Georgian structure when Henry, third Earl of Carnarvon, inherited it in 1833. He evidently found the design too insipid for his Victorian taste. A fanciful and dandyish man, he engaged Barry to encase the house in stone—scarcely altering the size or shape of it but transforming its appearance. Mark Girouard, the architectural historian, maintains that the library exemplifies the "rich plumminess and masculine opulence which the Victorians could produce better than any other age." Although the exterior was done in 1842, the third earl did not live to see the rooms completed. It was left to his son, Henry, the fourth earl, to finish the interiors. Among his aesthetic achievements was the decoration of the great hall at the center of the house, which owes its Gothic design to architect Thomas Allom.

Another Henry, the earl who now owns Highclere, finds the scale of his great-great-grandfather's house unsuitable for modern living. Although he still entertains in the castle, he now shares an eye-catching William Kent bungalow with his American-born countess, Lady Carnarvon, on another part of the estate. Still, Lord and Lady Carnarvon take pride in the great house that dominates the estate, so when the present earl's father died in 1987, they decided to open it to the public.

The public unveiling of Highclere required the restoration of two main rooms, the smoking room and the drawing room. The latter had been closed up in 1939 and its French furniture sold off several years later. Lady Carnarvon took matters into her own hands and, with a sure eye, arranged the rooms in classic country-house style—elegant and comfortable and, above all, not too "new." The restoration became a family project when Lord Carnarvon set out to acquire appropriate antique furniture to fill the gaps in the family collection.

Among Highclere's many highlights is a remarkable collection of family portraits by a number of notable painters, including Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Beechey. The pictures were rehung

The great hall, right, designed by Thomas Allom, features the Carnarvon coat of arms in its stonework. Left: The fourth Earl of Carnarvon in his peer's robes watches over a corner of the hall.

JACQUES





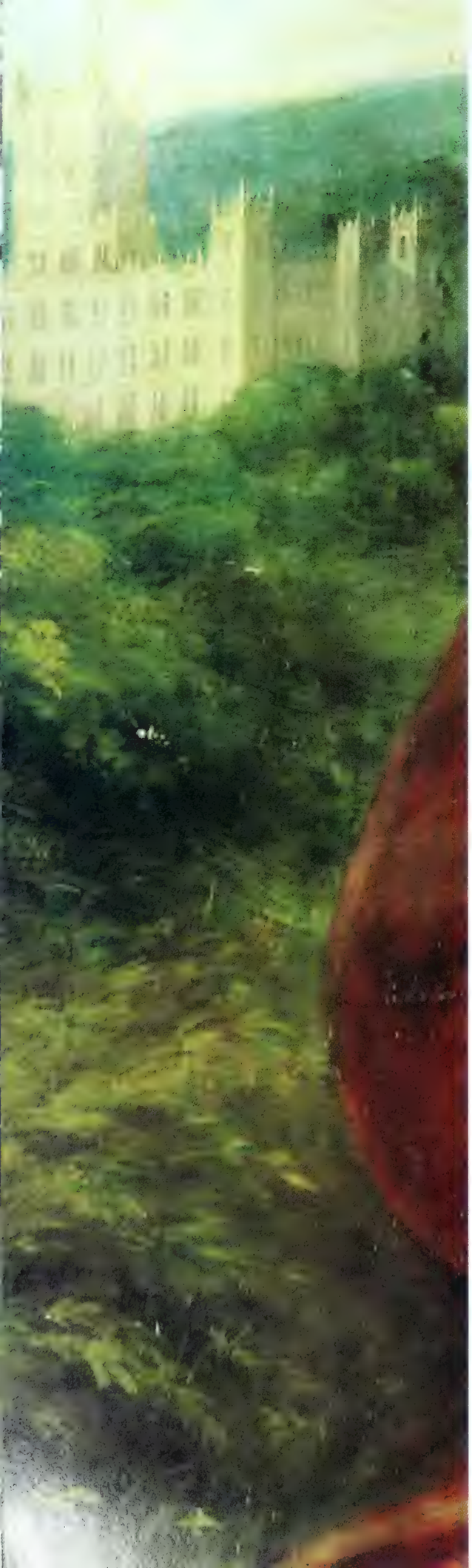


Redolent of a gentlemen's club, the handsome double library features an Egyptian-style Regency chair designed for Napoleon by George Bullock.

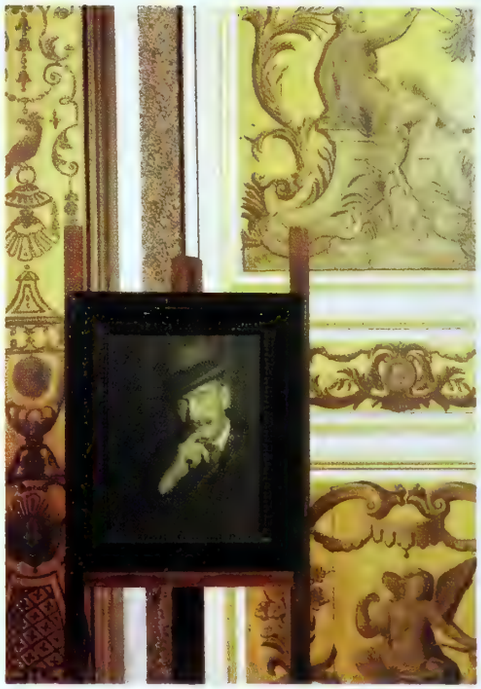


A Classical temple provides the highlight for this Elysian view of the pleasure grounds. Opposite: A pastel portrait of Sir Robert Kingsmill, Elizabethan owner of a previous house on this site. Both the portrait and elaborate shellwork frame were done in the 18th century by the local vicar's daughter.









with the advice of James Stourton of Sotheby's, who returned many of them to the positions they occupied in the nineteenth century.

During the course of the restoration, a remarkable discovery was made—a cache of Egyptian artifacts was found in a cupboard wedged between two rooms, apparently left there by George, the fifth earl, who was an archaeologist. This handsome man-about-town, whose portrait stands on an easel in the great hall, financed and accompanied the expedition party that discovered Tutankhamen's tomb. He died shortly thereafter in April 1923, apparently confirming rumors of the mummy's curse. Despite unusually rainy weather last summer, the publicity coup that resulted from the find brought thousands of visitors to the newly opened Highclere, suggesting that the famous curse may have skipped the present generation of Carnarvons.

Today Highclere stands at the center of a remarkable family industry. It is, says Lady Carnarvon, a little like the South Fork ranch on *Dallas*. Aside from overseeing the administration of the big house, the present Lord Carnarvon is a noted horse breeder, following family tradition. As the queen's racing manager, he shuttles between three royal racing establishments and Highclere, where he operates the famous stud farm founded by his grandfather. The long list of winners bred at Highclere testifies to his skill and that of his sons, George (Geordy) and Henry (Harry). Teenoso, the 1983 Derby winner, is the offspring of a Highclere stallion.

Although she comes from the other side of the Atlantic, Lady Carnarvon, née Jean Wallop, was raised in a family that shares several passions with the Carnarvons—horses and politics among them. The Wallops are Wyoming ranchers, and the countess's brother, Malcolm, is a U.S. senator. She contributes her expertise to the operation of the castle.

Throughout their long history the Carnarvons have shown remarkable dedication to their enthusiasms, whether archaeology, architecture, or racing. With the opening of Highclere they now share the results with the world. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Highclere Castle in Hampshire is located five miles south of Newbury, one hour by train or car from London, and is open July 2–October 1, Wednesday through Sunday, 2 P.M.–6 P.M.

Highclere Castle, left, detail from a portrait of the third Earl of Carnarvon. Above left: Presiding over a pitcher is an ormolu wyvern (two-legged dragon), the family crest. Above right: A portrait of the fifth earl, an Egyptologist who, with Howard Carter, discovered Tutankhamen's tomb. Opposite: The cushions in the newly redecorated smoking room were made from a very old and rare curtain.

JACQUES DI



SHOPPING

Buying British

BARRY SINGER offers some inside tips for ferreting out the best antique furniture in London



Andrew Morley Stephens, the manager of David Pettifer's on King's Road, seated at a 19th-century English walnut partner's desk with a Victorian plaster bust looking on.

There are so many things British that we Americans will never have. The Prince and Princess of Wales. Stonehenge. A real taste for Yorkshire pudding. Furniture, however, is another story, for, as hordes of plundering Yanks have proven for generations, England's glorious antique-furniture holdings—Hepplewhite painted shield-back chairs, Chippendale mahogany desks, Sheraton satinwood commodes, George III lacquer cabinets, corner cupboards, dining tables, stools, stands, even all those bookcases—*may* be had if the price is right. The prospect of actually penetrating Great Britain for furniture treasures, however, is a daunting one. The cozy little island can seem vast and foreign when suddenly viewed as some gaping furniture bin for sifting. Still, innocents abroad have been managing now for years, and much may be seen, handled, and in the end acquired with confidence if a few fundamental furniture-buying particulars are established early on.

WHERE TO BUY

Let's face it—there are few secrets here. You can buy in the city. You can buy in the country. You can buy from a dealer. You can buy at auction or in local antiques markets. That's it. Those are the choices. As for preferences, the terribly romantic notion persists that the country is best, that the country is cheaper, that the country offers all of us a chance to stumble over—or into—some gorgeous bargain: a "sleeper." Forget it. Even experienced dealers complain that today it can take five or six well-spaced country stops before anything—even a single chair worth owning—is uncovered. There just isn't that much top furniture available anymore, and what is around apparently finds its way to London very quickly. Sure, there are exceptions, but the chance that you or I will spot an exception is slight and dwindling daily.

Yet let it be said that a tour of England plotted on a map of antique-furniture sources remains a grand diversion. Had it not been for Robert Harman and his charming shop on Church Street, I certainly would never have discovered the town of Ampthill northeast



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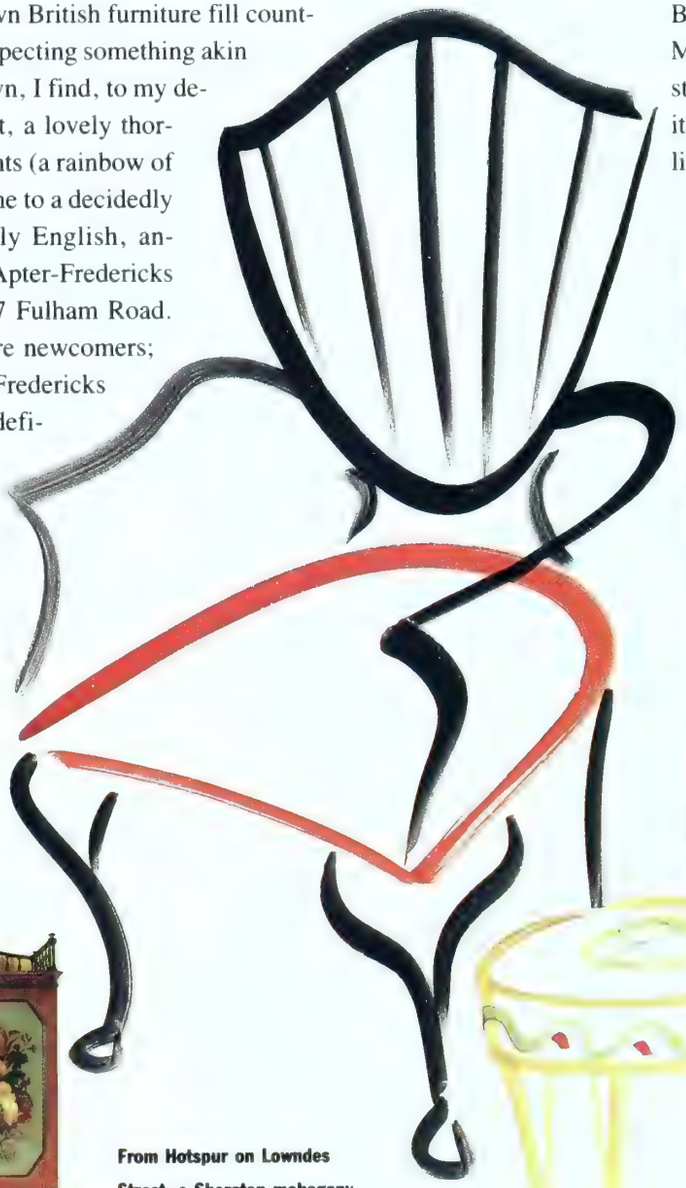
of Oxford in the county of Bedfordshire, nor would I in all likelihood ever have seen a writing desk like the one Harman unfolded for me there. The piece itself stood approximately four feet tall and appeared for all the world to be a rolling set of library steps, until he seized the thing at its midsection and wrenched it shut like a hinged jigsaw puzzle. Click, went the steps interlocking together, and suddenly there before us was a dummy desk with cupboards in the ends and long drawers for drawings. "George III," said Harman, "circa 1780. Truly a rarity." Entrancing.

Back in London and primed for some serious wood ogling, I head for a stretch of Fulham Road known as the Brown Mile, where I've been told vast quantities of aged brown British furniture fill countless little shops that line the street. Expecting something akin to an East Village flea market in brown, I find, to my delight, that the Brown Mile is, in fact, a lovely thoroughfare of smartly painted shop fronts (a rainbow of colors, not one of them brown)—home to a decidedly wide-ranging, though predominantly English, antique-furniture trade. Since 1946, Apter-Fredericks has occupied a shop front at 265–67 Fulham Road. Today many of Apter's neighbors are newcomers; others go back nearly as far as Apter-Fredericks does. Most deal in quality pieces, definitely traditional but hardly boring—from Richard Courtney at number 112–14 to adventurous Michael Marriot at 588.

Farther down from Fulham, about one irregular block south, the Brown Mile is shadowed by the antiques shops of King's Road. It's an odd juxtaposition—much of King's Road today is pocked with burger joints and cheap trendy clothing boutiques. Past the strobing shop signs (just past Thomas Carlyle's landmarked residence, too) you will find stately Jeremy Antiques. Alongside it is Pettifer's, one of London's most respected dealers where David Pettifer, a self-styled furniture purist, presides over his fine stock of unremittingly unrestored, unrefinished, and barely repolished antique English furniture. Pettifer's assistant, a lean and hungry junior dealer, tosses provocative pronouncements my way through a thick cigarette haze. "Mallett's is the place with the most money behind it," he informs me with a wan smile, pulling his overcoat closer about his shoulders (it's cold in Pettifer's). "They're a publicly held company now, you see; the family sold out, and their largest outside shareholder, I believe, is the British retailing group Sears. Did you know that?"

In fashionable Mayfair, Mallett and its neighbors, Partridge on New Bond Street, Stair & Co. and H. Blairman & Sons around the corner on Mount Street, are antique-furniture institutions in London and well worth visiting—if you can stand their starch. The lineage behind each is impeccable; the







From Hotspur on Lowndes Street, a Sheraton mahogany cylinder cabinet, c. 1790, left, with spindle galleries, floral painted panels, and an oval Wedgwood plaque.





The exterior of Partridge Fine Arts, top, on New Bond Street in London, in business since 1900. Above: Michael Lipitch Antiques in the heart of Fulham Road's Brown Mile.

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BY TINA LEE

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product on display is also absolutely top drawer—don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Just bring money. For some real fun, though, try Little Mallett's at Bourdon House on Davies Street. It's the Mallett annex for less-than-six-figure furniture, and as a friend of mine observed: "If Big Mallett's is the boss's house with all the right stuffy things, Little Mallett's is where your dotty maiden aunt lives surrounded by all her crazy stuff." But don't expect a yard sale.

WHAT'S HOT

Decorators have always deigned to make fashionable what they can easily buy. Thus, at this moment, Regency furniture from 1811 to 1820 and William IV from 1830 to 1837 are very hot. Post 1837 has also definitely arrived—to the horror of purists. In general, pieces that were once dismissed as "later" are now coming to be considered as "earlier." Why? Because one simply cannot find enough early stuff. In this way, once-scorned Victorian and Edwardian furniture are now viewed by many as the next wave due to crash onto American shores.

English pine used to be all the rage. Today good pine pieces are still sought after, but good pine has become rare, hence expensive. Walnut is also almost impossible to find because of its delicate veneer. What has survived is incredibly valuable. According to many dealers, perhaps fifty percent of all walnut on the market today has been "messed with." Given the ever-increasing demand worldwide for antiques and the eternal dearth of quality pieces, the acceleration of an underground manufacturing industry of antique furniture was of course inevitable. Antique furniture today turns up handcrafted from aged oak floorboards. One London dealer swears that he spotted a twentieth-century breakfront at a recent Christie's sale described in the catalogue as a "set of twin Sheraton bureaus." Someone had simply hacked the breakfront in half and smartly distressed the wood. Around town last November gossip centered on this rumor: someone had recently bought the masses of timber felled near Winston Churchill's Chartwell home in Kent during the great storm of 1987 and was now hard at work manufacturing "antiques" to be touted as "furniture from Churchill's Chartwell."

HERE VERSUS THERE

The question dogged me all across England: Could it be, when all was said and the traipsing done, that better buying might in fact be had at home? Most British dealers readily admit that they are currently buying back furniture in the U.S., capitalizing on the weakened dollar. Many insist that they have always bought heavily in the States. But not from American dealers—at least not now. Today, they explain, they are buying back almost exclusively from their American customers and from the auction houses.



Well, when I got home, I did some checking. Yes, there are many fine English furniture dealers across America: in San Francisco there is Dillingham & Co., one of the best for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century things, as well as Dan Stein, who specializes in the gentlemanly English touch—partner's desks, secretaries, and such; in L.A. there are Melrose House, Richard Gould, Morey Palmer; in Washington, D.C., Glenn Randall, who recently bought Sunny von Bülow's home in Newport. In New York City there are Florian Papp, Devenish, Kentshire, Hyde Park Antiques, Vernay & Jussel, and, of course, Stair & Co. Unsurprisingly, many Southern cities —Atlanta, Charleston, Savannah—are also strongholds for English furniture. I could not discern, however, any advantage to buying over here. Selection in the U.S. pales by comparison. The odds on "messed-with" pieces seem to increase. And as for prices, today's antique-furniture market is absolutely international—everyone everywhere seems to know the value of good pieces, and prices have been adjusted accordingly, regardless of currency fluctuations. Communication and air travel have effectively eliminated bargains worldwide. In the end then, isn't it a relief to know that for the best English antique furniture, a buying spree in England is far more than just an indulgence. ▲

(For a listing of dealers see Resources.)



A Japanese bronze crane, left, poses in the window of Mallett & Son on New Bond Street.



A Regency chandelier, right, hangs over a c. 1720 horseshoe-shaped mahogany serving table, at Jeremy on King's Road. Far right: From David Pettifer's, a c. 1830 rosewood armchair with Anglo-Indian carvings.



Prime Time

(Continued from page 186) like the idea of normality with a twist.'' In Gough's architectural tug-of-war between the normal and the twisted the twisted wins hands down—at least at Janet Street-Porter's house. True, the house is brick, but it is four colors of brick, grading from dark brown at the base to pale beige at the top. And the punched holes are in fact oddly shaped diamond-pane windows that are each capped with a concrete lintel cast in a highly textured log form—''a reference to nature, to the little park across the street,'' explains the 42-year-old architect. Though the house abounds with other quirky appurtenances, the most highly visible, and controversial, is found up on the roof. Gently abutting the base of the building's shimmering-blue glazed-tile crown is a billboard-scale aluminum lattice triangle that looks like the ghost of a gable and serves as a terrace guardrail. Not surprisingly, the unorthodox roof required all of Gough's considerable powers of persuasion to pass through the local planning commission's aesthetic gauntlet.

As might be expected, people tend, as a matter of fact, to stop in the street and stare. But as a rule, they do not attempt to satisfy their curiosity—one must be particularly intrepid to approach the cold wall of steel that serves as a less-than-welcoming front door and activate the electronic device that, provided you pass muster, allows passage into a house as eye-catching inside as it is outside.

Crossing the threshold into the small foyer that leads to a large ground-floor billiard room and adjacent guest room is a bit like wandering into some ancient castle. Thanks to Gough's affection for rough and tough building materials and finishes, there's an almost venerable feel to these oddly shaped rooms. One has the sense of exploring some bygone architectural world where weight, solidity, and permanence are the distinguishing characteristics. Street-Porter's house feels too moody, too evocative to be new. On closer inspection, however, the house reveals its more contemporary vintage in the subtle tricks Gough enjoys playing. For example, the mottled plaster walls, like the exterior bricks, start off dark on the first floor and fade as you ascend. Similarly, the concrete-block ceilings become discernibly higher with each successive floor. There are also such au courant flourishes as an abrasive expanse of lath minus the plaster which attempts to stand in for a kitchen wall and smacks of L.A.–style architecture, circa right now. But as Gough says: ''If you don't make a mistake, you wonder if you went far enough.'' Also helping to place the house in time is Street-Porter's predictably hip collection of furniture and art, which veers from Zandra Rhodes fabric slipcovers to a parcel trolley bed complete with wheels.

''The whole point,'' concludes Miss Street-Porter, ''is don't mess with this house.'' Although in truth the four-letter verb she chose was not ''mess.'' ▲

Cotswold Retreat

(Continued from page 131) same language''—where he worked with the legendary John Fowler, whom he remembers as a dear friend as much as a business partner. ''But above all, he was the most marvelous teacher,'' Falconer says. ''I shall never forget his first visit to Liverpool Town Hall, months after I had finished work on it. He spent hours poring over every detail of my work, then finally he said, 'Ducks, I would be proud to have done it myself.' I felt as if I had just been awarded the Victoria Cross.''

Tughill is in part a testament to John Fowler's influence. The faintly dragged paintwork and glazed walls polished to a soft glow; the muted colors; the document chintzes; the painted furniture, a hallmark of the humble elegance that was Fowler's forte; the mix that puts Swedish chairs around a cherrywood French Provincial table for a result that is nevertheless entirely English—all are ingredients Fowler used in the English country-house style that he made his own. The legacy includes several pieces left to Falconer in Fowler's will—an eighteenth-century painted table in the hall; a plant stand of spindly poise, which Fowler bought from Syrie Maugham in the 1930s; a small mirror dating from the French Revolution.

Falconer, in turn mentor to a new generation of designers, has selected elements of Fowler's decorating grammar and made them his own, adapting and transmuting to suit his cottage setting. As you wind up the lane away from Tughill, you leave behind an object lesson in comfort and coziness, a perfect embodiment of English country taste. ▲

Photographs by James Mortimer are from Elizabeth Dickson's Colefax & Fowler: The Best in English Interior Decoration *(Barrie & Jenkins), to be published in the United States this fall by Bulfinch Press/Little, Brown & Company.*

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Prince Charles

(Continued from page 160) that Prince Charles at midlife is given to strange notions and immovable positions. Far from presenting the carefully edited and flattering picture one had expected, this documentary confirmed what the tabloids have been saying. "The soul is irrational, unfathomable, mysterious," Prince Charles solemnly assured us before going on to explain why columns on buildings are so pleasing. The reason, you see, is that the first columns were tree trunks, thus columns give a "mysterious sense of well-being and a kind of contentment to successive generations of human beings who still have that primeval relationship with trees lodged in their subconscious."

This barmy mixture of eighteenth-century noble savagery, Jungian archetypes, and the teachings of the prince's philosophical mentor, the South African writer and conservationist Sir Laurens van der Post, is every bit as daft as his critics claim. Furthermore, Prince Charles believes that traditional architectural motifs have active physical properties. Speaking of hospitals he states that "it is certainly possible to design features in such buildings which are positively healing. For instance, I feel sure that courtyards, colonnades, and running water are healing features. It can't be easy to be healed in a soulless concrete box. . . . I find it hard, I must say, to appreciate architecture . . . emphasizing the rational element in our humanity to the exclusion of the intuitive."

The extraordinarily revealing portrait that emerges is of someone who sees public architecture as part of his personal search for the spiritual. Prince Charles's documentary does nothing to dispel the idea that this is a troubled, questing man who is not deriving sufficient sustenance from his family or his work, to say nothing of his vast wealth or lofty position at the very pinnacle of the world's most stratified society. Expressed in sentiments much like those of the romantic nineteenth-century reformers A. W. N. Pugin, John Ruskin, and William Morris, the prince finds the world too much with us, and his similar attitude toward architecture is that it might be able to provide him with the fulfillment he finds lacking in his (modern) life.

During his TV film, while riding down the Thames in a launch, Prince Charles looks wistfully about him and observes, "There's no doubt about it to me that something like a spire or a dome or something with some kind of feeling has this ability to make one feel happier or more contented." Would that it could be so in his case, but the strongest impression one receives from *A Vision of Britain* is that no number of spires or domes could make this prince's sad heart sing. ♠

Master of Cabinetry

(Continued from page 146) long that they were forgotten. Sequestered in the shires, many Bullock pieces languished until the economic incentive of the eighties antiques boom finally pried them loose.

The most important trove was at Tew Park, a country house in Oxfordshire with interiors completed in 1818, the year of Bullock's death. They remained there for almost 160 years—the equivalent of millennia in the ephemeral time span of decorating—until the contents of Tew Park were auctioned off by Christie's two years ago. Just a month before that benchmark sale an enterprising London dealer spotted some intriguing pieces in an auction in Lisbon, part of a large suite executed for the Portuguese ambassador to England during the Regency period. These the dealer snapped up, brought back to London, and quickly resold at Christie's, where they were identified as Bullock's and were bought by private collectors and dealers, as well as the Victoria and Albert Museum and Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery.

Bullock himself was no stranger to the imperatives of the marketplace, and the political disruptions of the Napoleonic Wars were a significant factor in his career. The English blockade of the Continent cut off supplies of Italian marble and stimulated the search for suitable substitutes in the British Isles. Bullock, an astute businessman, became owner of the Mona Marble quarries in Anglesey and used those minerals for his own furniture and interior designs. But by far the most unusual enterprise of his short life was the immense six-week rush order placed by the Prince Regent for Napoleon.

After the defeated emperor's exile on the British island of Saint Helena in 1815, the sybaritic prince decreed that former enemy or no, Napoleon was entitled to live out his days in the decorative splendor to which he had been accustomed. Accordingly Bullock was asked to supply all the furniture and ceramics for New Longwood House, the prefabricated Regency residence which the legendary conquerer occupied until his death in 1821. Napoleon's relics, prized more for historic than artistic interest, were carried off by souvenir hunters and only recently have been reidentified as Bullock's creations. As these striking designs have resurfaced in the wake of the great Bullock comeback, it might be said that their masterful maker has returned from exile as well.

Martin Filler

Nina Campbell

(Continued from page 114) being upset by things that weren't planned. You've got to have rooms that can stand a child coming back with a painting from school—a house mustn't be static.

"A certain strength of color is also indicative of my work, although I don't like anything violent or brash. I suppose I've got sort of bordello instincts because I like a bit of gold and I absolutely love red. As Elsie de Wolfe said, 'Put a shy person on a rose damask sofa and they positively blossom.' That doesn't mean I can't do a pale room, but I try to put in a color that brings it to life.

"Detail is important, too—like a six-inch fringe on a sofa, instead of a skirt. It's extremely practical, because if you sit on a sofa with a skirt you get a dirty black mark where everybody's shoes were.

"Grouping pictures is another specialty of mine. Many people don't have marvelous paintings, so I try to work with what they do have. Lighting is also important. Experts often over-light. Actually you don't need as much light as people think—you need more light in the day than you need at night.

"Generosity is terribly important—no half measures and nothing mediocre. I'd rather have a good sofa and no curtains than a bad sofa and a mean pair of curtains. But people today think they've got to do the whole thing, so they do it skimpily, and that's awful.

"John Fowler said, 'Never do everything all at once, just leave some cushions out or something.' You've got to be able to add something unusual—a wonderful lamp or some color that is slightly off—which stops a room from being too this or too that.

"A sense of humor is essential," concluded Campbell. "There's no point in somebody being intimidated by their own decoration." After all, even a duchess needs to put her feet up now and then. ♠

Quinlan Terry

(Continued from page 163) Classical architecture Terry practices and preaches. In an enviable commission, which Terry rightly describes as the "opportunity of a lifetime," Prince Charles approved his designs for six new London villas for Hanover Lodge Gardens in Regent's Park, owned by the Crown. Aside from the royal cachet, it is a particularly enviable job because of its proximity to the great Regency terraces of John Nash, one of the most superb groupings of Neoclassical buildings anywhere in the world. The first two of the six mansions—one each in the Ionic, Veneto, Gothick, Corinthian, Regency, and Tuscan styles—are now under construction. The architect has been directed by his client to spare no expense, as these prestigious residences are sure to fly off the market even at an estimated $20 million for a 99-year lease. Often called Prince Charles's favorite architect, Terry denies he has "special entrée to the prince's presence." But one senses that Terry is a born courtier who knows instinctively that the quickest way to lose royal favor is to talk of it. He frets that the mere mention of another new job for one of Prince Charles's relatives might queer the deal.

The rest of the architect's current roster of clients is scarcely less imposing. He is designing a new cathedral for Brentwood near London; a country tower folly for real estate developer Peter Palumbo; and schemes for several members of the Thatcher government, including former defense minister Michael Heseltine and Tory party secretary Lord McAlpine of West Green.

Things are at an unprecedented pitch of activity in Terry's offices in two timber-frame Elizabethan cottages on Dedham's High Street. Terry, who trained at the ultra-Modernist Architectural Association in London, shunned the hubbub of mainstream professional life when he rusticated himself to Dedham in 1962 to work with Raymond Erith. That country Classicist had been recommended to Terry when the young architect told astonished friends he wanted no part of Modernism and was determined to design architecture as it had been since antiquity. Erith and Terry hit it off at once and worked in close collaboration until the senior partner's death in 1973. Out of respect for his revered mentor, the junior partner has kept the name of the firm Erith & Terry.

Although Erith, who struggled along for years with little work, would be astonished at the number of projects his firm now has, he would still feel very much at home there. His old street-front office, which Terry now occupies, is papered with yellowing pages of *The Times* of London which Erith put up in 1958. Terry maintains the air of timeless tradition to perfection: his workroom with its graceful Georgian chimneypiece might be 1789, 1889, or even 1939—but certainly not 1989. And he is quite proud of it: "I tend to regard fashion in architecture with a certain amount of suspicion and contempt. To me, the attraction of Classical architecture is that it is traditional building built in a traditional way. This room is about four hundred years old, and it could go on for another four hundred years if it's spared. It's a room that works. The windows are in the right place. But a modern building doesn't have that permanence to it at all."

According to Terry, not only doesn't Modernism have what's important in architecture, but it can't. "The nicest thing you can say about a building is it looks as if it's always been there. I think all the good ideas have been going probably for a thousand years. I'm not original. I don't want to be original. I'm suspicious of something that hasn't come out of someone else's head, and if it was four hundred years ago, so much the



Quinlan Terry

better. Quite apart from the stylistic side, Modernist construction is so weak. They put up a steel frame, clad it with bits of plastic and glass, and then fix the joints with a bit of mastic, which falls out ten years later. It's put up with no idea of the future or even that there is a future. I testify to the ancient way of building."

Terry puts forth his ideas with the fervid certainty of the true believer, and indeed there is a firm foundation of religious fundamentalism underpinning his architectural faith. For example, he is convinced that the Classical orders of architecture were literally handed down by God to Moses with the Ten Commandments. He is also sure that contemporary architecture is the devil's work. "There is no doubt that Modernism is satanic," he states as evenly as though he were commenting on the weather. "The influence of Marx and Darwin, who are thrust down your throat from the moment you're a child, has produced a society that is expecting progress the whole time. Let's forget whether we're going to evolve from monkeys into something fantastic in a few more million years. We just can't realize that man is made perfect in the image of God and that he doesn't need to develop into something else. The Modernists seem to have a time span in which it has taken millions of years to get here through all sorts of doubtful permutations, and it's going to go on for millions of years. They don't realize that all the things they have brought about in this century are probably going to bring the end of history anyhow. They haven't got long to do more evolving. They've got the Second Coming to face."

For Terry's growing band of admirers a second coming of sorts has already taken place with the recent opening of his largest public project to date, the $40 million Richmond Riverside development, a 109,000-square-foot commercial-residential complex on the banks of the Thames southwest of London. Concerned that such a large office-and-apartment block would look unconvincing if done in a uniform Classical manner, Terry varied the scheme with separate buildings in a chronological range of English styles from Queen Anne and several Georgian phases into Regency, with even a hint of Ruskinian Gothic. True to his tenets, Terry makes the masonry walls carry the structure in the old way rather than employing the Modernist steel skeleton.

His siting is intelligent, his detailing meticulous, his materials substantial (especially the traditional lime mortar he insists on using rather than cement), his working methods slow and painstaking, but still Richmond Riverside has the deadly air of the inauthentic. This is Classical mummification, not revival. Though Terry has been a diligent student of the Classical orders, his innate sense of proportion is just not good enough for a composition on this scale. The only really pleasing part of the ensemble is not by Terry at all: incorporated into the southwest side of the site is a row of five original houses, Regency through early Italianate Victorian, demonstrating by contrast how thin and strained the rest of this disquieting display really is.

There is little doubt that Classicism can be made to live again, as it has in the past by architects of every century and nationality. Sir John Soane did it in England so effectively 150 years ago that his architecture still yields up ideas that contemporary designers find applicable to modern life. That cannot, alas, be said for the curious work of the very curious Quinlan Terry. He is a prophet, perhaps, but one whose thoughts and deeds are at odds with the enlightened message that Classicism at its most humane has always conveyed to men of good will. ▲

Resources

ANTIQUES

Page 62 Papier-mâché antiques dealers: **New York** Bedford Green Antiques, Main St., Bedford Village, NY 10506, (914) 234-9273; Belgravia House Antiques, 127A East 71 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 570-0555; Briger Fairholme, 26 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4489; Burke's, 979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022, (212) 308-7551; Florence de Dampierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 734-6764; Philippe Farley, 157 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-1622; Linda Horn, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-1122; Hyde Park, 836 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, (212) 477-0033; James II Galleries, 15 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 355-7040; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003, (212) 673-6644; Kogan & Co., 971 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 288-8523; Zane Moss, 10 East End Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 661-3866; Stair & Co., 942 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4400; Vernay & Jussel, 817 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 879-3344. **California** G. R. Durenberger, 31531 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675, (714) 493-1283; Ed Hardy, 750 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 771-6644. **District of Columbia** Fleming & Meers, 1228 31 St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, (202) 342-7777. **Illinois** Victoria Peters, 449 North Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 644-5855; Portals, 230 West Huron St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 642-1066. **Massachusetts** Shreve, Crump & Low, 330 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 267-9100.

DECORATING

Page 76 Library ladder table, $36,000, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Toast rack, $1,900, at Kurland Zabar Antiques, NYC (212) 517-8576. Urn, $5,600, at Newel. Plate, $945 for set of six, and bowl, sold as part of child's tea service, $975, at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Chairs, $5,800 pr, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Shawl, $700, at Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC (212) 535-9885. Bootjack, $995, at James II. Footscraper, $185, at M. J. Knoud, NYC (212) 838-1434. Bucket, $3,000, at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644.

SAMPLES

Page 94 Left: Windsor Tapestry, 50" wide, $210 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander and Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Bottom left: Fougère, 57" wide, $82.50 yd, by Designers Guild, London, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Design West, Dania; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Swatch board above right (clockwise from top left): Bargello, 54" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Pine Tapestry, 50" wide, $285 yd, Memlinc, 50" wide, $187 yd, Van der Weyden, 48" wide, $330 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Arabesque, 57" wide, $82.50 yd, Fougère, in claret and malachite (details above). Chinoiserie Damask, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Windsor Tapestry (details above). Domino, 54" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; De Cioccio, Cincinnati; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Gerald Earls, Seattle. Windfall, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons (see above). Chinese Stripe, 54" wide, $49 yd, to the trade at M. R. H. Cloth, NYC. Stria, 54" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Chinoiserie Damask (details above). Swatch board below right (clockwise from top left): Domino (details above). Devonshire Damask, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Anatolia, 51" wide, $147 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). MacPherson, 59" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Catalpa, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Anatolia (details above). Chao, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Stria (details above). Mapping, 57" wide, $90 yd, by Designers Guild, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Windfall (details above). Cross-Stitch, 54" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Bargello (details above). Chao (details above). Charlcott, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Windfall (details above).

THE WELL-APPOINTED DECORATOR

Page 108 Nina Campbell fabrics and assorted objects, at Nina Campbell at Jonal, NYC (212) 996-5603. **109** Fou Sin fabric, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **110–11** Colona green-striped fabric, Howard sofas, £1,750 ea. Pomme de Pin fabric on slipper chairs, all at Nina Campbell. Rumanian rug, from a selection at Nina Campbell. Madeleine chintz on sofa, table, pillows, Taffetas Ombre (multicolored stripe) on pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **112** Chandeliers from Denton Antiques, London 1-229-5866. Tulipa pillows, from $60, basket, at Nina Campbell. Chenille tablecloth, $850, at Nina Campbell. Miniature burl ash chest, $2,500, toile de Jouy tea set, $785, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Swans, red glass bowl from Daniel Barney, at Christian Aubusson, NYC (212) 755-2432. Alsace curtain fabric, Picot Stripe wallpaper, both by Nina Campbell, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 94). Candlesticks, $225 ea, basket with temple fruit, $285, at Casa Maia, NYC (212) 534-3615. Regency blanket chest, $12,500,

and tole lamp, $7,500 pr, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Pictures from Stephanie Hoppen, NYC (212) 753-0175. Tole 18th-century jardiniere, $5,900, at Nina Campbell. **113** Emoi fabric on walls, 59" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; De Cioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrisson, New Orleans; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. **114** Jason plain fabric, 59" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Boussac. **115** Fou Sin fabric (details above).

CLASSICAL TRANSLATION

Page 116 Fabric, to order from Carolyn Quartermaine, London 1-373-4492. **118–19** Furniture by John Wright, to order from Walker, Wright Partnership, London 1-603-6674. China cabinet, to order from Colin Stanwell-Smith, London 1-948-8707. **120** Plasterwork by George Jackson & Sons, London 1-640-8611. Metal table, £700, to order from Quartermaine. **121** Metal daybed, £900, tray table, £350, to order from Quartermaine. Jane Wildgoose curtain fabrics, 36" wide, $75 m, to order from Nigel Carr, NYC (212) 594-5284. **122–23** Bed to order from Stanwell-Smith. Lamp stands, £190 ea, to order from Neil Trinder, Sheffield, Yorkshire 742-852428.

COTSWOLD RETREAT

127 Strawberry Leaf, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 94). Sofa in Star and Trefoil, to order at Colefax & Fowler, London 1-493-2231. **130** Angoulême wallpaper, to order at Colefax & Fowler. Angoulême fabric, 36" wide, £25 m, to order from Sybil Connolly, Dublin 1-767281. Clover Leaf carpet, approx £45.70 m, at Colefax & Fowler. Pond Lily carpet in bathroom (custom color), approx £45.70 m, at Colefax & Fowler. **131** Berkeley Sprig wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 109).

HUNT COUNTRY

Pages 132–39 To hunt with the Warwickshire contact: The Hon. Mrs. Diana Johnson, Red House Farm, Campion Hills, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV32 7UA; 926-882883. **139** Emma floral fabric on bed, 54" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Boussac (see above for pg 113).

CHELSEA COLLECTOR

Pages 140–45 Herringbone wool carpet throughout house through Kelly Hoppen and Charlotte Barnes Interiors, London 1-589-2852. **140–41** Italian cotton piqué, through Hoppen and Barnes. **141** De Medici fabric, 49"–53" wide, $204 yd, at Fortuny, NYC (212) 753-7153. **143** Alberelli fabric, 54"–56" wide, $194 yd, at Fortuny. **144** Summer board by Hugh Robson, London 1-609-2654.

VICTORIAN FANTASY

Pages 176–177 Bronzino luster sheen, to special order at John Stefanidis & Assoc., London 1-352-3532. Three Over Stripe wallpaper to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 109). Top carpet from Vigo Carpets, London 1-439-6971. **179** Kilim-covered chairs from Loot Antiques, London 1-730-8097. Curtains in Courtesan Silk Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **180** Netherton chintz in bedroom, to special order at John Stefanidis. **181** Lady Anne chintz on settee, Veronica chintz on footboard, to special order at John Stefanidis.

PRIME TIME

Page 184 Platform trolley bed, at H. C. Slingsby, London 1-405-2551. Lighting fixture, to order from Butler-Radice, London 1-480-6564. **185** Changing-room lockers, at Slingsby. **186** Custom chandelier, from Butler-Radice. **187** Raffia chairs, £400 ea, from Tom Dixon, London 1-602-0101.

SHOPPING

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The Gothic room reproduced on page 165 of the September issue is the bedroom of David Marshall, owner of the Antique Room shop in Brooklyn, New York.

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Gandee AT LARGE

"I think I have been rather boring," said David Hicks at the end of lunch. But it wasn't true

When the waitress tried to escape from our table with a bowl of mayonnaise, David Hicks stopped her. "The war is over, my dear," said the famous British decorator in a voice reminiscent of Winston Churchill's. "We're not rationing anymore." The poor woman placed two additional dollops next to my luncheon companion's dismembered lobster, which satisfied him—and freed her.

Hicks and I had adjourned to Bentley's restaurant on Swallow Street after meeting for an aperitif in his rooms at Albany in Piccadilly where, I was told, "Lord Byron once lived" and where the interview had gotten off to a somewhat dangerous start with my host's announcement that America had become bored with him. "In the early sixties," recalled Hicks, picking up where he had left off twenty minutes before, "I introduced geometric carpets and fabrics to the United States. And I did it with great panache, and I was very much sought after. But you know Americans do tire of a look—you people are very fashion-conscious. So in 1972 I looked to Japan as a marvelous market waiting to be exploited." And exploit it Hicks did, designing "every kind of thing for sale in department stores"—including, but not limited to, panty hose, costume jewelry, luggage, womenswear, menswear, and sheets. "I am a very well known designer in Japan," he boasted—then, apparently to prove the point, proudly added that his current commissions include a 900-room hotel in Tokyo and a 600-room hotel in Kobe.

Since Hicks has enjoyed such a long and distinguished career, I asked him what he thought about the current state of decorating, in general. Which proved to be a mistake: "I am really just bored with the interior design scene. I think it has become an uninteresting subject because everything has been said, everything has become sort of tired and finished." Thinking that a more specific tack might be advised, I solicited Hicks's opinion on a diverse group of his high-profile friends and colleagues. But that, too, made for less than happy conversation. Referring to some of the best decorators in Paris, London, and New York, he said: "Ugh. Dreadful work. Not a shread of taste. A complete poseur." "He's terribly nice, but there's no guts to his work." "I have known him a long time. It won't last very long." "He's hopeless, but he's sweet and nice and funny and knowledgeable and charming and fun." "It's dreary, it's tired, it's finished, it's worn out." "She's a nice girl, hardworking; there's nothing interesting about her at all."

Hicks was even less reserved on the subject of architects. "All my interior designing career I've been fighting and grating against these idiot architects. I mean, most of them have never seen a drawing room—they just don't know how ladies and gentlemen live." Of London's two premier practitioners of high tech, Hicks said of the one, "I don't like anything he's ever done in his entire life," and of the other, "He's an absolute lunatic."

In search of safer ground I asked if Hicks thought the Prince of Wales was on the right track with his highly publicized war against Modernism. "I won't speak about him because I'm related to him—he's my wife's first cousin once removed. I think it's very good indeed that someone in such an influential position has made a strong statement about architecture. I think it's marvelous." Also marvelous, according to Hicks, is the Classical architecture of Prince Charles's favorite, Quinlan Terry: "I'm a great admirer." When prodded, however, it seems that "Quinlan is too Italianate."

So what succeeds in snaring David Hicks's attention and talent these days? "I am very very interested in garden design because when I plant an avenue of trees, when I plant a formal rose garden, those things will remain for fifty or one hundred years. And then I am also building, I am actually being an architect." Specifically, Hicks reported that he was working on a "very compact and very Classical" house for a businessman in Miami. "You wait and see what I do in Miami," he said. "That will be very fresh, very different, very strong, very original."

"I love insulting Americans"



As we left the restaurant, I asked Hicks what his day-to-day life was like. He reported that on this particular Wednesday morning he had been to Savile Row to his tailor, Huntsman—"He's the best, really"—and that he planned to drop by the office sometime later in the afternoon. "Sounds as if you don't spend much time there," I said. "Familiarity breeds contempt," explained David Hicks.

Charles Gandee

April

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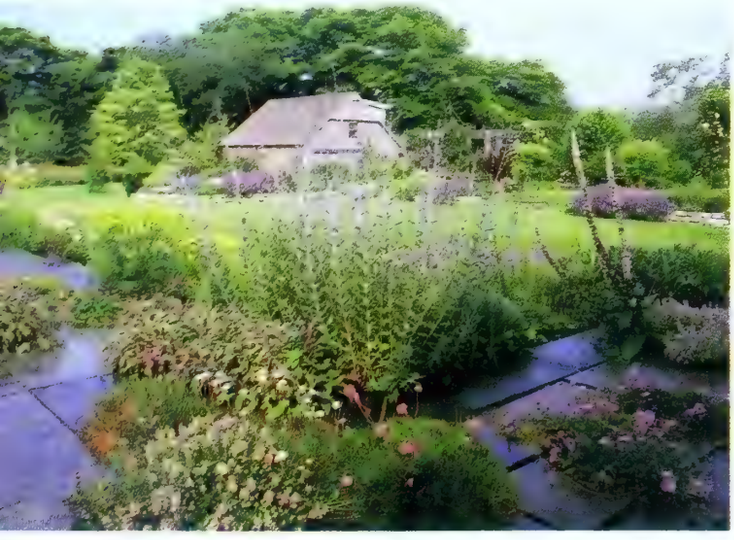
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COVER Country spirit in a Fifth Avenue bedroom. Page 132. Photograph by Lizzie Himmel.

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The guesthouse across the Long Island garden of Ngaere Macray Zohn. Page 108. Photograph by Langdon Clay.

Island Shelter Kezia Keeble transformed a derelict chicken farm into an escape from Seventh Avenue. By James Reginato **98**

Far Afield The Long Island garden of Ngaere Macray Zohn is English in front and American in back. By Mac Griswold **108**

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One of four HG-created settings reflecting what can happen when walls meet. Page 168. Photograph by Michael Mundy.

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Surface Attraction With paper and paint, Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley devise four new ways to turn a corner. **168**



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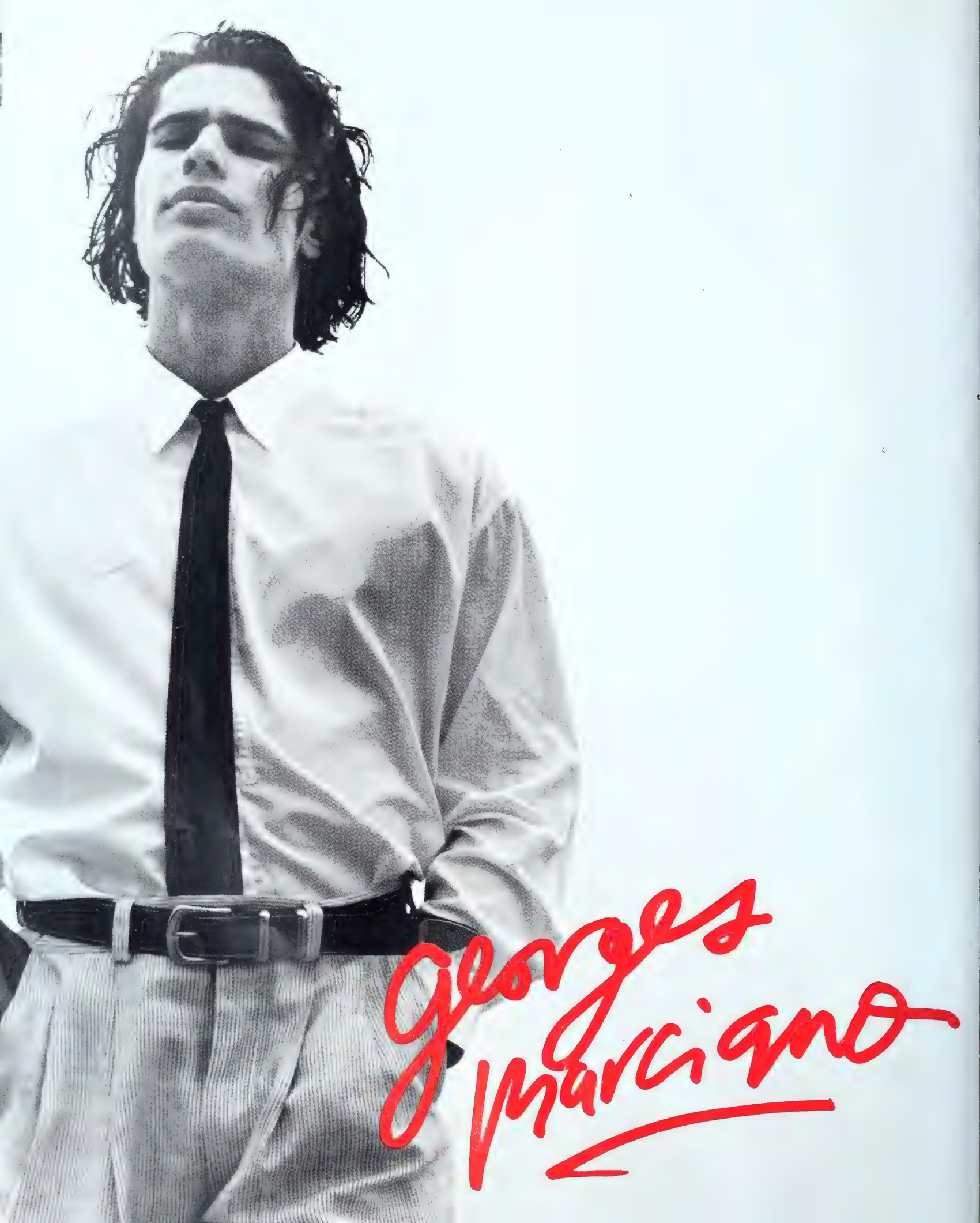
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Denver–*Weberg Furniture*
Greeley–*Weberg Furniture*

ILLINOIS
All Locations–*Colbys Home Furnishings*
All Locations–*Zierk's Home Furnishings*
Barrington–*Honquest Fine Furnishings*
Bloomington/Normal–*Lippmann's*
Champaign–*Carriage House*
Elgin–*Ackemanns Home Center*
Kewanee–*Good's Furniture House*
Mt. Pulaski–*Stahl's Furniture*
Orland Park–*Darvin Furniture*
Peoria–*Lippmann's*
River Forest–*Plunkett Furniture Co.*
Rockford–*Rockford Standard Furniture Co.*
Vernon Hills–*Plunkett Furniture Co.*

IOWA
Boone–*Redeker Furniture*
Cedar Rapids–*Kenwood House Interiors*
Coralville/Iowa City–*McGregors Furniture*
Newton–*Newton Furniture*

KANSAS
Hays–*Keller Furniture*
Olathe–*Yates Thomasville Gallery*
Wichita–*Horton's Furniture*

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green–*Brite Furniture Galleries*
Lexington/Louisville–*Kinnaird and Francke*
Paducah–*Fleming Furniture*

LOUISIANA
New Orleans/Baton Rouge–*Kirschman's*

MINNESOTA
Fountain–*Drury's*
Lakeville–*Schneidermans Furniture*
Meadowlands–*Schneidermans Furniture*
Minneapolis–*Doherty's Home Furnishings*
Minnetonka–*Schneidermans Furniture*
Osseo–*Suburbia Furniture & Carpet*
St. Cloud–*Randy's Furniture Gallery*
Willmar–*Lundquist Fine Furnishings*
Woodbury–*Nelson Furniture Gallery*

MISSOURI
All Locations–*Milo H. Walz Inc.*
Both Locations–*DeBasio Furniture*
Joplin–*Bob's Furniture Gallery*
Kansas City–*Yates Furniture*
Poplar Bluff–*Joe Hefner Furniture*
Springfield–*Mulhollan Furniture*
St. Joseph–*The Colony House*
St. Louis/All Locations–*Carafiols Furniture*
Vandalia–*Waters Furniture*

NEBRASKA
Crete–*Wanek's*

NEVADA
Las Vegas–*Barrows*
Las Vegas–*Breuners*
Reno–*Breuners*
Reno/Carson City–*Carson Furniture*

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque–*American Home Furnishings*

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City–*Mathis Brothers*
Tulsa–*J. Brophy & Sons*

OREGON
Beaverton–*Parker Furniture*
Bend–*Interiors International*
Medford–*Joseph Winans Furniture*

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City–*Freed's Fine Furnishings*

TENNESSEE
Bristol–*Parkway Galleries*
Knoxville–*Fowlers*
Leoma–*Story & Lee*
Memphis–*Samuels Furniture*
Nashville–*Sprintz Furniture*

TEXAS
Abilene–*Andrews' Furniture Co.*
Amarillo–*Texas Furniture*
Arlington–*Ware Thomasville Gallery*
Austin–*Gage Furniture*
Cedar Hill–*Stem's Furniture*
Corpus Christi–*Braslau's Furniture*
Dallas/Ft. Worth–*McConnell's Galleries*
El Paso–*Weberg Furniture*
Garland–*Baker's Furniture*
Greenville–*Reep's Furniture*
Houston/Bryan–*Star Furniture–5 Galleries*
Killeen–*Aladdin House Furniture*
Lake Jackson-Clute–*Heritage House Fine Furniture*
Lubbock–*Spears Furniture Co.*
McAllen–*LFD Home Furnishings*
Midland-Odessa–*Aladdin House Furniture*
Nederland–*Fowler's Furniture & Design*
San Angelo–*Shepperson's-Southwest*
San Antonio–*Dianne Flack Furniture & Design*
San Antonio–*Stowers Furniture Co.*
Tyler–*Murphy's Furniture Gallery*
Victoria–*Stimson Furniture*
Waco–*DuBois Furniture*
Wichita Falls–*Hamilton Bryan*

UTAH
Murray–*Masters Thomasville Gallery*

WASHINGTON
Bellevue/Lynnwood–*Greenbaum Home Furnishings*
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Richland–*Ennis Fine Furniture*
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Spokane–*Spears Furniture*
Tacoma–*Schoenfeld Furniture*
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



JACKIE NICKERSON

Dana Cowin, an associate editor at House & Garden, regularly covers the shopping beat, "turning a dilettante's passion into a serious occupation." Addicted to hunting through flea markets for off-the-wall treasures, she reports on traditional 18th-century English creamware for this month's Antiques column. Although she loves its simplicity and rich texture, she admits her real affinity is for junk shop 1950s ceramics.



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Joseph Giovannini, back in private practice as an architect after a ten-year hiatus as a writer on architecture and design for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* and *The New York Times,* reports on Stephen and Suzanne Jacobs's new house by Hugh Newell Jacobsen. "There is a touch of Versailles to this Colonial village," he says. Giovannini is completing a book entitled *The Deconstructivists*—to be published by Knopf—a project that has "completely shifted my perceptions about architecture."



JACKIE NICKERSON

James Reginato admits he's "a natural snoop. It's always interesting to poke around in someone else's house. You can learn a lot about a person this way." A contributor to such publications as *Elle, New York, The Wall Street Journal,* and *Avenue,* Reginato found Kezia Keeble's efforts to restore Cackle Hill Farm, her summer hideaway on New York's Shelter Island, heroic. "Kezia brought the house back to life almost through sheer willpower," he says.

Nancy McKeon, features editor of *The Washington Post Magazine,* thinks that "people often let the decoration of their houses speak for them, articulating their ambitions." In Hermen and Monica Greenberg's Middleburg retreat, she was "impressed by Mrs. Greenberg's concern for history and scholarship." McKeon also scoured Georgetown this month in search of "shops that make you want to take home something that triggers the experience of being there."



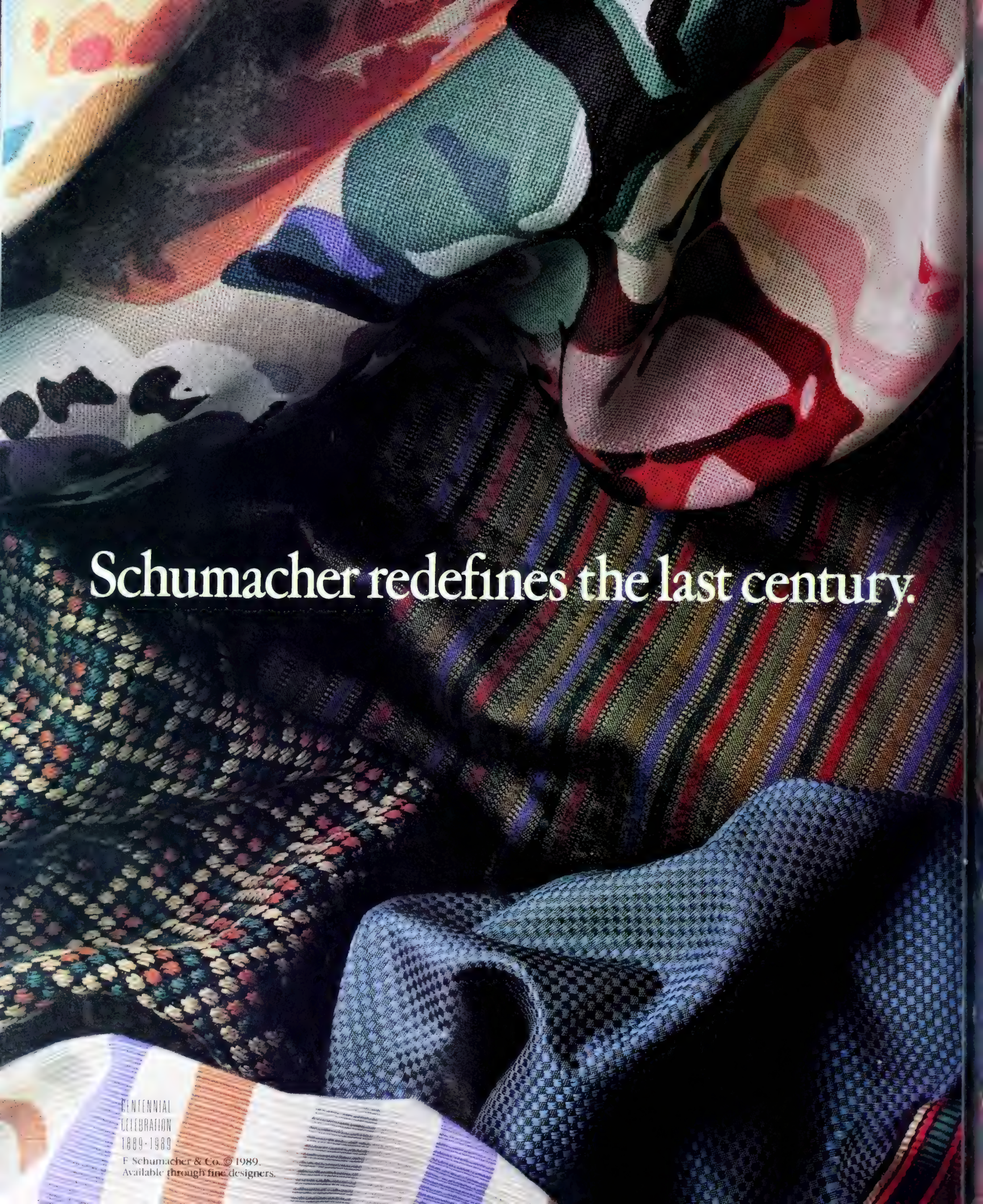
RUBEN ARAMOOR

Douglas Brenner, one of HG's new editors, has been interested in houses ever since he was given a guide to historic architecture at age seven: "I love what buildings say about the people who live in them." An avid amateur gardener and wintertime reader of gardening books, he is struggling to revive the old climbing roses and crab apple tree in the yard of his cottage near Barnegat Bay, New Jersey—"a long way from Manhattan."



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS


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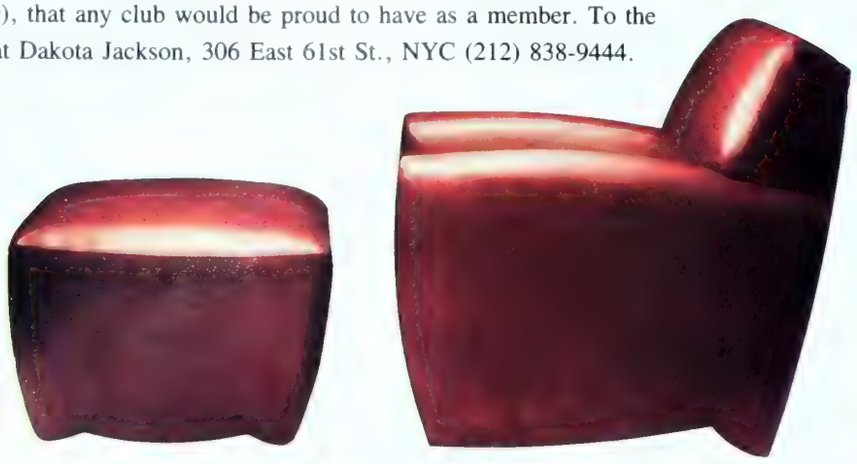
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HG/4/89K

JOIN THE CLUB

With his new KE-'ZÜ collection, furniture designer Dakota Jackson moves from couture to ready-to-wear. The range of seven pieces includes a chic and comfy chair, $5,500, and ottoman, $2,915 (*below*), that any club would be proud to have as a member. To the trade at Dakota Jackson, 306 East 61st St., NYC (212) 838-9444.



MATERIAL WHIRL

SOFASOMA is the name of a singular little weekend shop at 441 East 12th St., NYC (212) 777-2719, where partners Paula Zanger and Paul Fanfarillo (below) *combine various techniques and a zesty color palette to produce inventive hand-printed fabrics, primarily for interiors.*





VIENNA BUILT

In *Joseph Maria Olbrich: Architecture* (Rizzoli, $95), the three volumes of his designs published between 1901 and 1914 in Berlin, including his study for the Olbrich Haus in Darmstadt (*left*), are gloriously reproduced for the first time. A cofounder of the Vienna Secession in 1897 and a leader in the Jugendstil, Olbrich designed everything from wrought-iron objects to wallpaper.

LEMIEUX LANDSCAPE

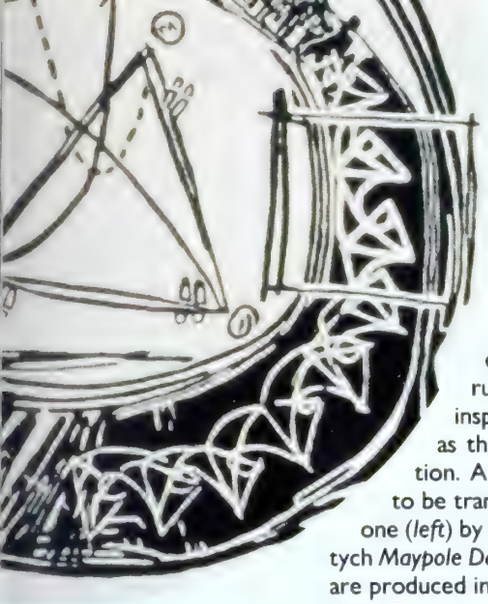
"The curious thing," says Annette Lemieux about her work (*below*) now at Josh Baer Gallery in New York, through April 15, "is that all the pieces have something to do with the individual's relationship to the landscape—or, more loosely, to the environment." A radically different body of her new work can be seen at the Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, April 27-July 5.





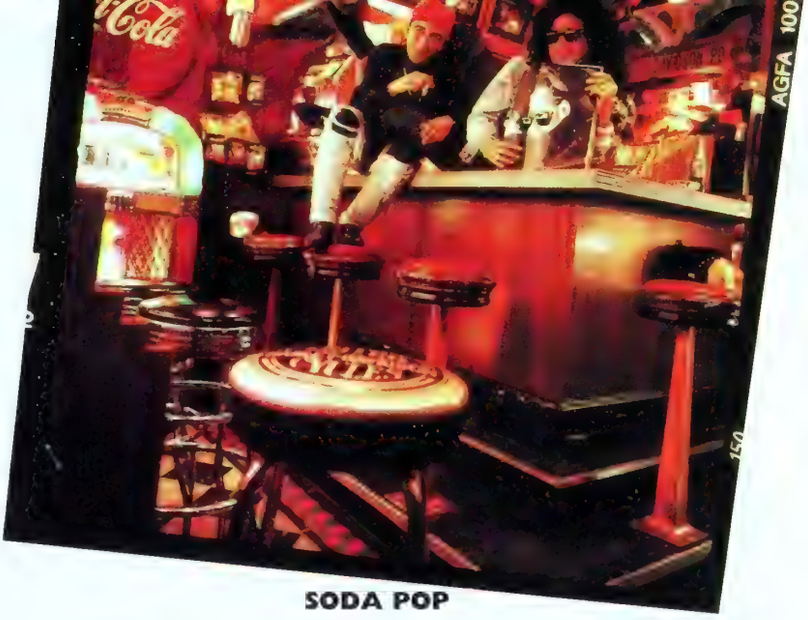
A DIFFERENT FOCUS

Out-of-focus photographs uncannily elucidate their subjects (*above*) in the show "Vanishing Presence." At Walker Art Center in Minneapolis through April 16.



MAGIC CARPETS

In New Zealand the tradition of giving hand-crafted one-of-a-kind rugs to visiting dignitaries inspired what is now known as the Dilana Artists Collection. Artists contribute designs to be translated into rugs like this one (*left*) by Bing Dawe from his triptych *Maypole Dance*, $5,000. The images are produced in editions of 25 by Dilana Rugs. To the trade at Saxony Carpet Co.

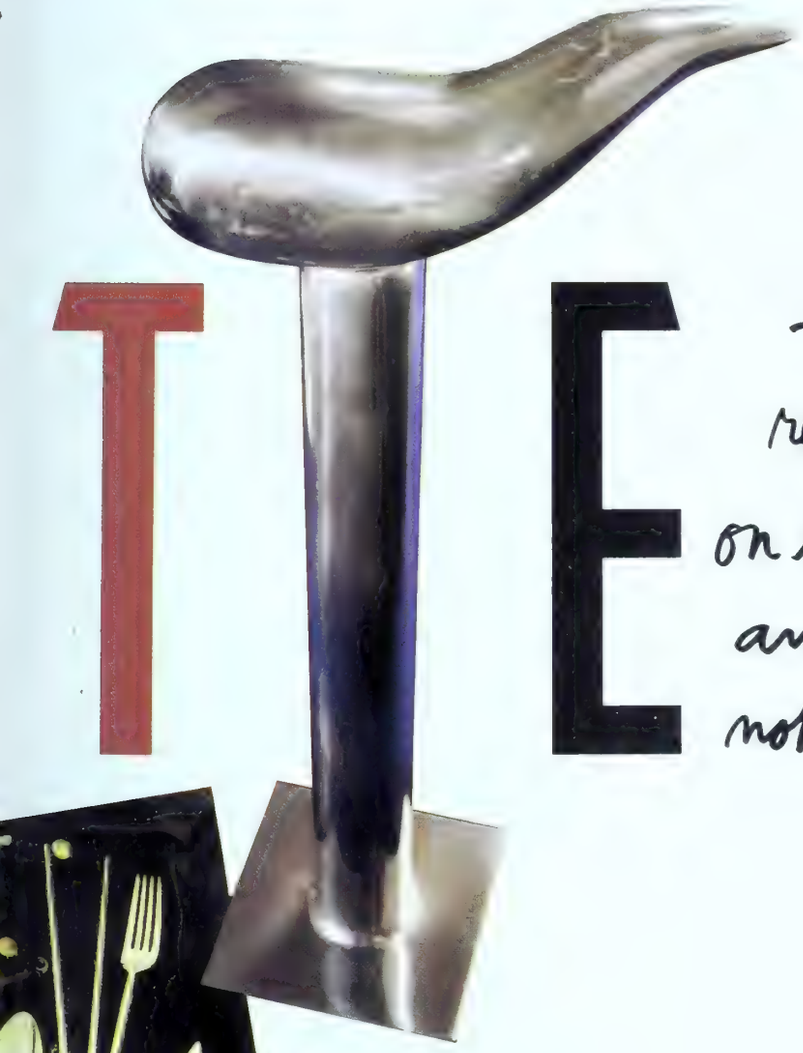


SODA POP

Mickey & Joey's (above), *a soda fountain/newsstand at 350 North Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills, created by actor Mickey Rourke and brother Joey, looks just like the wood-paneled fountains of way back when, with the addition of jukebox, slot machine, and motorcycle memorabilia. Best of all, they're open until at least three in the morning.*

TIDBITS

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy





TRÈS MODERNE

French design star Philippe Starck's new chopsticks (*left*) complement his place setting for Sasaki, but amateurs are advised to exercise caution—they're stainless steel. Less risky is Starck's new molded aluminum corkscrew (*above*). Both available soon in the U.S.



BRONZE WAVE

Antiques dealer Michael Goedhuis predicts that Chinese and Japanese bronzes will soon become as sought after as the Art Nouveau forms that they inspired. His magnificent collection of Oriental rarities, including a 19th-century Japanese double-gourd vase (*right*) and a 12th-century Chinese vase (*above*) inlaid with silver and gold, will be up for grabs at Colnaghi in New York City, April 11–29.



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NOTES

CITY FOLK

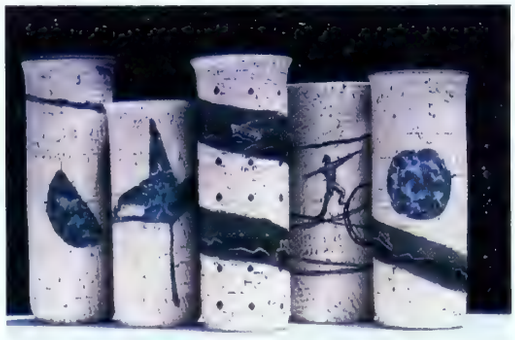
*New York's Museum of American Folk Art, dedicated for the past 25 years to the naive in our past and present, is opening a branch at Lincoln Center with an impressive show of work from the permanent collection, April 13–July 16. A mid 19th century weather vane (*right*) honors Saint Tammany, a semimythical Indian chief who, before becoming a symbol of corruption, was revered for his courage and eloquence.*





INSPIRATIONS
Jarrett Hedborg
Interior Design

"I think modern cars look like small mean toys. I love the cars that came out of the fifties, especially this 1955 Chrysler Windsor DeLuxe convertible designed by Virgil Exner. To me it exemplifies everything that is good about American design—big, open, simple, and beautiful. I hate black leather and tiny lights. I think we all do in our heart of hearts."



ROMAN À CLAY

Brazilian artist Gilberto Paim compares himself to a filmmaker adapting a novel, but in his case the medium is porcelain. Paim's new series (*left*), approx. $200 ea. vase, bears his version of Guy de Maupassant's story "Le Horla." Available from his studio in Nova Friburgo, Brazil 245-225479.

TEMPLE IN TOKYO

"I like the idea that an image can be translated from one medium to another without losing its potency," claims Malcolm Temple (*below*). In his installation (*right*) for Tokyo's Parco department store next month, he proves his fluency in sculpture, painting, mosaics, and furniture and textile design. Infused with a wave motif, the work is energetic and mellifluous.









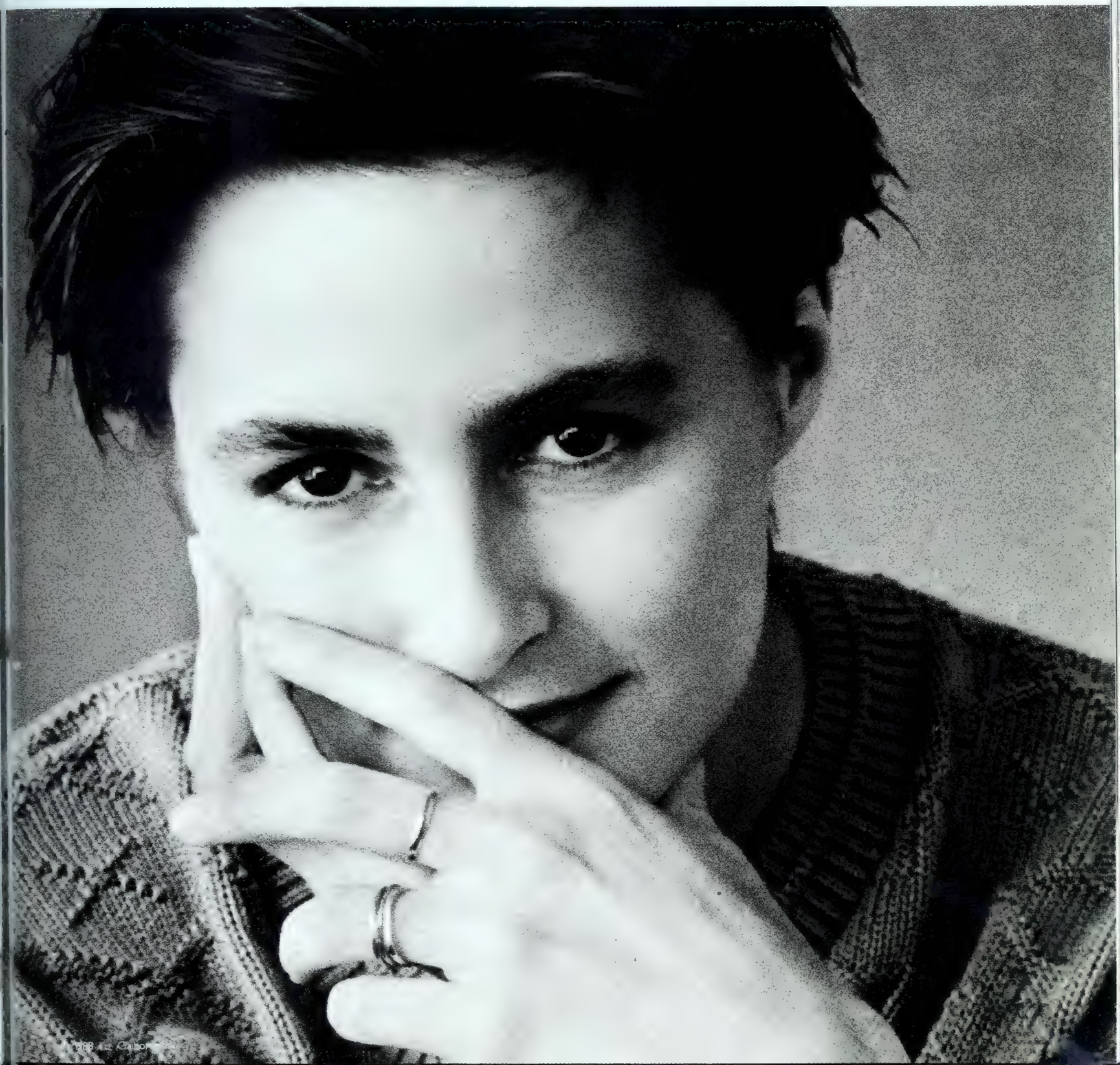
OUT OF AFRICA

Glittering ornaments (*above* and *below*) are making their American debut in "Gold of Africa" at the Smithsonian's Museum of African Art in Washington, D.C., April 5–August 28. The pendants, bracelets, rings, and earrings, which once symbolized the personal wealth of royalty, now reveal the cultural wealth of a nation.



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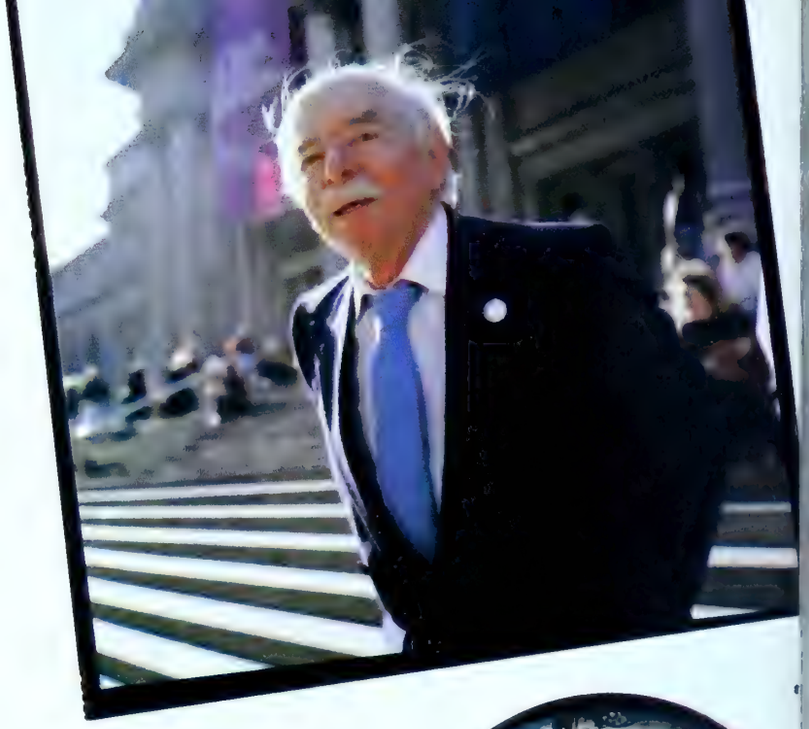
Orion Collection designed by Lars Hellsten

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ART

Raider of the Lost Art

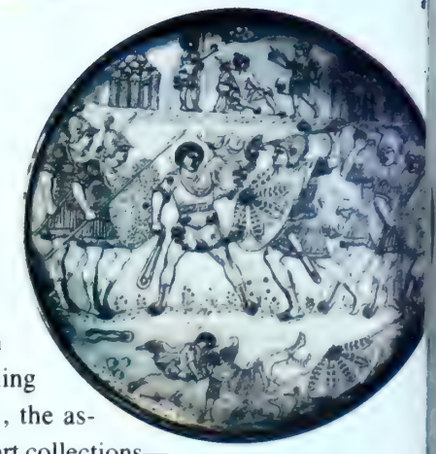
Connoisseur Paul Magriel delights in reopening jaded eyes at the Met
By Martin Filler



One popular pastime among New Yorkers of a certain age is reminiscing about the Metropolitan Museum of Art before the Age of Hoving. Remember how wonderful it used to be to drop in on the spur of the moment and stare in uninterrupted solitude at one's favorite masterpieces? Well, no more. The Met is now a gigantic cultural shopping mall complete with boutiques, espresso bars, glass-enclosed ficus-filled atriums, and its own version of the "mall shuffle," the unconscious wandering of semidazed consumers plugged into their Acoustiguides and frighteningly unaware of others around them. The chic attitude in some art circles today is to boast how one never goes near the place at all, except if one happens to be invited to a private view of a compulsory-attendance blockbuster exhibition. This is a pity, because the Met is not only America's greatest museum but possibly the world's as well. Several European cities have finer picture galleries, but the Met's painting collection is only a small part of its stupendous holdings, some three million objects of every description and from all periods of human history.

This fact is not lost on Paul Magriel, an 83-year-old New York collector, connoisseur, and polymath of astonishing range. Magriel has been at various times a dancer for the legendary Michel Fokine, the Museum of Modern Art's first dance curator, a boxing historian, and, more recently, the assembler of several notable art collections—nineteenth-century American still lifes, Renaissance bronzes, twentieth-century American sculpture—that he builds and then sells en bloc to museums and other collectors. But Magriel's real passion has been the unofficial tours he has been giving at the Met since 1982. Among those who have taken one of his hour-long surveys are William F. Buckley Jr., Arlene Croce, Jason Epstein, Susan Sontag, Paul Taylor, and Calvin Tomkins as well as scores of less well known friends of friends. Word of mouth has made it a rite of aesthetic passage for those who have outgrown the unctuously accented taped tours of Met director Philippe de Montebello.

Magriel's concept is simple: no matter how much we love art, we all have a visual saturation point, and when it comes to coping with the enor-



Silver dish from the Cyprus Treasure, Byzantine, c. 640 A.D.
"The supernova of the Classical world, a last blinding burst before extinction."



Fragmentary head of a queen, yellow jasper, Egyptian, c. 1400 B.C.
"Look at this mouth in profile; it crests like an arching, breaking wave."



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mous riches of the Met, limits must be imposed. When you zoom around the Met with Magriel (who only lately has resorted to a wheelchair to maintain the speed he demands), you are strictly instructed to look at nothing except the particular works he points out—and then for only about one minute each before moving on to the next. No quick peeks at an unauthorized Renoir or a serendipitous sarcophagus. And of course he's right. In order for him to build dramatic tension and make telling connections, only one sensibility can be in control during those revelatory sixty minutes.

What Magriel is doing, in fact, is teaching you how to see for yourself through his own example. Not an art historian or appraiser or critic or promoter, Magriel is merely a believer in the power that art possesses to enhance our lives. Now at last the general public can share the wealth of his uncompromising vision in one of the most rewarding art books of the year, Magriel's *A Connoisseur's Guide to the Met* (Vintage, $12.95), written with art historian John T. Spike.

Aside from its low cover price, this pocket-size paperback is a must for every art lover because of its evocative distillation of the Magriel method. In a series of four one-hour tours that comprise 25 objects each, the lively rhythms, unexpected insights, wry humor, provocative opinions, and prodding observations of the man himself come through on the printed page with uncanny immediacy. Take his comments on a pair of Irish sleeve fasteners from the eighth century B.C.: "Ireland during the Bronze Age . . . was a sophisticated place—something like a cold-water Mycenae. . . . Hundreds of these gold ornaments have survived, [but the Met's pair has an] elegance and refinement, a high style, that would be the envy of any haute couturier on the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré." Magriel also makes us visualize how another ancient piece of jewelry, a Roman bronze and silver inlaid leopard fibula, would have looked when it was worn: "The preference to enshrine artistic works in private galleries and public museums has made it harder to imagine how art once 'shone in use.' Just think of the panache that our leopard must have had lifting its head from a moving shoulder! . . . I like the insouciant sprawl of this big cat, reminding me that laziness is one of the few attributes that men and animals share equally."



A mourning woman, painted walnut, Flemish, 15th century

"Our lady's fairy-tale gown only heightens the poignancy of her tightly clasped hands."

Or consider his speculation on a Roman bust of the emperor Caligula which barely conceals the ruler's demented demeanor: "The sculptor's ability to tread a fine line between expected flattery and the bitter truth may have saved him from becoming another morsel for the arena. Or maybe not." A stunningly austere Yung Cheng Dynasty blanc de chine porcelain is strategically inserted in one tour: "I suggest you use this vase as a sorbet for your eyes, something to clear your palate between courses." And Magriel sums up why Watteau's *Mezzetin*, a portrait of a lovesick jester, is not so comical after all: "He is individual and vulnerable . . . no more funny than the times in our lives when we have loved without being loved in return." This is old-fashioned connoisseurship of a personal sort that has nearly vanished from a scene dominated by hype and the auctioneer's hammer. What Magriel has done, in effect, is to give the Met back to the people. By dragging us deep into its many forgotten galleries, which remain deserted while mobs mill mindlessly past the Impressionists, he reclaims a great public trust. Paul Magriel's guerrilla raids on the Met are zealous rescue missions, and each retrieval he makes is a victory for the creative spirit. ♠



Madonna and Child with scroll, enameled terra-cotta, by Luca della Robbia, c. 1480

"The della Robbia family have fostered more collector's plates . . . than the Statue of Liberty."



Statuette of a veiled dancer, bronze, Greek, 2nd century B.C.

"Much too overtly voluptuous to win a place in the Martha Graham repertory. She is unabashedly erotic, however much she is confined."

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NOTES

DESIGN

Smooth Take-off

LA's high flyers are heading to the airport to eat
By Pilar Viladas

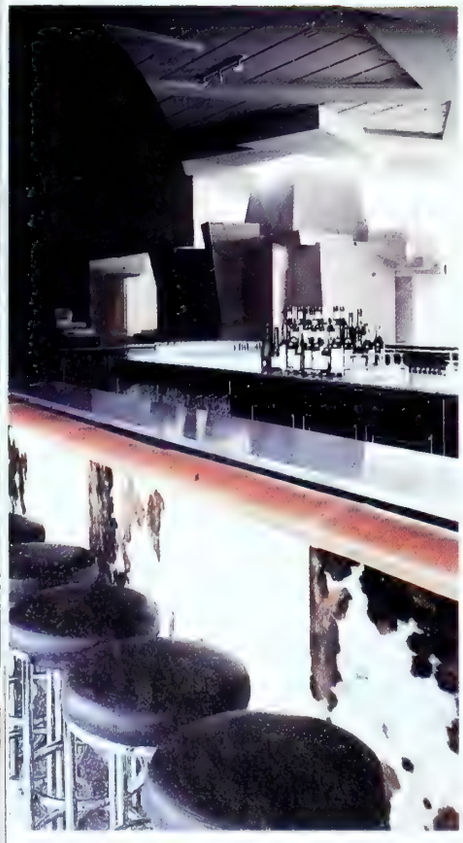


When it comes to the marriage of art and dining, Bruce Marder is a matchmaker with an unbroken record. The Los Angeles restaurateur brought us the restaurant as art gallery in the West Beach Café. Then he hired Frank Gehry to create architecture that *is* art for Rebecca's, the Mexican restaurant across the street. Now Marder has come full circle, bringing us art as restaurant design. DC3, which opened a few months ago at the unlikeliest of locations, the Santa Monica Airport, marks the stellar debut of artist Charles Arnoldi as a designer.

Marder was approached by David Price, chairman of the American Golf Corporation who was developing property at the airport, including a building to house the Museum of Flying and the restaurant Marder asked Arnoldi to design (with Solberg & Lowe Architects). The soaring space of this "bar and grill" is populated by little buildings: an entrance cube of black fossil marble which is contained within a concrete sphere, a wine cellar of "rusted" sheet metal which looks like Minimalist sculpture, and asymmetrical concrete pavilions that house the rest rooms. A tall grid of pale wood screens the cowhide-covered bar from the dining room where, from a sea of glamorous faux ostrich-covered booths, you can watch the private jets come and go.

DC3's relaxed elegance has put more than one visitor in mind of the Four Seasons, and the restaurant's unmistakable star quality has attracted a varied list of celebrities, from actor Mel Gibson and L.A. Lakers coach Pat Riley to CBS president Laurence Tisch. Even though Bruce Marder had only to open his doors to attract the hip and the happening, he still insists, "We don't want to be trendy. We want to stand the test of time." If DC3 is anything like its sister restaurants, the long run won't be a problem. It's getting a table for next Saturday night that we're worried about. ▲









A view from the tarmac, top right, of DC3. Top: The restaurant's partners, designer, and wives (clockwise from left) Rebecca and Bruce Marder, Katie and Chuck Arnoldi, Dallas and David Price, August Spier, and chef William Hufferd. Left: The cowhide-covered bar. Above: The entrance looking into the dining room. Right: Ed Ruscha's art adorns the menu and wine list.



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NOTES

ARCHITECTURE

Model Houses

Former mannequin Deborah Berke is now one of America's most promising architects







Architect Deborah Berke, left, on the construction site of her recently completed market at Seaside, Florida. Below: Three of Berke's fourteen houses at Seaside. The town's building code requires porches, pitched roofs, and white picket fences.

Sentimentality and nostalgia make my skin crawl," says Deborah Berke. But the 35-year-old New York architect needn't worry. Although her tradition-based designs have uncommon appeal to a broad public turned off by the extremes of both Modernism and Postmodernism, her schemes are never cute, cloying, or calculating. The best-known portion of her seven-year career has been the fourteen houses she built at Seaside, Florida, the widely heralded resort community on the "Redneck Riviera" of the Gulf Coast panhandle. Touted in its ads as "the new town, the old ways," Seaside in truth is only moderately convincing as a planned enclave, and its overall architectural quality is even less distinguished. Tourists and photographers inevitably gravitate toward the quaint Victorian Revival cottages of Rose Walk all decked out with lacy gingerbread trim. But by far the most satisfying structures at Seaside are Berke's tough, gutsy little houses, scattered like bracing bits of lemon peel throughout the sickly-sweet pudding of the development. Seaside's strict design guidelines specify the forms, materials, and colors to be used there in an attempt to reestablish the vernacular style of the region. For Berke it was easy. "I have no problem with tradition at all," she explains. "I like pitched roofs. I'm not interested in inventing new ideas just for their own sake. I'm much more concerned with distilling familiar forms down to their essential elements."



Born in New York and trained at the Rhode Island School of Design, Berke worked briefly as a model, a career digression she has only lately come to grips with. "You can look me up in old copies of *Mademoiselle*, but it took me a very long time before I could admit it to anyone because I was so desperate to be taken seriously." Teaching for several years at New York's ultra-intellectual Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, she eventually felt confident enough to embark on her building career. After several SoHo loft renovations, her first Seaside house, designed in 1983 for a flat fee of $500, came as a revelation: "Being able to build a freestanding three-dimensional object is what really makes an architect's heart beat faster." Afraid now only of being typecast in the Seaside idiom—"That phase was wonderful, but it's over for me now"—she has also designed factory-made modular prefab houses that contractors are erecting around the country, a format she thinks unjustly ignored by her high-style colleagues. "I don't like to get precious about architecture," she says. Indeed, the work of Deborah Berke is far from rarefied, but on today's chaotic scene it possesses a quiet integrity that is all too rare.

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NOTES

PEOPLE

The Merchant of Style

In London the name Joseph is synonymous with cool modern design
By Charles Gandee

Like Cher, Madonna, Charo, Sting, and the late Liberace, he prefers one name to two. And the one name is Joseph. He left the Ettedgui part back in Casablanca when he emigrated to London in the late fifties. After a six-month crash course in ''ladies' hairdressing'' and a six-month crash course in English, he opened a salon on King's Road, where he flourished through the sixties. On a whim he began selling Kenzo sweaters at the reception desk—a novel idea that proved so sound it cost him his career.

Joseph hung up his scissors for good in the mid seventies to open a clothing store on Sloane Street which, thanks in no small part to the work of architect Norman Foster, was a huge success. London had never seen anything quite like the luminous shop with its high-tech catwalks, Le Corbusier chairs, and dramatic black-and-white palette. ''There is magic in design,'' explains the 53-year-old retailing tycoon. ''It attracts a certain level of people, and they provide continuity.'' Over the past thirteen years Joseph has built a small empire with branches in Paris, London, and New York based on his belief in the seductive power of design.





In his new Parson's Green house, right, Joseph, below, mixes traditional furniture pieces with Modern classics by Eileen Gray and Le Corbusier. In his new Brompton Cross shop, below right, a Mariano Fortuny lamp sits on an Alan Buchsbaum table strewn with neckties.



The most recent addition to Joseph's portfolio of shops is on Brompton Cross. Like the twelve other Joseph's shops in London, the new shop was designed by architect Eva Jiricna and adheres to a meticulous steel-and-glass aesthetic. Its inventory, however, is slightly different. ''People are fed up with going into stores just to look at beautiful clothes,'' reports the mogul of merchandising. Which means that you can not only buy a dress by Alaïa or a pair of boxer shorts by Timney Fowler in the new shop but also outfit your flat with furniture, lamps, and accessories by such present and past design talents as Ron Arad, Pierre Chareau, and Rei Kawakubo. ''There is no shock between fashion and furniture,'' offers Joseph. Nor, it seems, food. Across the street from the new bi-level shop is a chic little café called Joe's, which, as we all know, is short for Joseph's. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

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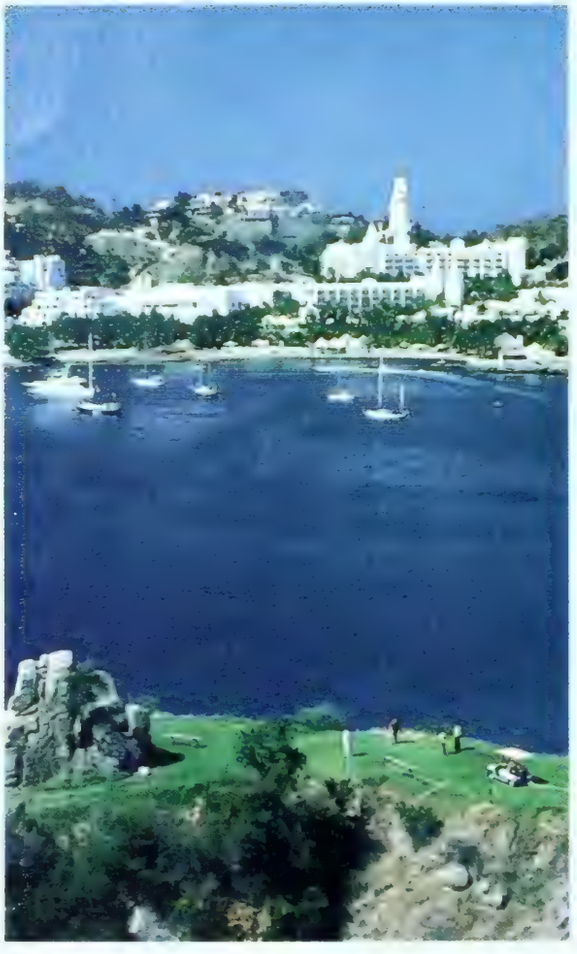
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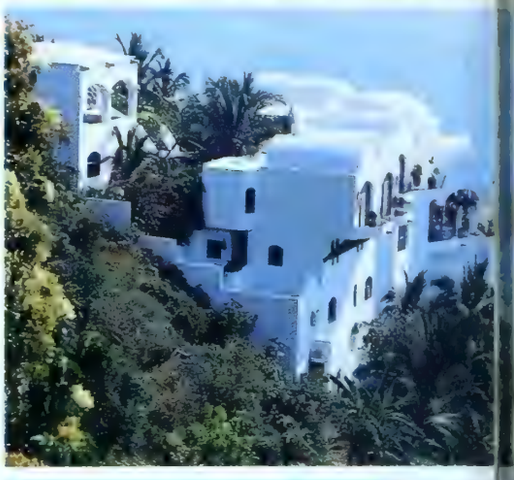
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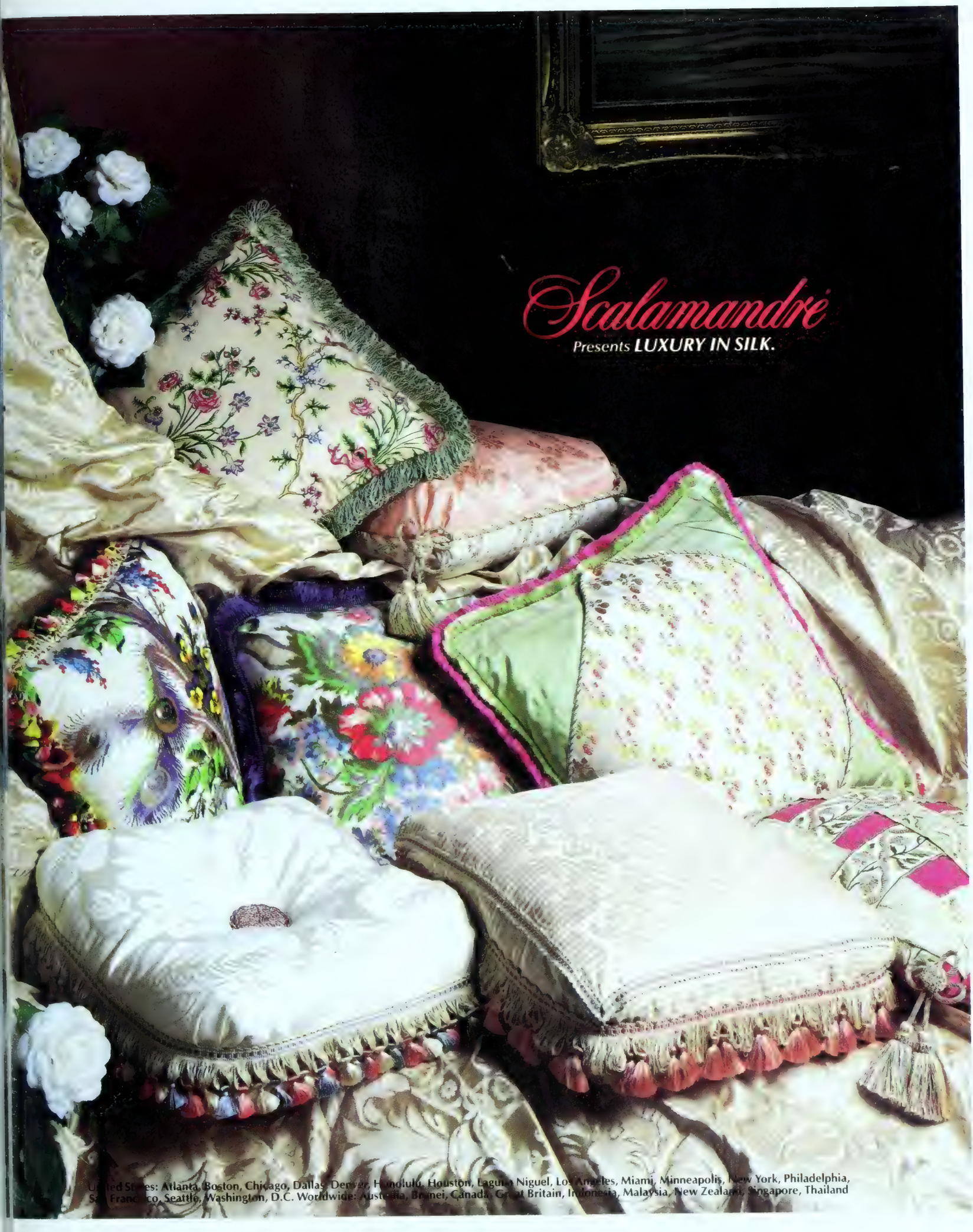
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TRAVEL

Southern Exposure

Restored antebellum plantations are welcoming guests for bed and breakfast

By Diane Lilly di Costanzo





Winter down South can be intolerably tepid and summer so steamy that only swamp creatures thrive, but the Southern spring is the spring ideal—magnolia blossoms, a noon sun that feels positively nourishing, and evenings cool enough to warrant lighting a fire. If this sounds better than the freak snowstorms and hip-high slush of the North, consider heading to the heart of the South for a weekend. When you go, skip the cities and motor into the countryside to stay at one of the restored antebellum mansions, many of them former plantation houses, that welcome guests for bed and breakfast.

What can be generalized about such a weekend goes like this: rental car secured, urban sprawl no longer reflected in the rearview mirror, you see a tasteful little sign imprinted with the name of the house you've chosen. The gates stand open, invitingly. The drive is shaded by tupelo trees or live oaks dripping with Spanish moss. You feel a bit reduced in size, like Joan Fontaine in *Rebecca* on her drive up to Manderley. Are you really welcome here you wonder? She wasn't. You are. Someone in a starched apron assures you of that. At some point during your stay you will take a guided tour of the place. If you're not careful, you will also eat and drink more than you ever imagined possible.

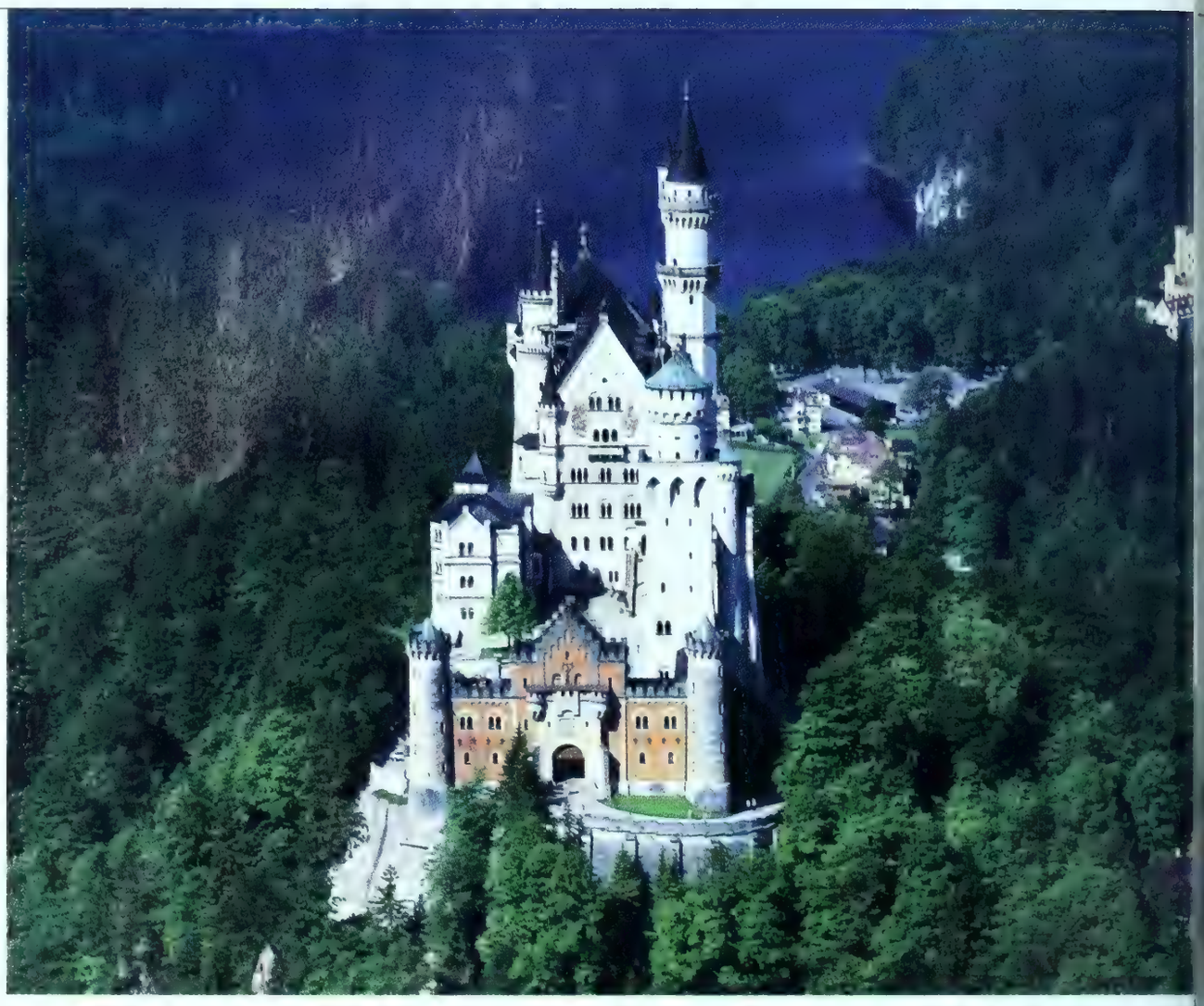
Beyond that, generalizations cease, particularly when it comes to describing the architecture of these houses: what impresses most visitors is the diversity in their appearance. Which is to say that if you're expecting to stay in a spread that looks like Tara (many-columned and white brick), you may be surprised. But if you choose well, you won't be disappointed.

Certainly there are Greek Revival mansions with columns to spare, one of the finest examples of which is Melrose, a private house designated a National Historic Landmark in Natchez, Mississippi. The redbrick and magnolia-shaded manse was built in 1845 for a planter and lawyer whose Confederate currency was so devalued he was forced to sell the plantation at the close of the War Between the States (the Civil War is still a term that incites withering glances). Melrose remained in the family of George Malin Davis for 111 years until John S. Callon bought it in 1976. After an extensive and impeccable restoration, the Callons opened it to guests in 1977.

An early hint of the Callons' boundless capacity to entertain is their tidy bed of mint—the air around it scented with the promise of mint juleps—planted within walking distance of the back veranda. Ask in advance for the guest bedroom in the main house with views over the front lawn. You'll be led to a room so big that it manages to be spacious even with a towering four-poster mahogany bed, two Rococo Revival armchairs with matching slipper stools, a mar-

Moss-draped magnolias lead the way to Melrose, left, a restored Greek Revival mansion in Natchez which now operates as a plantation inn. Above: The Melrose Rococo Revival parlor.


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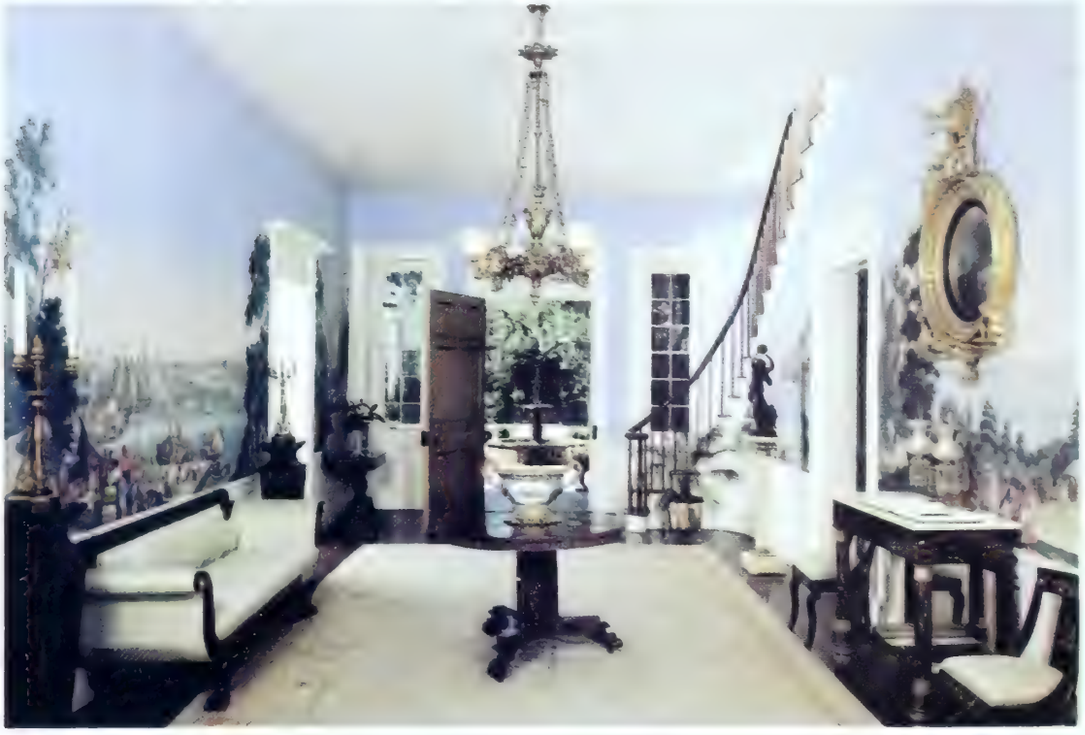
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ble fireplace, a bookcase with wavy old glass, and a massive mahogany armoire. Happily, spring afternoons are long enough to take this all in, freshen up, tour the magnificent formal rooms on the second floor, and settle into a deep veranda chair with a mint julep in hand before the sun sets over the gardens.

Because Natchez was spared during the Civil War—Union armies chose to occupy, not destroy it—dozens of antebellum mansions still stand within its loose embrace. The town, high on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi, feels not quite of this century. Of the houses that take in paying guests, Monmouth, built in 1818, is the most imposing. Like Melrose, it is Greek Revival but more stern and civic-looking with its squared unornamented white columns. Monmouth was the residence of John A. Quitman, the post–Civil War governor of Mississippi. Quitman's room—with views onto the cobbled courtyard and the formal gardens beyond—comes complete with a cabinet where the governor stashed his wigs. Another Greek Revival mansion, Dunleith, built in 1856, is noted for being the only house in Mississippi with a double-tiered colonnade that completely encircles its exterior. Linden, first built in 1792, exemplifies the graceful rambling cottage expanded over the centuries. And Weymouth Hall, built about 1855, offers spectacular views of the Mississippi. Perfectly square, trim-cornered, and all white, the place looks like a neatly wrapped wedding present dropped onto a bluff.



Most of the antebellum Natchez estates were never part of working plantations, but rather the in-town villas of wealthy merchants and planters. A few hours south of Natchez, however, deep in the sugarcane country of Louisiana, mansions that are true plantation residences dot the map. In White Castle, for instance, is Nottoway, the castle that gave the town its name. Nottoway is billed as the "largest plantation house in the South," and in doing so nearly obliterates its charm—this slogan is emblazoned on a sign large enough to be called a billboard, which fortunately can only be seen from the back parking lot. Better to approach Nottoway from the River Road, which curves along the Mississippi. During the exhaustive tour, guides recite snippets from the diary of Cornelia, a young girl who lived there. Cornelia wrote of long summer picnics where Oriental carpets laid with food and iced drinks were spread out under the oak trees. She reveals the meaning of the plantation's name: the master of the house gave explicit instructions that all of the wood in its construction be unmarred by knots, so the workers—he kept a staff of 57 for the house and up to 1,000 in the fields—chanted "Knot away!" as they milled the lumber. Legend and lore is heaped higher and higher as you snake through the many rooms, including Cornelia's, which guests may stay in.

Indeed, the legend and lore is one of the most intriguing aspects of a visit to these historic houses. Because they've been so faithfully restored, it's possible to imagine living the antebellum life. One day, perhaps, people will venture into the countryside to stay in bed and breakfasts tricked out with 1970s shag carpeting and macramé plant slings. In the meantime, we're left to ponder the gadgets, curious fixtures, and odd baubles of the late 1800s. Cut-crystal gasoliers, still fueled with gas, provide parlors with dim flickering light. Fairy lamps at the bottom of the stairs illuminate the dark corridors at night. Swinging wooden boards, called punkahs, suspend from dining room ceilings and serve as fans to keep tables breezy and bug-free. And sideboards in the ballroom are inset with low petticoat mirrors so ladies can check their skirts after dancing. There are also instances of unbridled kookiness in the decor: the leer-



Visitors to Monmouth in Natchez, above, enter a central hallway decorated in the Empire style. Top: A detail of an ornate cast-iron railing of a Natchez mansion. Right: Dunleith's back courtyard looking onto the gallery that encircles the 1856 landmark.



GIORGIO ARMANI

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ing blackamoor statuary; the oversolemn portraits with eyes that follow you wherever you go; the cast-iron egrets, tottering on one leg, that stand in courtyard fountains spitting water.

The plantation inns farther east in Virginia and the Carolinas are generally a few decades older, which means a few more years of history with which to regale visitors: Prospect Hill, a lovely white clapboard plantation house near Charlottesville, Virginia, was first built in 1732 by one of the original settlers in the area. The Arrowhead Inn near Durham, North Carolina, is a former tobacco plantation. Constructed in 1775, the house is named for the arrowhead that marks the old Indian path that ran through the property. Welbourne is a 600-acre farm near Middleburg, Virginia, also built around 1775, and visited in this century by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe. They were sent, it is said, by their editor, Maxwell Perkins, who must have thought the country air would do them good.



At Melrose the dining room is kept breezy by a classic carved mahogany fan called a punkah.

Not everyone can fall asleep with ancestor portraits watching them, but most of these inns offer a choice between the bedrooms in the great house and lodging in outlying buildings, often renovated overseers' cottages. Herein lies a trade-off: the outlying rooms afford more privacy and sometimes such amenities as televisions and brand-new bathrooms with Jacuzzis. In the great house there are more people and fewer private bathrooms. To avoid anachronisms, twentieth-century amenities are either missing or hidden (telephones, for instance, were often scooted under beds). But these rooms—furnished by the original occupants—are infused with an undeniable spirit.

This brings up a bit of counsel offered by a Depression-era guidebook, sponsored by the WPA, in which travelers to the American South are briefed about ghosts that haunt Southern plantations. At Louisiana's Kenilworth, it warns: "In the full of the moon, a couple strolls up and down the stairs, restless, perhaps because they have no heads." And the guidebook also mentions a plantation known as Myrtle in which an "inquisitive old lady, wearing a bright green bonnet, wanders from room to room, raising the mosquito *baire* and peering into the faces of sleepers." The staff at a present-day plantation inn called the Myrtles were reluctant to discuss the ghost issue, although they did allow that the house was built on the site of an Indian burial ground.

Despite possible encounters with apparitions, nights are blissfully tranquil. And when you open your eyes to a morning light made lacy by the curtains, you dress and hasten to the dining room for a soul-stirring cup of coffee and a stack of flapjacks so light they float—or very nearly. Nothing, as they say, could be finer.

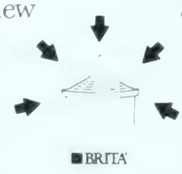


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8151 Highland Rd., Baton Rouge
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Mount Hope sits on 4½ acres in the historic section of Baton Rouge. The rate of $75 for all rooms includes a full breakfast.

Myrtles Plantation
Box 1100, St. Francisville, LA 70775
(504) 635-6277
A twenty-room estate, built in 1796. Rooms in the main house are $80–$120; those in the outlying buildings are $65. A full breakfast is included.

Nottoway Plantation
White Castle, LA 70788; (504) 545-2730
Nottoway is a former sugarcane plantation with bedrooms, suites, and cottages open for guests. Rates are $115–$200; $250 for a suite with its own bar, Jacuzzi, and pool. A wake-up breakfast is served in bed, followed by a full breakfast on the veranda.

Oak Alley Plantation
Rte. 2, Box 10, Vacherie, LA 70090
(504) 523-4351
Built in 1839 by a French sugarcane mogul, Oak Alley is a Greek Revival mansion located on the River Road between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. Rates are $80–$107 with continental breakfast.

MISSISSIPPI

Dunleith
84 Homochitto St., Natchez, MS 39120
(601) 446-8500
Dunleith and its 40-acre estate include a landscaped park and a carriage house built to resemble a Gothic fort. Rates are $85–$130 with a full breakfast.

Linden
1 Linden Pl., Natchez, MS 39120
(601) 445-5472
Once the home of a Mississippi senator, Linden was used in the filming of *Gone with the Wind*. Room rates are $75 and include a full breakfast served on the back gallery.

Melrose
Melrose Ave., Natchez, MS 39120
(601) 442-8224
Melrose is on an 84-acre estate planted with magnolia and azalea. Rooms are $100 with a plantation breakfast served in the restored kitchen quarters.

Monmouth
Melrose Ave., Natchez, MS 39120
(601) 442-5852
Built by a man from Monmouth County, New Jersey, this monumental house has been beautifully restored and has a family graveyard. Rates are $75–$150, including full breakfast.

Mount Repose
Pine Ridge Rd., Natchez, MS 39120
(800) 647-6742
On 250 acres granted by the Spanish crown, Mount Repose is still occupied by descendants of the original owner. It was built in 1824. The rooms, with breakfast, are $75.

Weymouth Hall
1 Cemetery Rd., Natchez, MS 39120
(601) 445-2304
Noted for its fine views over the Mississippi, Weymouth Hall was built about 1855. Room rates are $70, including breakfast.

NORTH CAROLINA

Arrowhead Inn
106 Mason Rd., Durham, NC 27712
(919) 477-8430
This simple c. 1775 wooden house was constructed on a tobacco plantation. Room rates, with breakfast, are $50–$90.

VIRGINIA

Edgewood Plantation
Rte. 2, Box 490, Charles City, VA 23030
(804) 829-2962
This 1849 Carpenter Gothic house is one of the few plantation buildings in the James River area that operates as a bed and breakfast. Rates are $88–$105.

Prospect Hill
Rte. 3, Box 55, State Hwy. 613, Trevilians, VA 23093; (703) 967-0844
A wheat plantation until the Civil War when its owners began to take in paying guests. Rates are $85–$110 per person, including afternoon tea, dinner, and a full breakfast.

Welbourne
Middleburg, VA 22117; (703) 687-3201
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(Rates quoted throughout are for two people sharing a room.)

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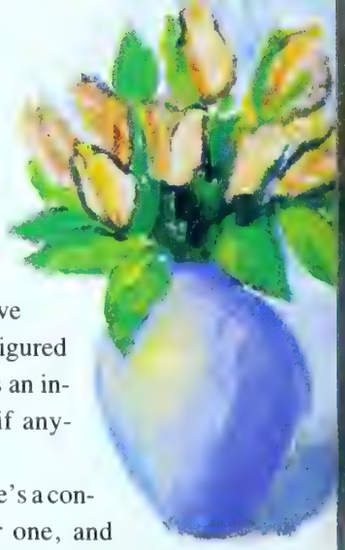
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The Quality Quandary

Does anyone have taste except thee and me? Mary Cantwell asks whether it really matters



I am at my desk, staring at the wall. On it are five small pictures: a nineteenth-century pencil portrait, a murky print of a London street, a peculiar litho of six peculiar people, a page from a French costume book, and an undistinguished watercolor of a little girl. There's a poster, too, advertising a book published around the turn of the century, and a letter welcoming my then three-week-old daughter into the world. The assemblage is awesomely symmetrical, perhaps an aesthetic plus. On the other hand, perhaps not.

On the desk is a sepia-toned photograph of 41 females, ranging in age from 70 to 4, in old-fashioned clothes. The frame is from the five-and-ten. Next to it is a small earthenware goat, probably Staffordshire but nothing fancy, and a Bakelite lamp bought at a yard sale. Good taste? Bad taste? I don't know.

Now I am taking my eyes off the earthenware goat and sliding them toward the bookcase at my right. In the bookcase is a copy of Mario Praz's *The House of Life*, and somewhere in that dense and gorgeous thicket there must be an answer to the problem I'm setting myself: what is taste? But no, no cheating. I have to solve this problem on my own. So far all I've figured out is that taste (used alone it always has an invisible modifier—"good") has little if anything to do with quality.

Quality is easier to define because there's a consensus about criteria—proportion, for one, and clarity. Besides, rather like cream rising to the top, the best proclaims itself. Look at enough Windsor chairs, for instance, and sooner or later the mind will slough off all but the one with the crispest turnings.

Taste, though, involves juxtapositions, and isn't the same for the amateur as it is for the professional. The professional knows what he's doing. He knows about fabrics and colors and lighting effects and how to swag a window and skirt a table and raise and lower a ceiling. The professional—the decorator—is no innocent. But the amateur, driven by his psyche and blissfully unaware that the table he just bought looks as though it was cut off at the knees, may produce the more interesting room. "Interesting," I said, not "tasteful." I'm not yet up to definitions.

Consider a house I used to visit a long time ago. It was four narrow stories tall with bandaged pipes and floors that trembled whenever three people stood in one spot. But the walls were giddy with tinsel pictures, the lamps in their stained-glass shades glowed like fireworks, and the furniture was stiff with dignity and slippery with horsehair. To be in that place was to be within its owner's romantic and fanciful head.



"I could do this house," I heard a book designer boast on an afternoon when its owner had invited armies for tea. But I knew she couldn't. The owner had built this monument to Victoria and Albert because its clutter and coziness kept his demons—loneliness, I suspect, and a chronic fear of the cold—at bay. The designer's demons, whatever they were, weren't his. She could imitate his decor, but she couldn't initiate it.

Not everyone who wandered through that house, marveling at the Rogers group here, the

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TASTE

Belter there, could have lived in it. I couldn't have. My special demon—a profound fear of disorder—dictates a certain austerity and furniture that's more lean than fat. But all present would have said that the house's owner had taste. As personal and eccentric as that place was, it never smacked of his not knowing any better. In a country that is still uncomfortable about admitting it has classes—fleeting though residence in any one stratum may be—saying that someone "doesn't know any better" is a way of separating the sheep from the goats.

Consider some goats. Consider an apartment in which every lamp base writhed with cupids, every fabric gleamed metallic, and the end tables were slabs of white marble suspended from the ceiling on golden chains. The people who loved the monument to Victoria and Albert would have laughed at this little number—and "little number" is just what they would have called it. Yet didn't it, too, show taste?

Sure it did, but it was the taste of people who didn't know you really cannot duplicate a Baroque palace at a discount-furniture showroom. But never mind. The couple who lived in that apartment were very young and very shrewd, and if by now they're not awash in antique pillow shams, chintz slipcovers, mohair throws, and family photographs in silver frames, I would certainly be very surprised.

Eventually, however, they may regret having jettisoned those traces of a naive past. Because someday, somebody whose opinion in these matters has weight is going to pause in front of a junk shop window, point to a lamp base writhing with cupids and a slab of marble slung with golden chains, and then say, "My god! They're dee-vine!" The rest will be decorating history. Should you doubt this scenario, only recall that all over the United States thousands curse themselves daily because they gave their boomerang coffee tables and molded-plywood chairs to the Salvation Army.

What is taste? A daughter with whom I was dining the night before I sat down to stare at the wall had an answer to my question. "That's easy," she said grandly. "Taste is whatever I like."

This was a wise woman speaking. ▲


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COLLECTING

Print Pursuit

Ephemera collectors chase everything from canceled checks to vintage valentines

By Carol E. Rinzler



I was collecting ephemera for years before I knew it had a name. At flea markets, antiques shops, secondhand bookstores, the odd yard sale, I zoomed over to the Victorian valentines, the calendars advertising sarsaparilla, and the old *Collier's* magazines reeking of attic. Priced out of more tangible things to collect (silver napkin rings, alphabet plates, salesmen's sample china), I gravitated toward these odd bits of printed matter that had doubtless been saved by little old ladies living alone with thirty cats. Alas, so popular has this area of acquisition become that I fear I soon will be priced out of it, too. This very weekend, for instance, I passed up a Vermont Summer Excursions 1913 pamphlet ($60) and an 1898 catalogue of horse-drawn carriages ($75). But I did manage to snag a couple of 1920s ocean liner menus ($7 and $15).

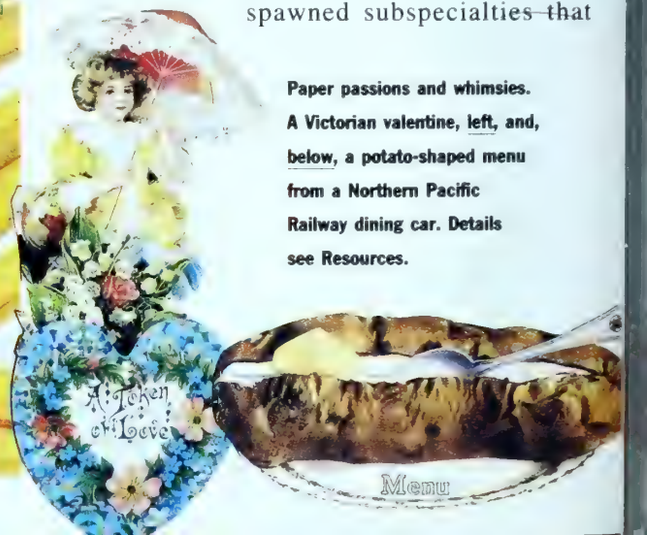
Clever cutouts. A baby food trade card, c. 1890, crowned by a cigarette novelty card in the form of a straw boater.

This occurred at an ephemera show, a highly specialized form of antiques show. Ephemera is the name applied to transitory items, primarily paper, often produced in large quantity but rare today because they were made to be used up and thrown away—newspapers and magazines, canceled checks, advertising cards, train schedules, matchbooks, campaign buttons. A subcategory takes in items meant to be saved. A perfect example is cigarette cards, the forerunners of bubble gum cards, issued one to a packet in series featuring movie stars, sailing ships, and everything in between. The reason so few of these survived, I suspect, is that the collectors most often were kids, and Junior's departure for college was Mom's excuse for chucking the junk.

The highest prices usually belong to objects with a cultish flavor—tickets to Beatles' concerts, James Dean lunchboxes, Marilyn Monroe lobby cards—and for real rarities prices can soar into the thousands. But as fewer ancient attics remain to be cleaned out, even ordinary items with considerable age, such as calendars from the turn of the century and color plates from children's books illustrated by Maud Humphrey (none other than Humphrey Bogart's mother), are climbing from below $25 to over $75. And as its attraction and value have grown, ephemera itself has spawned subspecialties that



Attic finds. Counterclockwise from top left: A child's badge of merit; a 1901 souvenir bookmark; Gillette *Begin Early* trade card; George VI coronation yearbook; Chiquita Banana's 1950 recipe book.



Paper passions and whimsies. A Victorian valentine, left, and, below, a potato-shaped menu from a Northern Pacific Railway dining car. Details see Resources.



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generate their very own shows, devoted exclusively to postcards, baseball cards, advertising, or toys and games.

There is almost no limit to the items collectors find desirable—cigar box labels, firecracker packages, recipe pamphlets, corset catalogues, booklets on how to decorate with crepe paper, lobby cards from old movies, grade school badges of merit, tins that once held phonograph needles, stock certificates from defunct companies, and even sheet music for "My Old Kentucky Home."

There are, it seems, several sources of appeal. One is decidely graphic. Much of the material dating from the 1880s to the 1930s,



An 1892 advertising calendar for Hood's Sarsaparilla

especially the advertisements, was created by the best artists of the day (the decline of illustration coincided with the perfection of color photography). Nostalgia for one's own childhood is the second attraction and is usually the motivation when I grab, say, a *Life* magazine with Margaret O'Brien on the cover or an English coronation souvenir featuring the Princesses Lilibet and Margaret Rose. I also find that items from my grandmother's time—a 1913 *Ladies' Home Journal*, Jell-O ads with Rose O'Neil Kewpies—provide a kind of time capsule for travel into a bygone era in which I think I would like to have lived.

Most collectors develop narrow areas of interest to avoid going crazy or broke or both. One can, of course, sometimes justify purchasing occasional irresistible whimsies on the theory that they make uniquely thoughtful gifts—an old map of a friend's hometown, a dance card for an incurable romantic, a Carter's Little Liver Pills ad for a doctor. The only problem is that once you take them home, you realize you can never get yourself to part with them. ▲

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WORKROOM

Weaving Their Way

From a small studio in Connecticut, James and Dale Gould turn out modern heirlooms
By Glenn Harrell

Handweavers James and Dale Gould's house in Riverside, Connecticut, is no ordinary mill. It has only five looms, wedged into a ground-floor space filled with natural light supplied by its wall of picture windows. This is a luxury factory where bobbins of precious hand-spun yarns of gold and silk are stacked and scattered, spool racks and loom harnesses lean precariously against the wall, and the sound of opera rings forth hypnotically from one corner of the room. Above the studio is the couple's living area and kitchen (which doubles as the dyeing facility for prototype colors). Two Jack Russell terriers pad across the bleached wood floor, patrolling a few well-chosen unrefinished eighteenth-century French and American antiques and a framed Andalusian silk tapestry. "We love the dogs," quips James Gould, "because they look so good with neutrals."

Like their house, the Goulds' handwoven fabrics are almost always in subdued colors, made of the best materials—naturally white Chinese cashmere and Italian baby alpaca, spun in Europe, and classically designed and patterned. Explains James: "I know people are always talking about new directions and 'in' colors, but having been in business for eight years—dealing with the best architects and decorators—I know that not everyone follows trends." From cashmere-and-silk blankets for Neiman Marcus to fabrics for the American Express executive offices at lower Manhattan's World Financial Center, the Goulds pursue quality, detail, and tradition with an extravagance matched only by Renaissance craftsmen. Trendless, maybe, but custom weaving in this regal manner is what keeps such high-profile decorators as Sister Parish and Jed Johnson coming back for more. It also makes the Goulds virtually unique in America where less than a handful of modern-day artisans turn out quality homespun. Certainly none is as elaborate.

Using only custom-blended yarns of cashmere, linen, silk, cotton, and wool, the Goulds will weave you absolutely anything. For New York–based architect Peter Marino they reproduced an antique rug and created an upholstery fabric to bring out the faded colors in a nineteenth-century English needlepoint pillow. They designed fabrics for Giorgio Armani's new Milan apartment and the casement material of goats' hair and linen for Philip Johnson's famed Glass House. For the Kuwaiti Mission to the United Nations, they produced samples of silk fabrics woven with strands of gold to adorn the ballroom walls and silk with sterling for the king's Manhattan penthouse. Unfortunately, the oil crash in the early 1980s cut the Kuwaiti budget, and the entire job was reassigned to the more economical contract industry.

Frustrated by what they see as mediocre quality and a "creative homogenization" from the big retail companies, they are fighting back with a collection of 45 luxe fabrics—machine-made but of all natural fibers—to debut late this spring. In the meantime, however, it's back to the basement for more meticulous finger work. "For me, weaving is either incredibly therapeutic or incredibly maddening. But," adds James, "I like detail." ▲

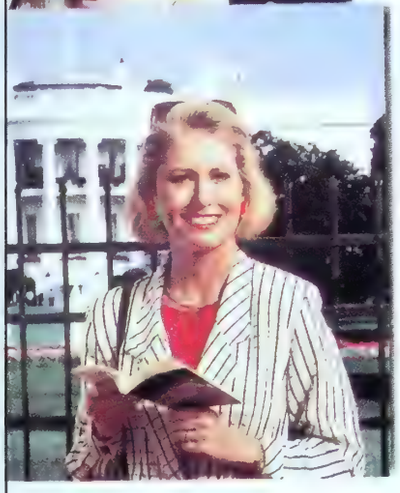


Dale and James Gould, left. Far left: Their cashmere-and-silk blanket. Above left: Swatches include custom navy wool-and-silk plaid, red silk chenille, and black-and-white linen-and-ramie fabrics. Details see Resources.

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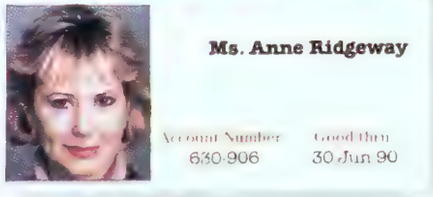
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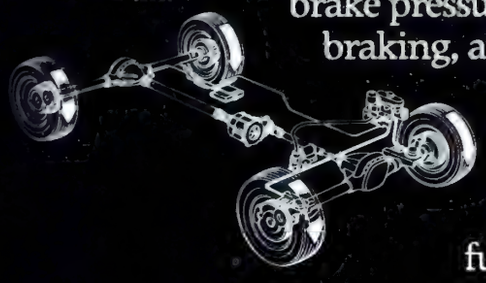
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ANTIQUES

Glaze of Glory

English creamware rises to the top
By Dana Cowin

Creamware's debut in the late eighteenth century marked the first time that people of different classes ate off the same dishes. A product of revolution (industrial) and evolution (design), creamware was affordable and yet remarkably beautiful, durable and yet delicate. The middle class—sick of, and sometimes literally sick from, porous salt-glazed stoneware, chippable delftware, and cumbersome pewter—welcomed the new utilitarian aesthetic. And the gentry, always hungering for the next style, set aside their translucent porcelain and bedecked their tables with this sophisticated ceramic. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, commissioned a creamware service from Josiah Wedgwood in 1765—Wedgwood, a master marketer, anointed the stuff queensware. Teapots, cow-shaped creamers, jelly molds, and tiered centerpieces were exported by the boatload to the colonies and the Continent, taking a large bite out of the French faience and Chinese porcelain markets.



The earliest creamware bodies, made by at least 140 potters in Staffordshire, look dipped in melted toffee. Potters refined the color by degrees until finally achieving pearlware. Many of these pieces were left undecorated, drawing strength from their simplicity, vigorous sculptural shapes, and rich texture.

Other pieces, of course, were dressed up: naked bodies covered with glaze, paint, or transfer prints. Certainly one of the most celebrated and ornate examples is the service Wedgwood fashioned in 1774 for Catherine the Great's palace, La Grenouille. Emblazoned across the fifty place settings are more than 1,000 mulberry-colored views of the English landscape and 952 frogs, one on each piece, in honor of the grand residence. Pale pieces graced with armorial shields, Roman ruins, molded shells, feathers, flowers, and commemorative views of sea battles and coronations abounded. David Rhodes's work for Leeds and Wedgwood, typified by freehand painted pastoral vignettes, are among the most sought after today.

While many contemporary collectors are seduced by showy gilt- or jewel-toned porcelains, creamware has a small but growing following. True to its eighteenth-century heritage, much creamware remains in good condition and is surprisingly affordable. ♠

(For creamware dealers see Resources.)

Late 18th century creamy splendor. Above: Green-rimmed plate from Bardith, NYC. Thomas Whieldon creamer, David Rhodes painted bowl, and rare Leeds Pottery teapot from Leo Kaplan, NYC. Leeds mug, Price Glover, NYC.





Pierced Wedgwood dish, above, from Moore & Co., NYC. Left: A Leeds plate with a molded floral center, from the Stradlings at Quorum, NYC.

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GARDENING

Scents and Sensibility

Some of the garden's rarest pleasures are right under your nose

By Stephen Lacey



Last October, during my first visit to New York, I walked into a gallery in the Frick museum and stopped dead in my tracks. Bellinis, Titians, Gainsboroughs, and Constables blurred before me, as my senses were overwhelmed by a tidal wave of scent from a huge bowl of rose pink lilies. It took a few moments before I was sober enough to watch everyone else who entered undergo the same abrupt immersion. Some people responded with a brief nose twitch and then sank back into their guidebooks, but most lost control of their faces—eyes sparkled, mouths dropped open or broke into smiles, skin tightened and relaxed. They were transported.

Scent is a fascinating and mysterious substance. It can touch the emotions and carry you back through time and space to people, places, and events in your past. Sometimes it comes upon you savagely, and you respond with a sudden, primitive surge of excitement, euphoria, apprehension, or nausea. At other times it creeps up on you stealthily and evaporates almost the moment you detect its presence.

We gardeners are more exposed to scent than most, for we potter continually among fragrant flowers and leaves. Curiously, however, we tend to overlook perfume as a factor in garden design even though, as far as our senses are concerned, this can be the most potent ingredient in the composition. Of course, not being visual, scent isn't uppermost in our thoughts when we contemplate planting plans. But I think the main reason why we fail to harness its power is that we have so little understanding of it. Scents are highly complex: they are composed of many compounds, and they appear, change, and vanish in reaction to atmospheric conditions and the metabolism and life cycle of plants. We in turn are all affected by fragrances in various ways and to different degrees—besides which we have no adequate vocabulary for describing them and no readily available scale or reference chart for measuring or comparing them.

But, as Gertrude Jekyll counseled, gardeners should never be daunted by "groping ignorance." Indeed, experiment and unpredictability give our hobby its spice. And there is no reason why aspiring scent gardeners cannot simply jump in and rely on picking up skills and practical botanical points as they go along.

To begin with, plants ought to be distributed so that their scents are accessible. Effective siting depends on whether you need physical contact with foliage or whether its perfume carries. Many subjects with scented leaves must be rubbed to release their fragrance. Thus taller plants, like rosemary and bergamot, are best located close to paths or doorways where you regularly brush against them; shorter plants, like lavender and marjoram, are best on raised ground or beside seats (also the place for pots of tender lemon verbena and pineapple sage); and miniature plants, like thyme and chamomile, are best in paving cracks where they can be trodden upon.

Some scented-leaved plants naturally breathe their perfume into the air but are rather disappointing when picked—cistuses and the incense rose, *Rosa primula*, spring to mind—and these can be positioned farther away from well-traveled areas. On the other hand, you will want to poke your nose into roses, honeysuckles, hyacinths, and *Tulipa sylvestris*. Jasmine, calycanthus, and the cottage garden mock orange *Philadelphus coronarius* can be relied upon to reach you by themselves. Night-scented subjects, like tobacco flowers, can be grouped next to the patio or under a window that is often open.

We can't do much about our local climate, but bear in mind that scent is most evident under warm, still, moist conditions. In the controlled atmosphere of a greenhouse or conservatory we can properly submerge our senses in fragrance; success outdoors depends upon finding or creating a tranquil environment.

The presence of walls, which shelter plants from wind and reflect and radiate heat, helps enormously; a walled garden such as that at Mottisfont Abbey, in Hampshire, where Britain's National Trust has its collection of old-fashioned roses, can, on a summer's day after a shower of rain, turn itself into a living potpourri. While strong wind is always an

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enemy, gentle breezes can disperse scent, and if you plant balsam poplars, fringe trees, or sweet-scented lime trees on the windward side of the garden, you will be ambushed by perfume wherever you work or stroll.

The visual impact of the garden being paramount, the distribution of scent must take second place to the arrangement of colors and shapes. We can nevertheless, at an early stage, pursue planting schemes that please the nose as well as the eye. Instead of choosing our structural and architectural items from the ranks of yew, holly, sedum, and miscanthus, we can pick aromatic counterparts like box, juniper, scented hostas, and fennel. And we can select, as the providers of seasonal color, fragrant magnolias, buddleias, dianthus, and species daylilies instead of hibiscus and many scentless species of hydrangeas, campanulas, and daylily hybrids.

We can also choose color schemes for which there is likely to be an abundance of fragrant candidates. Researchers have shown that there is a close relationship between color and scent and that the more dazzling flowers are less fragrant, that the less bright flowers are more heavily scented. Keeping in mind the exceptions—those species of rose, lavender, hyacinth, lilac and others that are both colorful and fragrant—it is generally true that plants rarely produce strong color as well as scent. White flowers comprise the most fragrant group, followed by pale yellow, pink, and pale mauve. Yellow, purple, and blue come next, and orange and red flowers are the least fragrant.

Our challenge as gardeners is to don the white coat of the perfumer and set about blending scents. We can then orchestrate different zones of fragrance—fruit and spices in one area, perhaps; gummy and pungent aromas in another; rose and violet perfumes elsewhere—and we can even use scent to reinforce visual impact—sharp peppermint for a cool-blue scheme; a tang of lemon for yellow; or honey for golden orange.

Besides adding another layer of enjoyment to gardening, scent provides a welcome distraction from daily chores. It may take a bowl of lilies to pull you away from a Gainsborough painting, but a single rose can put an end to a morning's weeding. ▲

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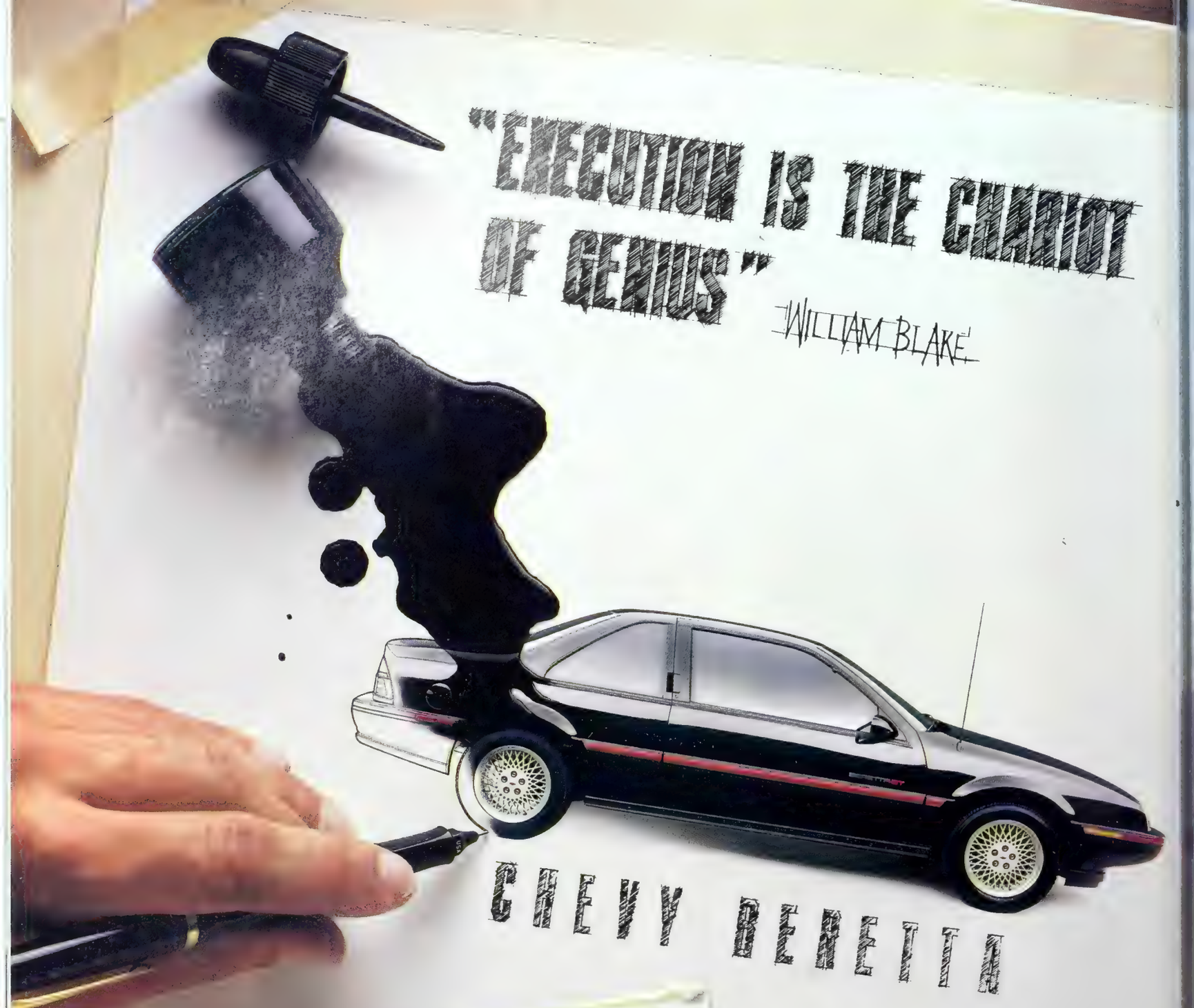
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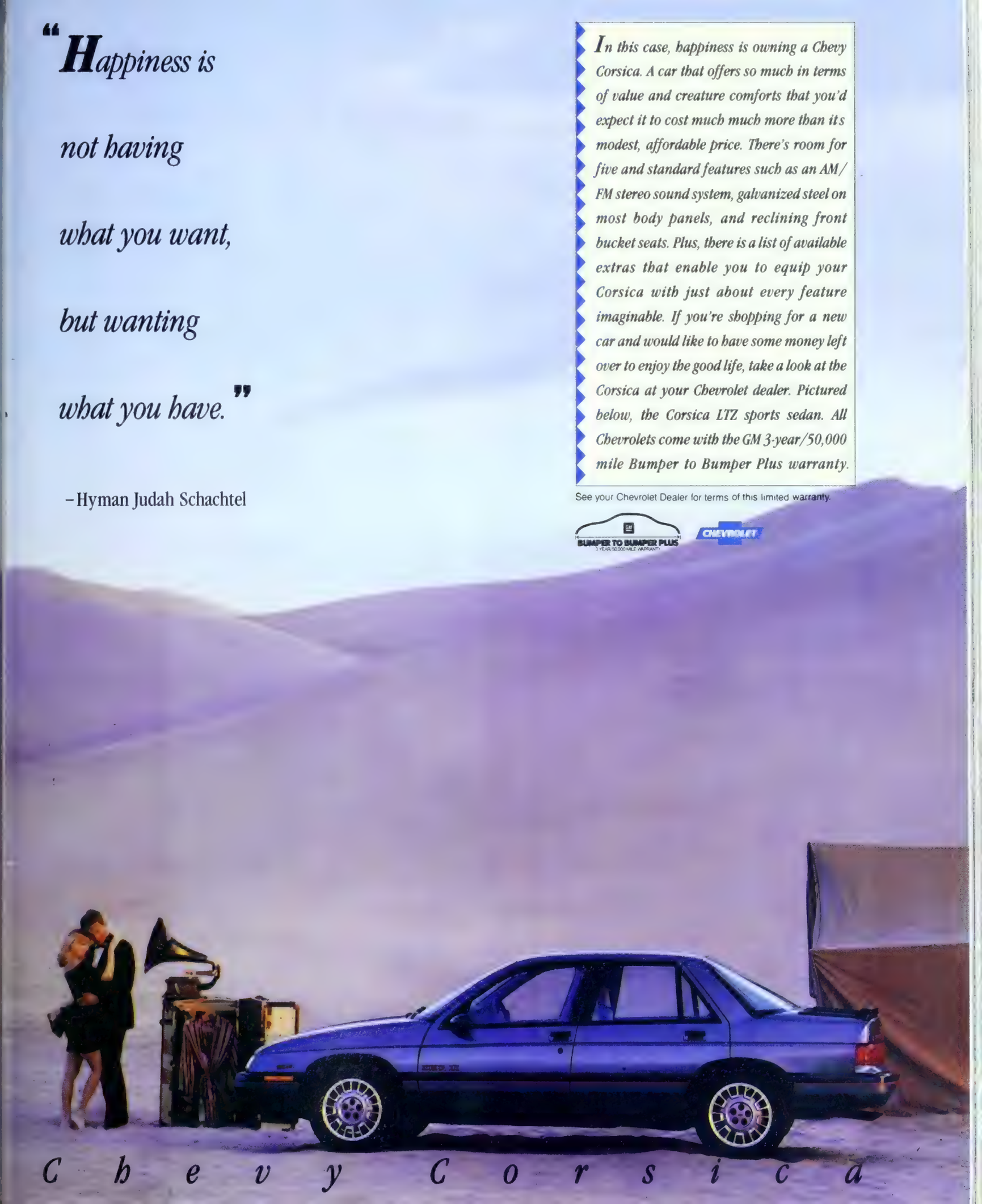
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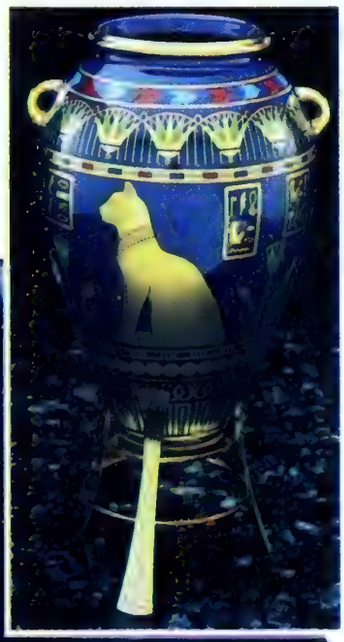
Nile Style

Contemporary designers plunder the pyramids for hot ideas
By Anne Foxley



Boussac wallpaper, above, evokes palm fans. Tiffany cup and plate, right, use Napoleonic designs.

The relics of a long-silent civilization, Egyptian symbols resound across the centuries. Resurrected during the Renaissance, pillaged by Napoleon, borrowed by the Victorians and Postmodernists, Egyptiana is on the rise again—this time borne by benevolent spirits. Bast, the cat goddess of love and happiness, sits guard on a Nile blue vase. The sun god Ra, creator of good and vanquisher of evil, strides along a colorful hand-painted screen. And the golden base of L.A. artist Vincent Jacquart's chair is invigorated by a mesh of potent hieroglyphs. The chair also possesses some Hollywood charm: it was Liz Taylor's throne in *Cleopatra*. ▲





Egyptian artist Roushdy Iskander Garas's vase, left, from the Franklin Mint is inspired by the cat goddess Bast. Hieroglyph-covered chair, below left, made for the movie *Cleopatra*, is being reproduced by L.A. designer Vincent Jacquart, who bought the original at a Fox Studios sale. L.E. Cummings's hand-painted screen, right, of the sun god Ra. Details see Resources.





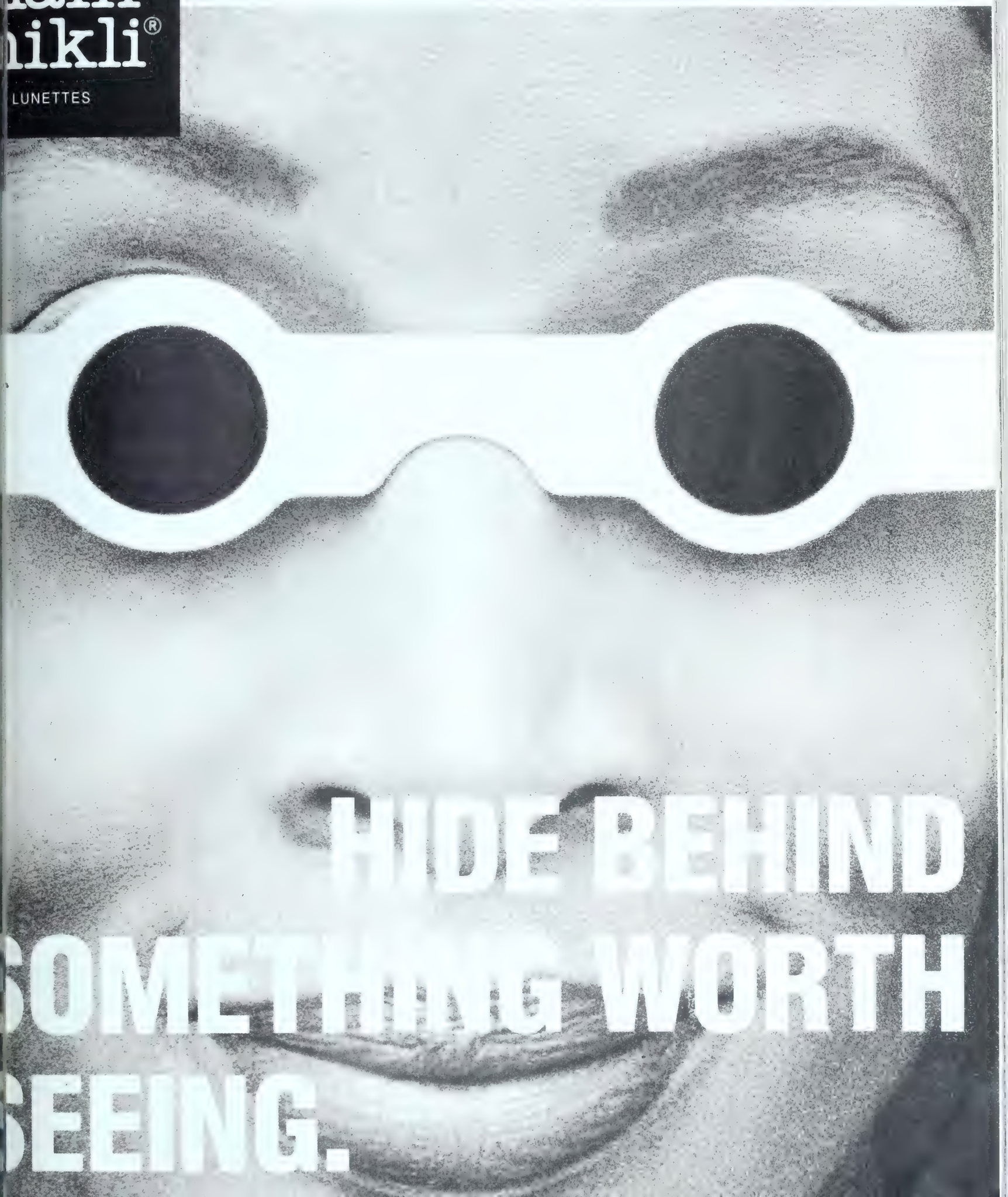


Carvers & Gilders, craftsmen in London, created a book crypt, center above, protected by two Egyptian guards. The obelisk, right, is a modern interpretation by Steven Hensel of an ancient stone form, at Luten Clarey Stern.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT MONICA STEVENSON (2), SIMON BROWN, MONICA STEVENSON, ERIC CUMMINGS, TOM BONNER, COURTESY THE FRANKLIN MINT

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DEALER'S EYE

Mad About Morris

Two young New York women with a passion for English Aesthetic design
By Nicholas Fox Weber







Lori Zabar and Catherine Kurland, top. Above: Minton bread plate by A. W. N. Pugin, 1848–50. Right: An 1866 silver claret jug, by George Fox, on a Morris & Co. fabric, 1890–96.

Especially for New Yorkers, it should come as no surprise to know that one of the Zabars is into fish in a new way. This time, however, a member of the famous family of food purveyors isn't looking at it pickled or smoked. The fish that concerns Lori Zabar has been delicately applied by transfer print to an English water pitcher made by George Jones about a hundred years ago. Jones's pitcher represents the disciplined embellishment of life, which is exactly what the objects sold by Lori Zabar and her partner, Catherine Kurland, are all about. Their firm—Kurland Zabar—focuses on English and American furniture, textiles, ceramics, silver, and other household objects from 1840 to 1940, encompassing a range of styles from Gothic Revival through the Modern movement. Kurland and Zabar have the sort of taste that leads them time and again to museum-quality objects, from the fanciful and elaborate to the austere and streamlined. Whatever the style, the craftsmanship is impeccable.

Zabar convinced her mother, whose preference was for Danish Modern, to let her decorate her room with Victorian pieces when she was in high school. She continued to immerse herself in nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts when she studied art history at Barnard. Then, after summer museum internships and law school, she dealt in real estate for two years before going to work at the New York Landmarks Conservancy. Having begun to buy nineteenth-century American furniture, she was attracted by a small ad placed by Kurland from whom she bought a "modern Gothic" desk. Kurland was a private consultant and dealer who had studied decorative arts with Sotheby's in London and worked as an intern at the Victoria and Albert. The two shared a love for "their century" and realized that no one in New York was specializing in it. They were fascinated with British and American pieces and the crossovers between the two national styles, and three years ago they became partners. The result is a relationship as harmonious as those amalgams of rosettes and filigree with which our Victorian forebears lent such charm to their everyday lives. ▲





On a Reformed Gothic serving table, left, c. 1870, an Aesthetic mantel clock, c. 1875, Royal Doulton vases. Mirror inset with English tiles, c. 1875. Far left: Silver spoon by Oliver Baker for Liberty & Co., 1902, on Glasgow-style linen place mat, c. 1900. Details see Resources.

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EDITOR'S PAGE

APRIL 1989

It's spring at last and HG celebrates with the new country look. There are flowers everywhere—in vases, on fabrics and wallpapers—and furniture has softer, more pleasing lines. Gone is the unpainted, unvarnished wood of the country style of ten years ago. Comfortable, pretty, romantic—these are all desirable goals in decorating today. Cows graze in paintings, and dogs, real and re-created, frolic on the furniture in a Fifth Avenue apartment Billy Diamond decorated for a New York family; the mood is inviting rather than imposing. Kezia Keeble's weekend retreat on Shelter Island, decorated by Zajac and Callahan, is a rambling shingled affair awash in irresistible colors—aqua, peach, and periwinkle blue. A Washington couple's Virginia horse farm is lovingly embellished by traditional American paint techniques, whereas a Pennsylvania house by architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen is a modern-day Colonial embellished with little more than light and air. And this month in HG there's also a Long Island garden where American country and English cottage converge, a clothing designer's quirky little house on Nantucket, and a very formal apartment by French decorator François Catroux, which serves as an elegant reminder that highly cultivated flowers also bloom in the spring.



Wildflowers punctuate an empty corner of Janet Russo's Nantucket cottage.

WILLIAM WALDRON

Editor in Chief

ISLAND SHELTER

Kezia Keeble transformed a derelict chicken farm into a romantic escape from Seventh Avenue

BY JAMES REGINATO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE MICHALS



The living room's mantel is dramatized with giltwood sconces that once belonged to Sibyl Colefax, 19th-century opaline garniture and porcelain shells, and an Irish Regency mirror. Custom-made braided carpets throughout from Stark; Romney chintz from Rose Cumming on Louis XV and XVI chairs and on sofa. Details see Resources.


BLAUW



A thick hedge punctuated by white trellised entranceways and a terrace surrounds the swimming pool on the 27-acre farm. Keeble credits her devoted gardener, Rob Gorcoff, for Cackle Hill Farm's enchanting grounds.

In Kezia Keeble's stark Seventh Avenue office, basic black isn't a preference, it's a rule: the dress code requires employees to wear nothing but. Friends thus suffer something of a shock upon their first visit to Cackle Hill Farm, Keeble's Shelter Island, New York, retreat: aquas, peaches, periwinkle blues prevail. But what else would you expect? Ambidexterity—of sensibility and imagination—helped propel Keeble and her late husband, John Duka, to the red-hot center of the fashion world. Their four-year-old company, Keeble Cavaco & Duka, provides total marketing, as she terms it, for a constellation of hyperchic clients, who have included Bergdorf Goodman, Perry Ellis, Stephen Sprouse, and Mark Cross. Weekends, however, Keeble is only too happy to give up the glamour of basic black, thanks to Cackle Hill, a former chicken farm.

In 1977, Kezia Keeble made a vow to herself: she would own a house in the vicinity of the Hamptons within five years, even though, she concedes, "I had no money and no idea how the house would materialize. I didn't know if I wanted something modern. I just knew I wanted it to be something great of its kind."

Undaunted by any of these potentially sticky points, Keeble, then a Buddhist, proceeded sensibly: she chanted. "And whenever I chanted, all that came up was the house. Through your desires you attain enlightenment." About this time, she recalls, "A psychic said I could afford anything I wanted. I said, 'Even a house?' She said, 'Especially a house.' "

As her spiritual quest continued, Keeble recounts, "I was becoming interested in real estate, the tax situation, and all that. I read something that said, 'Don't be one of those people who *wish* they had bought a house in 1980.' " Then, on June 9 of that year, a friend called—a house was available on Shelter Island, on 27 acres, part woods, part meadows. On the water. "It was a foggy, misty day. I got up the driveway and went in. I said, 'I'll take it.' "

The structure, a classic 1910 shingled affair, was in sad shape. It was barn red, there were no shutters, the shingles were flipping up. Inside, things were so ramshackle that, Keeble remembers, "your hair would blow in the wind." This decrepitude only bolstered the new owner: "I felt it was my mission to heal the house."

Abetted by decorators Edward Zajac and Richard Callahan, Keeble reroofed, reshingled, replaced almost every wall and molding inside, added shutters, constructed three and a half new bathrooms (now there are six—one for every bedroom). A



In the library a 19th-century Austrian gun rack adorned with animals' heads is mounted on the wall. The two 1920s rattan sofas and armchair, which the decorators Edward Zajac and Richard Callahan had painted green gray, are covered in chintz by Rose Cumming. Pillows in Lee Jofa fabric from Fonthill; apricot [illegible] wallpaper from Osb[illegible]



Keeble's spirited and very determined efforts to fin



Kezia Keeble, above, in the rose garden that was her late husband John Duka's pride and joy. Right: In the library, curtains of wool plaid from Lee Jofa trimmed with wooden tassels and lace adorn the doorway leading to the porch. The mantel holds kitsch 19th-century porcelain.



d fix up the house seem worthy of a good novel



The library's picture window, above, reveals the porch's dining table. The floral chintz and 19th-century Black Forest planters bring the lush outdoors in. The rattan tabletop is made of glazed Chinese newspapers. Left: Rattan furniture from the 1920s is matched with violet fabric from Boris Kroll and double-ruffled pillows in floral chintz designed by Zajac.



pool was installed in what was once the cutting garden, and a new dock was built. "She's Miss Clean. Everything's new," says Zajac, who confesses—facetiously—that such zeal can be anathema to a decorator. "In a way, it sort of annoys us. She put in a new roof when she could have kept the old one and bought a new chair!" But don't get them wrong. "We're mad about this woman," both men say of Keeble, with whom they have collaborated since the early sixties when they designed her high-tech loft. Currently the pair are presiding over the transformation of her Park Avenue penthouse into what they term a Swedish palace.

According to Zajac and Callahan, the overall effect of Cackle Hill is "French the way the English would do a French country house. We used French-style furniture, but covered it with English-style chintzes." To create a sense of flow, several elements are common to each room. In addition to the eruptions of floral prints—some designed by the decorators—the floors have been sponged green to match the verdure visible from the windows. Most rooms feature the same speckled Osborne & Little wallpaper and the same Stark custom braided carpets, but in different colors. Punctuating this unity are the outré touches Zajac and Callahan adore, among them "wild, ugly" mantel garnitures and a pair of regally daft eagle sconces—garlands of roses trailing from their beaks—that once belonged to the legendary English decorator Sibyl Colefax.

As for furniture, Keeble retained a number of pieces—many American Empire—that came with the house, but most of them have undergone a metamorphosis. The dining room table, its legs cut down, is

A poolside trellis, above, offers a reprieve from the sun. Right: Decked out in flowers, the chair cushion, bedspread, walls, and Victorian sofa in the guest room are covered in Cowtan & Tout's Windsor Rose. Wall brackets from the 19th century surround the Zajac mirror.



now the living room coffee table. A rattan table has been reincarnated after a lacquering with Chinese newspapers. The decorators also prevailed upon their client to retain the house's General Grant furniture, which they glazed and painted in caramel cream colors, picked out in black, and stenciled with Greek key designs. The group could now pass for Charles X, Zajac says proudly. "In a lot of the things we do, we think of a Chanel suit—wool background with satin trim and a touch of gold," observes Callahan. "The effect should be like a diamond in an iron setting."

"Everything about the house has been mystical," Kezia Keeble sums up. "Not a person goes in who doesn't say that he feels so incredibly relaxed. People fall asleep on the porch, in the breeze, and say they've never slept better." Miles away from Seventh Avenue, she says, "The whole thing is about relaxing. I work so I can have that." ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



In the master bedroom, opposite, a custom-made bed in the style of Louis XVI is elaborately covered in a chintz by Zajac and a plaid from Clarence House. The bench was converted from a 19th-century Chinese table. Above: Shutters were added and the roof and shingles replaced on the 1910 house. Below: In the sitting area of the master bedroom a French wooden bulldog sits between Edwardian chairs with their Zajac chintz.









Yellow is the color of a Long Island meadow, but I'm allowed to cheat like mad," says Ngaere Macray Zohn, left. She also uses the strong oranges and browns of rudbeckia and gaillardia in the American half of her garden. Coreopsis is the prevailing yellow in her arrangement.

FAR AFIELD

The Long Island garden of Ngaere Macray Zohn is English in front and American in back

BY MAC GRISWOLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY



Making a garden is like flying an airplane,'' says Ngaere Macray Zohn, and she ought to know. Long the pilot of her own Piper Aerostar, this small dashing blonde has landed her garden among the few potato fields left on Long Island.

''When you plan a garden, you have to consider distance, direction, pitch, and altitude all at once,'' she explains coolly. ''If one factor changes, it throws the others off—with less drastic results in a garden than in a plane.'' In her own garden she and the bulldozer operator made final vital adjustments with a piece of string, regardless of the original flight plan. ''We winged it. The house shadow told us what to do.''

The name Ngaere (pronounced *Ny*-ree) speaks of an exotic background. Daughter of a British colonial servant, the resident, or governor, of Abeokuta in Nigeria, she remembers her father in his white uniform, medals, and pith helmet receiving his district's tribal chiefs. Her mother was a New Zealander who vaguely understood Ngaere to mean ''a little ray of sunshine'' in Maori. Following British tribal custom, Ngaere was sent back to school in England and saw her parents only during the holidays. Sometimes she went ''home'' to Africa, but more important for her education as a gardener, her family also had a house in Suffolk where they played at being English country folk. She was never there

The wild American side of Ngaere's garden, right, where flowers mixed with creeping red and sheep fescue run out to meet a field of oats. Maples and sweet gums fence it all in. Above: *Lonicera* × *brownii* 'Dropmore Scarlet' wreathes the posts of the American porch.





long enough to come to grips with tiresome English actualities such as local snobbery or the lack of central heating. But of course there was a garden.

"Our England is a garden that is full of stately views," wrote Rudyard Kipling in the 1890s. Some of that myopic horticultural patriotism lasted through Ngaere's fifties childhood. In fact, as the British Empire shrank, the legend of English gardens grew to represent English beauty, stability, and sentiment. Ngaere knows it is not by chance she's a garden-book publisher today (her firm is Sagapress) or that her first book venture was to republish Gertrude Jekyll's work. For her own garden in America, Ngaere followed Jekyll and William Robinson. She also wrote to the English master gardener and writer Graham Stuart Thomas and has since adopted many of his favorite combinations, such as old roses and *Clematis viticella* hybrids.

With Jekyll's beloved delphinium and with all the other heavenly blues—and soft pinks and creams—she also combines the odd-man-out shades that were Jekyll's secret weapons. There is the dark plush-sofa red of variegated sage, the chartreuse of lady's-mantle, and the hot pink of small veronicas. Ngaere learned something else from Jekyll—annuals are needed to keep an English perennial garden anywhere looking full and soft. Each winter she hunts down local greenhouse owners willing to grow unusual plants such as lavatera, fat satiny bells in silvery whites and pinks.

The weather-stained shingle house shields the garden on north and east. A rose-covered pergola adds height. A beech hedge and other linear plantings form the walls of outdoor rooms, but what really defines the spaces here are the subtly changing levels: a nine-inch drop is enough to separate the pool area from the sheltered central sunken garden. For all its pink-and-blue Englishness, Ngaere's garden is not just a childhood dream come true. On the opposite side of the house from the sunken garden stretches a big yellow American field full of wildflowers—the veld, the prairie, or whatever one calls the real world where gardens are made. What hinges the two sides together is a view: a magically short, clear shot through the house that is visible from each garden. It's only the width of a dining room from England to America.

Each garden is a foil for the other: the soft English blueness sets off the shock of American gold. The heady spaces of the meadow make the sunken square, with its low retaining walls of Belgian block, seem all the cozier. Ngaere and her twin-engine garden have made a perfect three-point landing. ▲ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*







The bedroom wing, opposite, seen over *Veronica* 'Pink Icicle' and *vandula* 'Munstead' in the sunken English garden. p: Shallow grass treads lead up, out, and over to e cutting garden past the pergola. Above: French rs on either side of the house connect the English rden with the American one. Right: The guest- e, through a veil of perovskia and verbascum with color sage, thyme, dianthus, and dwarf geranium llerina' in the paving of the terrace herb garden.





Plum-colored *Rosa rubrifolia* and silver gray variegated euonymus provide leaf color and texture.

"Living in a potato field makes you want to run for shelter," says Ngaere. "I find it in my pergola"



VILLAGE OF ONE'S OWN

Architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen takes a new look at an enduring American style

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

It's a driveway with a secret. You angle the car off a winding suburban road, drive down a hillside lined with firs, pass the back of what appears to be a barn, and then loop around for a strafing view of a house that doesn't look like a house: a long villagelike cluster of small buildings on the left faces a long car barn on the right, with a graveled country road in between. The setting, though on the outskirts of Philadelphia, seems more Williamsburg than Williamsburg itself: cleaner, crisper, whiter, more restored, and densely historic. Each section has a different roof shape; each is surfaced in a different material.

The designer of this house, Washington architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen, trained at Yale when Yale was Modernist; in the 1950s he worked in Philip Johnson's office when Johnson was Modernist. But the basic forms Jacobsen chose for the house he recently completed for Stephen and Suzanne Jacobs—he is an insurance executive; she, the chairman of the annual Philadelphia Craft Show—are in the local vernacular. The first is an almost-Federal brick building with six dormers; the second, an almost-Shaker early eighteenth century structure planked in one-by-tens; then, a white-painted brick library with a pyramidal roof; a board-and-batten gable-ended Pennsylvania farmhouse; and finally a plain old clapboard. Tall sequoia-like chimneys shoot through the roofs. The entire ensemble is well mannered, maybe even mannerist.



Hugh Newell Jacobsen, above, at St. Peter's Church in Olney, Maryland. Opposite: A dramatic profile revealing the quirky organization of the house: public rooms on top and private ones hugging the hillside below. The terrace is fitted with table and chairs from Knoll. Details see Resources.

The scene inevitably provokes a smile even before the key is removed from the ignition. Jacobsen, a man of wit and charm, is also an architect of wit and charm, one of the few contemporary architects bred to the parlor who is able to design one. He specializes in creating houses that are the most civilized of precincts.

"We spent most of our married life in a central-hall Colonial house, and we wanted a change," explains Stephen Jacobs, sitting in a living room with a tall cathedral ceiling dramatically cut by six high-peaked dormers. Light, open, voluminous, and hardly what you expect from the outside, the space is the second of the architect's surprises: what you see is not what you get. A third: shutters, normally on the outside, here are hung inside. Jacobs, at the edge of the sofa with enthusiasm, cannot sit for long. He leads the way, a businessman selling a house not at all for sale. The first space he points out is the powder room, not so much because it is sixteen feet high and has an exquisitely veined marble vanity, but because the architect, an artist manqué, has painted a ceiling depicting client and architect as adult putti, floating in a blue sky, toasting their enterprise with champagne—a distant, artistically wishful reference to God reaching to Adam's finger in the Sistine Chapel. Client and architect apparently hit it off.

During their long search for an architect, the Jacobses kept encountering Jacobsen's work in publications, and they finally decided to call

PORTRAIT RUEDI HOFMANN

him, though he practices in Washington. "I like people who present themselves well," says Jacobs. "After charming us for a few minutes, Hugh showed us his work and seemed enthusiastic about what must have been, for him, just another house. It was an exciting introduction."

The tour continues. The entry pavilion, next to the living room, leads to the library and dining room, all of which horseshoe around a back raised terrace, which serves as a courtyard, paved with large blocks of bluestones. Glass pocket doors open onto this terrace. The doors and matching windows transform each structure, no matter how down-home, into an urbane pavilion, and from one pavilion you can see all the others—it is the rare interior from which you can see the exterior. The three-sided terrace offers a view of woods in which the architect has cut two long allées in forced perspective. There is a touch of Versailles to this Colonial village.

With elegantly proportioned windows and doors and lofty ceilings, the house seems effortless—a succession of graceful open spaces that unfold one after another, without the visual chatter of doorjambs, bucks, knobs, surrounds, and all the other



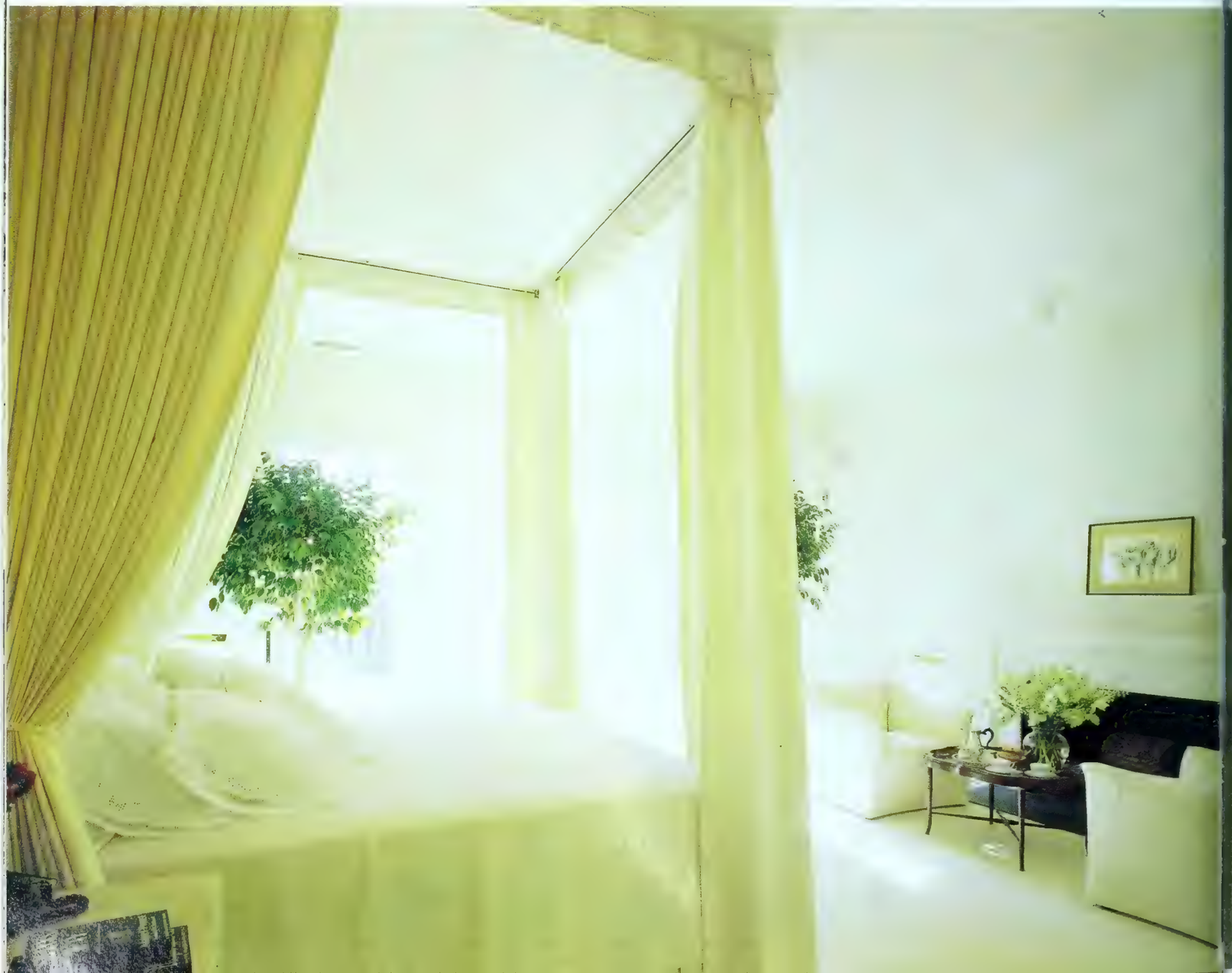


A towering wall of books, above, extends to the library from the floor above. Right: The marble-top tables are Jacobsen's own design. Charles C. Nahl's *Grand View of Panama City*, c. 1850, above the fireplace is from the Osuna Gallery, Washington, D.C.



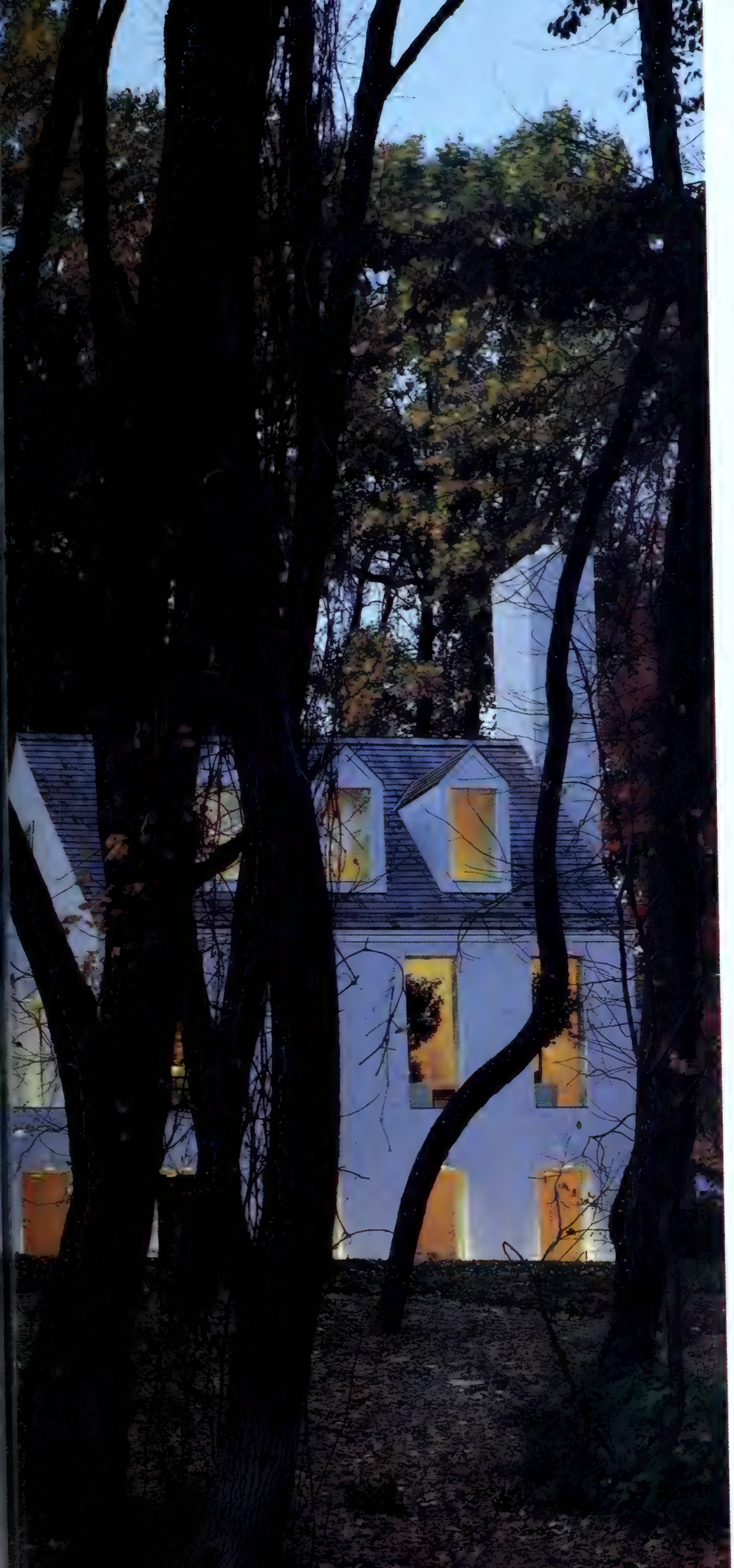
The front of the house, right, is reminiscent of a quaint village. Below: Jacobsen achieved the illusion of a four-poster bed in the airy master bedroom by suspending linen fabric from the ceiling. Opposite: In the living room the shutters on the inside—instead of outside—of the enormous floor-to-ceiling windows are just one of the architect's clever inversions.











details that make a traditional house traditional. Could it, at heart, be modern?

Wit has been defined as the unexpected copulation of ideas. In the Jacobsen house, the wit arises from an inversion of expectations; the house is a village; a traditional exterior masks a Modernist interior; the shutters are inside. The inversions continue in the library where a staircase (steel) spirals down, not up; the bedrooms are not in the dormers, as you would expect from the outside, but downstairs, in a ten-foot-high row of rooms notched into the hill.

Downstairs, tall windows and doors, flush with the ground, make each room feel like a separate pavilion, as upstairs. A stroll through one of the doors reveals that Jacobsen could secrete this floor out of sight from the driveway because of the sloping hill. The rooms—four bedrooms, the library, a study—are lined up in a row and serve as a podium for the pavilions above. At a distance, from the ends of the allées, the ensemble—wide, regular, asymmetrical but still balanced—is grand, part Mount Vernon, part villa. The house is really two houses: a village from the drive, a mansion from the woods.

A recent monograph on Jacobsen's work documents his career in architecture, and the Jacobs house is a summary. He has designed other houses as clustered villages, he has used the idea of pavilions, and for more than a decade he has taken inspiration from vernacular and historic architecture. There is, however, an almost Modernism in Jacobsen's designs. If he takes traditional forms, he abstracts and rarefies them. The Jacobs living room has not one molding or baseboard and only the suggestion of a full mantel. The overall shapes are Colonial, not the details.

Perhaps the clearest indication of Jacobsen's Modernist sensibility is a neat square of bluestone, about twelve by twelve feet, fitted to the grass outside the bedrooms—a simple, pure, absolutely minimal geometric presence at the top of the hill that commands the view and the grounds. ♠

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

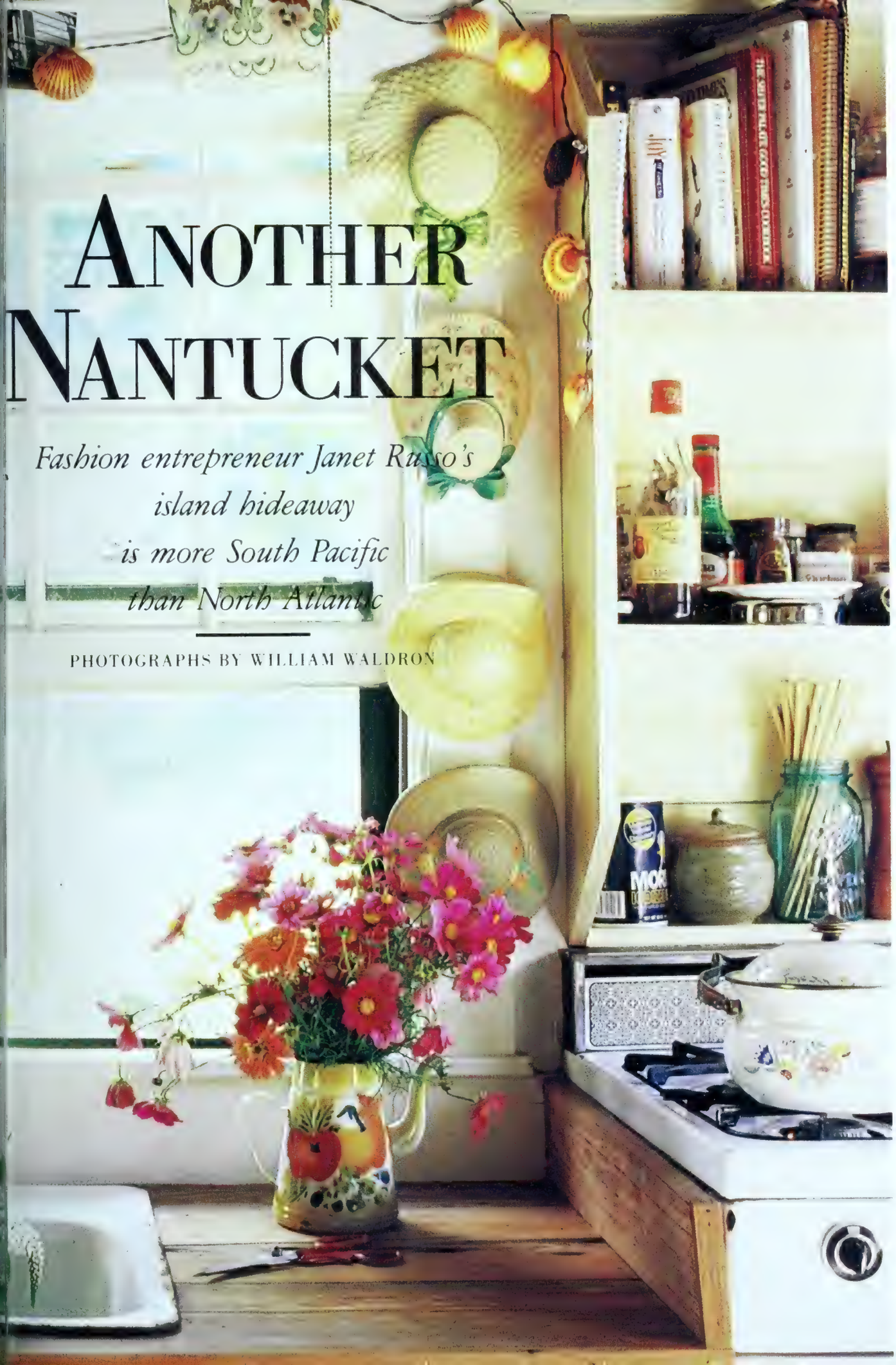
Viewed from the woods, the house resembles a mansion on the order of Mount Vernon, with a collection of pavilions, each fashioned from a different material—clapboard, brick, board and batten, plank, wood siding. The dormer windows are actually witty disguises for the living room clerestory.


MARIPOSA

ANOTHER NANTUCKET

Fashion entrepreneur Janet Russo's island hideaway is more South Pacific than North Atlantic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON



A string of sea scallop lights, postcards from friends, and pottery hats collected in England frame the kitchen windows. The colorful earthenware bowls and teapot, picked up at flea markets over the years, are constantly replenished with fruit and homegrown flowers. Details see Resources.



Russo, left, in a Susan Duckworth sweater available at Janet Russo shops. Below: The screened front porch doubles as a parking spot for the old Raleigh and as an outdoor dining room with the picnic table Russo painted glossy green to match the house's trim.

Eight miles from town in the Nantucket village of Siasconset, the gray-shingled houses are covered with vibrantly hued roses. They are quintessentially quaint, and Janet Russo's cottage, with its green trim and rambling garden, is no exception. At least on the outside. Inside, Russo was loosely inspired by the romance of the South Pacific, departing from the usual New England clichés of eagles and maritime memorabilia.

The hodgepodge of objects and furniture in the house she bought five years ago, after many summers on the island, is the loot from flea market forays from California to Portugal in search of odd treasures to fill her two stores. The Janet Russo shops—one on Nantucket, the other in Manhattan—feature her popular dress designs and other clothing and accessories, as well as vases, antique jewelry, linens, baskets, quilts. But Russo's buying is much more than merchandising, and she often can't forget the treasures that got away. "There

are things that I didn't buy ten years ago for one reason or another—usually because I couldn't afford them—that I still think about today," she recalls.

Although Russo claims to "never decorate with a look in mind," the interiors are Hawaiian in feeling. For the cottage she found two glass tables and a lamp supported by half-dressed Polynesian men and women. Menus from a passenger ship traveling the San Francisco–Honolulu route in 1925 hang on the walls. Pastel luminescent walls, especially the deep aqua of the living room, conjure up the soothing colors of tropical light.

Russo loves unusual things, and they crop up all over the cottage. There is unmatched lace draped over windows, a brass sconce in the shape of three tulips, a hatbox for jewelry, a string of sea scallop lights, and pillows in floral prints. Many are either souvenirs from her travels or housewarming gifts from old friends. The lemon yellow kitchen is stocked with large unmatched earthenware bowls in bold colors, candlesticks of pink-tinted glass, and one-of-a-kind dishes.

The overall effect is an exotic, unstudied charm. "Somehow," says the self-styled decorator, "the New England elements in the cottage keep it within the bounds of good taste. There's just a bit of reserve—I'm sure it has something to do with growing up in Rhode Island." **Glenn Harrell**

Editors: Carolyn Sollis, Anne Foxley

In the living room, above, rattan furniture (with forties fabric from Full Swing, Newport, R.I.), muslin curtains, and a table supported by Hawaiian figures create a tropical climate. Right: The porch's picnic table is set for a casual meal with a playful mix of unmatched china and tabletop toys.







Dressing up the clothesline: Janet Russo originals, from the designer's own closet, hang in her backyard.

In Russo's bedroom, above, a scattering of objects on the board-and-batten walls. Her favorite is a 1985 painting of an angel by Edith Vonnegut. Right: Wildflowers from the garden cheer up empty corners throughout the house. Below: Cocktail perfect: painted wood and cast-iron chairs are grouped in the shade around a weathered table in the front yard.









The dressing table, above, was washed with ballet-pink paint to give it an old-fashioned look. Right: Russo sits on her bed in front of a pile of floral-patterned pillows. Below: With its canopy bed cordoned off by sheer curtains, the guest room is a cool retreat.





MANHATTAN COUNTRY

In a Fifth Avenue apartment, decorator William Diamond re-creates the relaxed spirit of a family's country houses

BY DAVID SACKS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIZZIE HIMMEL



An unsigned Victorian landscape enlivens the living room, left, as does an American sea chest coffee table on a 19th-century Herez rug. Opposite: In the foyer the youngest member of the family hugs a late Federal table of cherrywood, inlaid with maple, beneath an American portrait of the same period. Details see Resources.





To set off the living room's lively mix of patterns, above, decorator William Diamond had the walls painted "landlord green." The sofa at rear, separating living room from dining room, counteracts the bowling-alley effect of one continuous space. Windowpane-check upholstery, handwoven for William Diamond Design. Left: A gilt mirror, c. 1810, and gas lamps wired for electricity grace a Federal pine mantel. Below left and right: Images of animals on crazy-quilt and needlepoint pillows enhance the country mood.





A lot of people take Fifth Avenue apartments very seriously," says decorator William Diamond. Not so these easygoing outdoors-minded clients, avid hikers and skiers who have four children (ages 4 to 22), two Labradors, and a cat. Diamond had already decorated their ski house near Aspen and was at work on their nineteenth-century shingled house in the Hamptons when they asked him to recreate the informality of the two country retreats in their Manhattan apartment. Recalls Diamond, "They wanted the place completely casual so that somebody could just come in and flop down—that's number one. Number two: we wanted to keep it American."

From the start Diamond planned to use big furniture and strong patterns, but first he and the clients had an architectural problem to solve. "Renovations had been made that gave the apartment a self-conscious designed look," explains Diamond, who was particularly unhappy with a wall containing a Postmodern window that separated the dining room from the living room. "For the mood to be relaxed, I knew that the background had to look traditional, as though nobody had designed it, as though the owners had simply moved in with their possessions. I wanted the apartment to look like a found object."

Ripping out the wall might have intimidated some decorators, since this would open the large living room and dining room into a single space—a "bowling-alley effect," Diamond calls it. But, he asserts, "Space doesn't scare me. I try to carve it out for clients. For me this living room was just a nice size." He persuaded the owners to remove the wall. Then, in keeping with his idea of an old-fashioned background, he had the living room walls painted a pale "landlord green" and filled the space with bold fabrics.

The blues and brick reds of a nineteenth-century Persian carpet play off the earth tones of a large Victorian painting of cows at pasture, which hangs above a brown



In the bedroom a Labrador named Plube reclines under a 1740 Massachusetts Queen Anne maple tea table, from Bernard & S. Dean Levy, NYC. The Liverpool creamware harvest jug and plates, c. 1790, are from Bardith, NYC. The carpet is an early 20th century Bessarabian.


DOG
AMERICAN PAINTING



A dog weather vane atop a 1750 Connecticut cherrywood highboy points the way into the living room. In summer, homespun wool on the sofa and easy chair is protected with floral slipcovers.

leather sofa. There are red-and-black crazy-quilt pillows, green tartan curtains, and another sofa and chair covered in blue-and-white windowpane-check homespun. In summer the wool on the sofa and chair is covered by chintz slipcovers with orange cabbage roses in keeping with the pastoral mood. One of the clients wishes she could leave the covers on all year: "I like it even better with them, so Bill and I always have a battle." Despite its spectrum of colors and patterns at any season, the room does not overwhelm, thanks in part to its size. Besides, says Diamond, "I wanted it to look thrown together."

The pride of the living room is a 1750 Connecticut highboy, one of several fine American antiques acquired by Diamond and his clients on trips to upstate New York. ("We started from scratch," notes the decorator.) He crowned the highboy with a copper weather vane shaped like a dog, a setter—a cheeky combination that captures the prevailing tone of playful gentility. At the window a second dog weather vane overlooks a view of the Central Park Reservoir, and more dogs appear in paintings and on cushions throughout the apartment. In the master bedroom hangs a hooked rug portraying a mutt named Dick, a family favorite.

The owners had already lacquered the library in blue green, which Diamond hated: "I kept saying, 'Every time I go in there I'm on edge because the walls are so decorated-looking.' And they said, 'We're never changing it; it cost a fortune.' " Ultimately, he convinced them to paint the walls chocolate brown: "It's like earth, it's total country." This room, where the family converges every evening, now holds another of the apartment's treasures, an eighteenth-century Connecticut secretary.

The foyer boasts a contemporary rug hand-hooked by Brooklyn-based craftsman Taylor Harbison in a pattern of roses and elongated leaves. "In furnishings like this rug, the apartment reflects the work we do in Westchester or Connecticut," notes Diamond's associate Anthony Baratta. "Only we made it a little more elegant for New York."

Within reason, Diamond and his clients wanted an eighteenth and early nineteenth century tone. But what to do about the need for lighting? They chose antique lamps and candlesticks and had them wired for elec-





In the dining room, right, and opposite, Charles R. Gracie & Sons wallpaper, hand-painted in Hong Kong, depicts flowering trees and birds. A Waterford chandelier hangs above mahogany Sheraton chairs, inset with gold-tooled leather panels, from Kentshire Galleries, NYC.





A Chippendale settee, left, its seat covered in a traditional chair-check weave for William Diamond Design, stands on a contemporary hand-hooked rug by Taylor Harbison in the foyer. Above: A 1765 Connecticut secretary, at left, and a 19th-century traveler's trunk help create a cozy library where the family gathers every evening. Opposite: Dick the dog, portrayed in a hooked rug hanging in the master bedroom, watches over the clients' son and two Labradors, Bolo and Plube. A quilt from America Hurrah, NYC, covers Pratesi linens.

tricity. Coffee tables posed a similar problem. "There wasn't anything like a coffee table in the nineteenth century," Diamond observes. "The closest thing was a tea table. Tea tables are very rare, though, and the owners like to put their feet up." Diamond's solution—old trunks: "They're relaxed, they're the right height, they were made to be durable." In the library is a leather-bound trunk decorated with brass nail heads, in the living room a blue sea chest painted with sailing ships.

Reflecting on her living room and dining room, one of the owners confesses, "I had hoped for something even a little more informal because that's my basic style. But the rooms dictated a scale we had to go with." She adds, "What we've come to appreciate about Bill is his sense of scale, which can accommodate a large apartment or a small house. He's done things in the apartment—like bringing in that big cow painting for the living room—that are much broader strokes than anything I would have done on my own. And he's always right." ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*


DICK



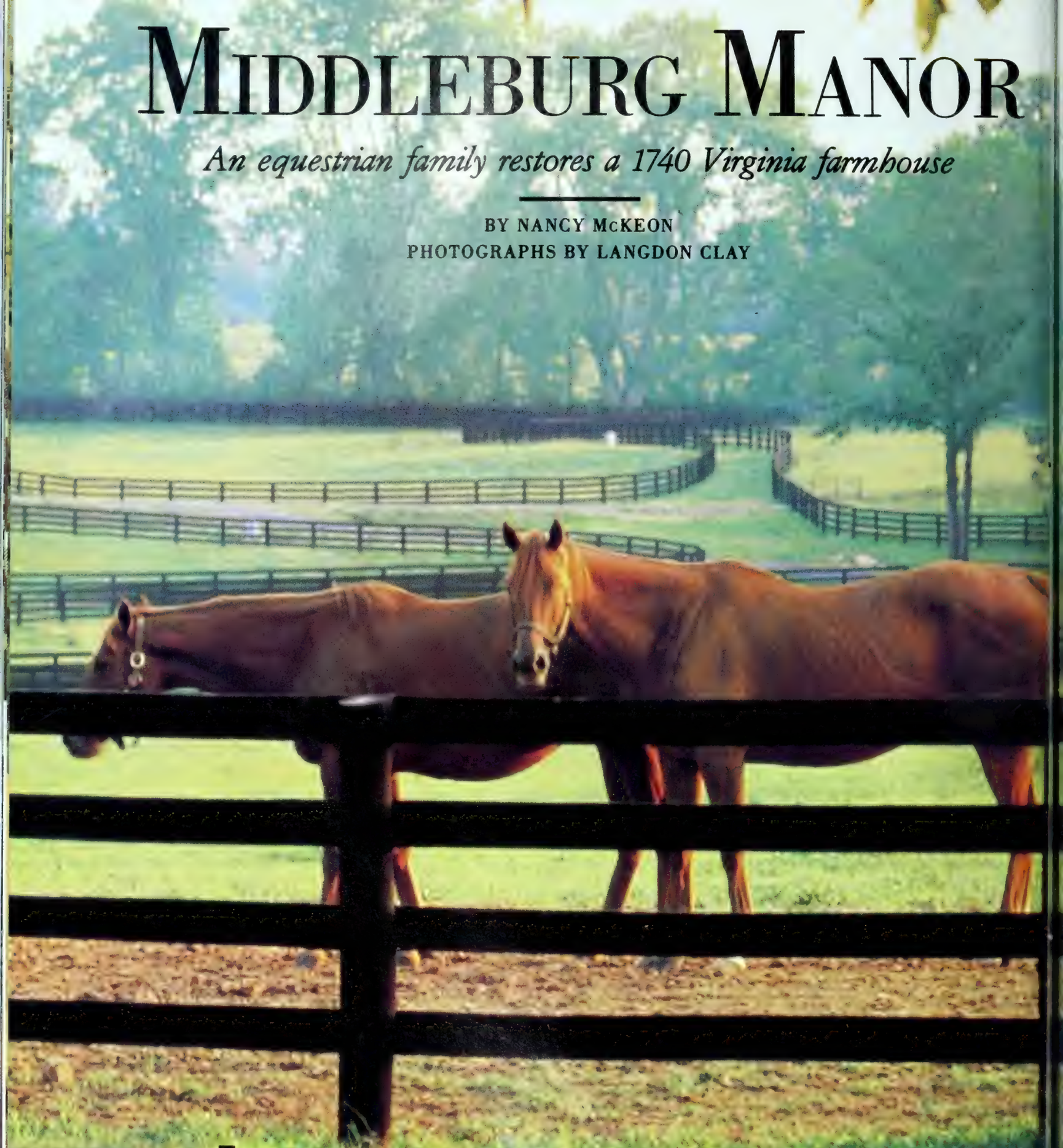


The bedroom window seat, covered in the same Cowtan & Tout chintz Diamond applied to the walls, commands a view of Central Park. A late 18th century English mahogany highboy is topped by a Federal-era painted trunk. Next to the highboy is a club chair covered in a Brunschwig & Fils weave. The early Victorian round-backed slipper chair retains its original upholstery.

MIDDLEBURG MANOR

An equestrian family restores a 1740 Virginia farmhouse

BY NANCY McKEON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY



The well-ordered Virginia farm of Hermen and Monica Greenberg reflects its owners' passions—racehorses, above, and antiques, in the formal dining room, opposite. Details see Resources.





It took Monica Greenberg's passion for rural life to





MICHAEL MUNDY



Rutledge, above, a 1740 fieldstone farmhouse, had been gussied up and expanded over the years. Monica Greenberg, top, in one of her antique carriages, decided to retain the early "bones" of the farmhouse but furnish it with pieces from between 1820 and 1840, as in the back parlor, left. An English swan-arm chair, c. 1830, sits across from a Charles X canapé.

nily and horses together

Right about now, as crocuses give way to daffodils, Monica Greenberg is probably spending her nights in a horse barn in Middleburg, Virginia. Isn't this a little odd for a woman who, with her husband, owns a very nice farmhouse just up the hill? Not in a foaling season in horsey Middleburg, where equine comforts regularly come before human ones, and especially not this spring, when Rutledge, Hermen and Monica Greenberg's 250-year-old farm, is foaling its first crop of Thoroughbreds.

For years Hermen Greenberg had stabled horses all over the East Coast, but it took Monica Greenberg's passion for rural life to put family and horses together. She first lured her husband into the countryside by buying a small farm in Lincoln, Virginia, and filling it with American country antiques. Once he had acquired a taste for country life, it wasn't long before he wanted a large farm where they could raise Thoroughbreds. But the next step—making the 100-acre Rutledge the place—was not as smooth as all that had led up to it.

Originally an unpretentious 1740 fieldstone house, Rutledge had been Victorianized in parts, added on to, covered over with years of whitewash, and then allowed to fall into disrepair. Understandably, Hermen Greenberg, a Washington, D.C., developer, found all that hard to look beyond. So Monica Greenberg, with her decorator friend Irma Hariton, had to shop around for another year before convincing



The sun-dappled breakfast room, which opens onto the back porch, has an outdoor feeling enhanced by American hooked rugs and a display of Rockingham, redware, and chalkware. The contemporary painted table echoes the folk tradition.





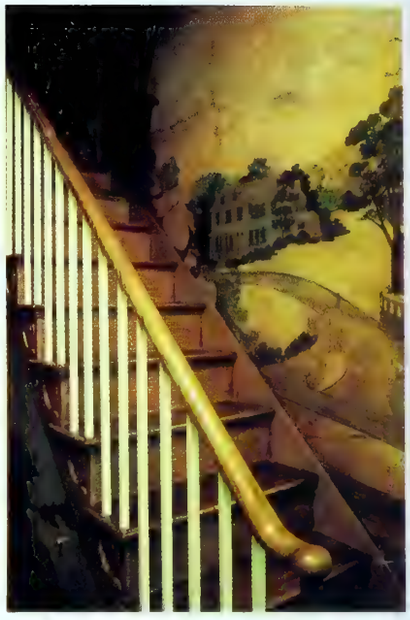
her husband that the two of them had been "stricken with love," as Mrs. Hariton puts it. Now, some four and a half years and much renovating later, the residence sits smartly atop its well-manicured hillock, its stone walls proudly bared and its tall windows catching summer breezes other Middleburgers only dream of.

The interior of Rutledge is a dream made real, a house that might have been lived in by its prosperous early owners. Pull the front door closed and the cool dark of the ample center hall is engulfing. The pine floorboards are wide and well used. A large dogwood blossom stenciled on them looks as old as this original portion of the house, but that's just a carefully crafted illusion, the application of equal parts of paint and steel wool.

That's only one of Rutledge's illusions. Mrs. Greenberg and Mrs. Hariton hired the same kinds of decorative craftsmen for Rutledge the earlier Middleburg family might have used. Marston Luce did the stenciling on some of the floors and walls. Malcolm Robson grained the original pine woodwork. Dana Westring painted a mural of the farm on the backstairs wall.

Then came furniture. The two women decided the downstairs should appear to date between 1820 and 1840, "a compromise between the original parts of the house and the later additions," says Mrs. Greenberg. Appropriately, the bulk of the pieces would be American, but European ones would also be introduced, not an im-





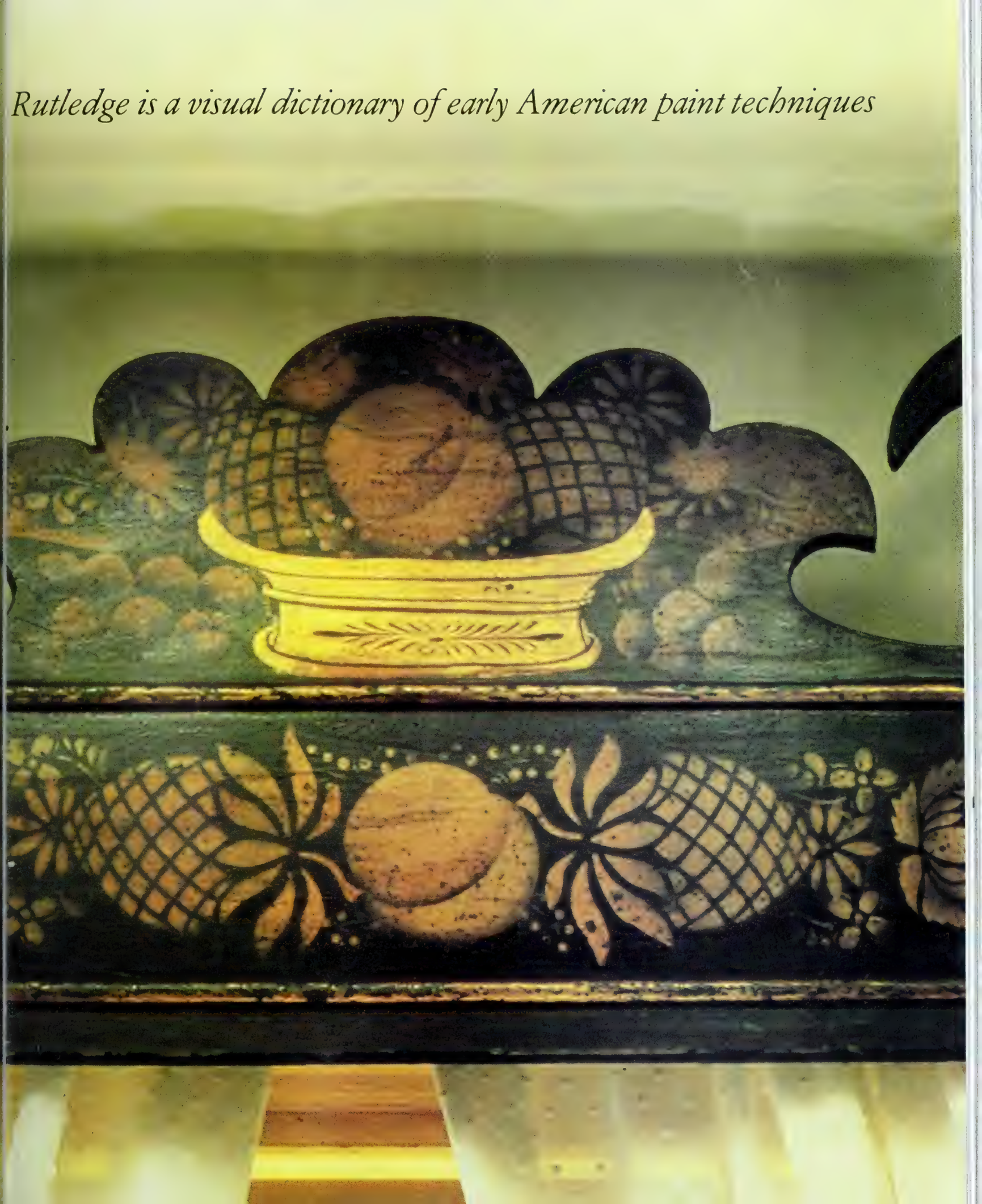






Decorative craftsmen from the Washington area came to Rutledge and set to work. Right, clockwise from top left: A dogwood blossom stencil; a mural of the farm on the backstairs wall; the trim on old and new country furniture; floor borders and molding; country feel also comes from the views outside. Opposite: A painted-and-stenciled antique cornice. Above: Monica Greenberg and her son, Aleco Bravo, with his horse, Lover Boy.

Rutledge is a visual dictionary of early American paint techniques









The master bedroom suite, above, gets a classic look from a Biedermeier desk and antique prints, but the dressing table, top left, gives in to Victorian detail. Left: A top-floor guest room is heightened with stenciling.

possibility in antebellum Virginia. Hence, the back parlor has an English papier-mâché tray table in front of a Charles X canapé, and upstairs a Biedermeier desk stands next to an English needlepoint rug.

What with the horse culture that swirls about them (Hermen Greenberg is a vice president of the Washington International Horse Show as well as a breeder) and the diplomatic community in nearby Washington, Rutledge sees a lot of entertaining. But the Greenbergs took care not to end up with a sterile showplace. Monica Greenberg does admit that for the sake of the period look she virtually banished lampshades, relying on updated Argand, sinumbra, and astral lamps and chandeliers. But not a chair or sofa was bought without being tried out. She says, "We had to reject a lot, but we got a very comfortable house."

Comfortable but formal. It's only on the cozy, low-ceilinged third floor that she fully exposes the passion for collecting that has her leaving auction bids from Manhattan to the deep South. These rooms are where the treasures from her first little farm have come to rest, where she goes to view her American samplers, Auguste Edouart silhouettes, rustic bonnets of cotton and straw, and hand-quilted petticoats. Rutledge hasn't caused her to abandon these enthusiasms, simply to expand on them. She still hunts for petticoats (though "the market seems to have dried up," she laments) and collects Edouarts. Now she also collects antique carriages. And, of course, this spring she can start collecting foals. ♠ *Editors: Mary Emmerling and Eric Berthold*

Photographs Copyright © 1989 by Langdon Clay from Mary Emmerling's American Country South, *which will be published this September by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.*



A Baltimore album quilt, 1847, and stenciling brighten the tiny top-floor guest room. The 1844 silhouette of a little girl is by the itinerant Frenchman Auguste Edouart. Mrs. Greenberg collects 19th-century silhouettes as well as carriages and American textiles—samplers, bonnets, and petticoats.


PICASSO AT 90

A Life in Pictures

Away from the big screen, Billy and Audrey Wilder share a passion for intimate works of art by great artists

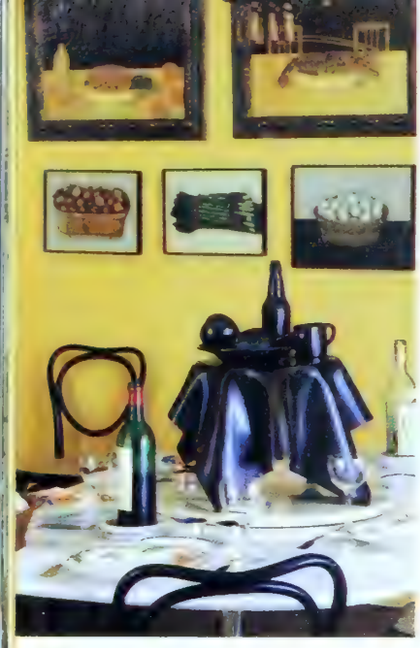
BY PILAR VILADAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI





Audrey and Billy Wilder, right, with a few of their favorite things: African figures and a 1910 nude by Georg Kappert. Above: The living room's west wall with works by Braque, Dufy, and Vuillard, among others, and photos of JFK and Marilyn Monroe.

FIROOZ ZAHEDI



The theme of the dining room's art is food, left, in primitive paintings by French *dimanchier* artist Dominique Peyronnet (top row) and Jacques Hnizdovsky (bottom row). Right: On the east side of the living room, an alcove contains artworks by Miró, Picasso, Léger, Klee, Hockney, and Dubuffet, to name a few.



Billy Wilder is one of America's greatest film directors. His movies, from such comedies as *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment* to the dark visions of *Double Indemnity* and *Sunset Boulevard,* have a razor-edged wit that is missing from most films today. His wife, Audrey Wilder, with her reed-slim figure and Louise Brooks bob of dark hair, possesses a combination of earthiness and sophistication that Nora Charles would envy. Indeed, the couple's *Thin Man*–style banter is the stuff of Hollywood legends. When they were first dating, he said to her, "I would worship the ground you walk on, Audrey, if you only lived in a better neighborhood."

The Wilders have been married nearly 40 years, the last 25 of which they have spent in a spacious Los Angeles apartment. It is cluttered with confident juxtapositions of old and new, classic and modern, exquisite and banal. Ponyskin Eames chairs are parked on a flowered rug next to a Victorian sofa. A Renoir watercolor hangs above an autographed picture of Marilyn Monroe. Sweet little silver-framed photographs of family and friends sit a glance away from unmistakably erotic nudes by Egon Schiele. This is, in other words, the home of people with an eye.
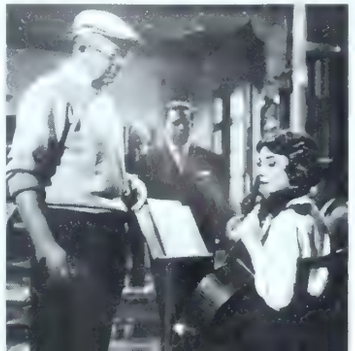
Behind the apparently casual profusion of objects that fill the apartment is a collection that reminds you what the word "connoisseur" really means. Maurice Tuchman, senior curator of twentieth-century art at the Los Angeles County Museum, describes the Wilders' collection this way: "There's nothing like it in Los Angeles. It's the kind of personal collection that is rare now, with a taste for the small and felt work of art and a sense of wit and humor. Billy bought at a time when he had a tremendous amount of choice, and he's always had an exquisite eye."

Another admirer, veteran Hollywood agent Phil Gersh (who with his wife, Bea, is one of the country's foremost collectors of twentieth-century art), says of the collection: "It's very special. Billy Wilder is not one of those Johnny-come-latelies, those art investors. He really loves art."

If you ask Wilder about his art collection, however, he dismisses the question with: "I don't have a collection. I have accumulations, like a squirrel." He has been accumulating for a long time. When he was a newspaperman and budding screenwriter in Berlin, he bought Toulouse-Lautrec posters for a few dollars each and lived in an apartment filled with Bauhaus furniture. But when he fled the Nazis in 1933













n the bedroom, ght, are Balthus's *a Toilette* and *Voman Looking in Mirror* by Suzanne aladon. A Josef loffmann settee and hairs surround a 6th-century wood- nd-ivory Florentine ust on an 18th- entury Austrian able. Left: A series f photos shows illy Wilder with the tars of some of his est-known films from left): Gloria wanson in *Sunset oulevard;* Tony urtis in *Some Like t Hot;* Audrey epburn in *Love in he Afternoon;* Shirley lacLaine in *The partment;* and arilyn Monroe in *ome Like It Hot.*

and headed for Hollywood, Wilder had to start from scratch.

Since then, he has bought and swapped art, constantly upgrading and weeding out. The artists represented in his collection comprise a who's who of twentieth-century art: Picasso, Braque, Léger, Klee, Klimt, Hockney, Miró, Chirico, Maillol, Marini, Giacometti, Staël, Nicholson, Balthus, Botero, Avery, Steinberg, Kelly, Stella, Lichtenstein, and Cornell.

Those are just some of the big names. There are anonymous works, such as the eighteenth-century French oil painting of an eye ("A cross between Magritte and CBS," Wilder quips), as well as primitive still lifes of food in the dining room by contemporary French *dimanchiers* (Sunday painters). And there are a settee and chairs by Josef Hoffmann, enough Thonet bentwood to "fill a small hotel," and furniture by Charles Eames, who designed a now-famous chaise longue as a birthday present for Wilder in 1956. (Eames and his wife, Ray, were witnesses at the Wilders' wedding.)

"The only thing that keeps me in check is that we have an apartment and not a house," he says, though space limitations don't seem to have put any serious brakes on his acquisitiveness. "We have just as much as what you see here in storage," she explains. One of their running jokes seems to follow *(Text continued on page 192)*



The living room, above, with ponyskin Eames chairs. Right: Milton Avery's *Blond Boy*, an 18th-century painting of an eye, *Nana* by Niki de Saint-Phalle. Opposite left: A bronze, a Juan Cardenas painting. Opposite right: A Gabriele Münter portrait.







HAUT CATROUX

The Paris decorator creates a mise-en-scène with treasured art and antiques

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

Ask François Catroux about his recent project for a wealthy European couple and his response sounds like a dispatch from decorator heaven. "Except for the Rothschilds and three or four other families, perhaps, nobody has the collections from which to choose the contents of a house that these people did," says Catroux. "What is extremely rare, and what I had here, were all the paintings, furniture, and objects before we even began." In this thoroughly decorated apartment, which is the opposite of cozy, the paintings are by Picasso, Léger, Klee, and Dubuffet; the furniture is signed Boulle, Levasseur, Jacob, Riesener, and Weisweiler; and the objects include an array of eighteenth-century sextants and other surveying instruments.

"If I were obliged to live in this city in this district in this building and I owned

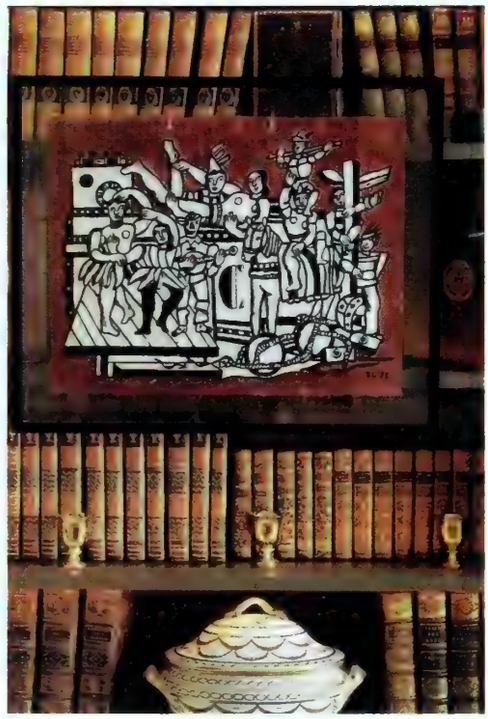
François Catroux gutted the interior of an undistinguished 1950s apartment and redesigned it to accommodate a formidable collection of French furniture and paintings. The library, shown here, doubles as a dining room.



In the bedroom of the mistress of the house an Egyptian Revival table, right, anchors a painting by James Brown. Opposite above: Shelves of books in the library make way for works by Blais and Léger. Resting on the Louis XIV table is a small Klee with a Léger hanging above it. Opposite below: Against a mirrored wall decorator François Catroux grouped a Tàpies painting with a magnificent Louis XIV boulle cabinet by Étienne Levasseur and a pair of Régence fauteuils.







These people live in a state of astonishing perfection







this furniture, this is exactly how I would do it," continues Catroux. "You feel you are in a modern apartment, yet it doesn't feel like 1989. There is nothing that suggests current trends in decoration. The inspiration is classic and French. Yet the place could be anywhere from Brussels to Geneva."

Although this collection of art and antiques might have betrayed the patina of time, perversely almost everything seems freshly minted. And the ashtrays look as if they were positioned in place only last night, but the truth is that these people have been living in this state of astonishing perfection—and loving it—for more than a year. Clearly they are the kind of people who put their ashtrays back.

Besides having their museum-quality possessions to draw on, what made the job so heavenly, according to Catroux, was the fairy-tale rapport he enjoyed with the man and woman, both in their sixties, who lavished him with the commission. And that's not just François talking over a plate of smoked salmon at Caviar Kaspia in Paris. The couple's story matches. If anything, their collapsing about him in displays of devotion produces a look of slightly panicked embarrassment. But as Catroux is slotted to do another residence for the same people on the Riviera, plus the "warehouse" their 23-year-old daughter is now taking over, the blushing scenes of discomfit are destined to go on and on.

That is perhaps one aspect of decorator heaven he wasn't quite counting on. The undistinguished (to put it kindly) 1950s building in which the apartment is located is loudly acknowledged as another. The flat itself was almost as aggressively unattractive, with ten-foot ceilings Catroux was unable to do anything about. Ten feet would be considered glamorously tall in New York, as he says, but not in a city where drawing rooms regularly scrape the stratosphere. *(Text continued on page 192)*

Catroux divided the sweeping salon into two living areas. In the front salon a fruitwood commode by André Charles Boulle and a pair of Louis XIV giltwood armchairs are joined by sofas designed by Catroux and upholstered in cashmere coat fabric. A Picasso portrait is the focal point in the less formal room beyond.

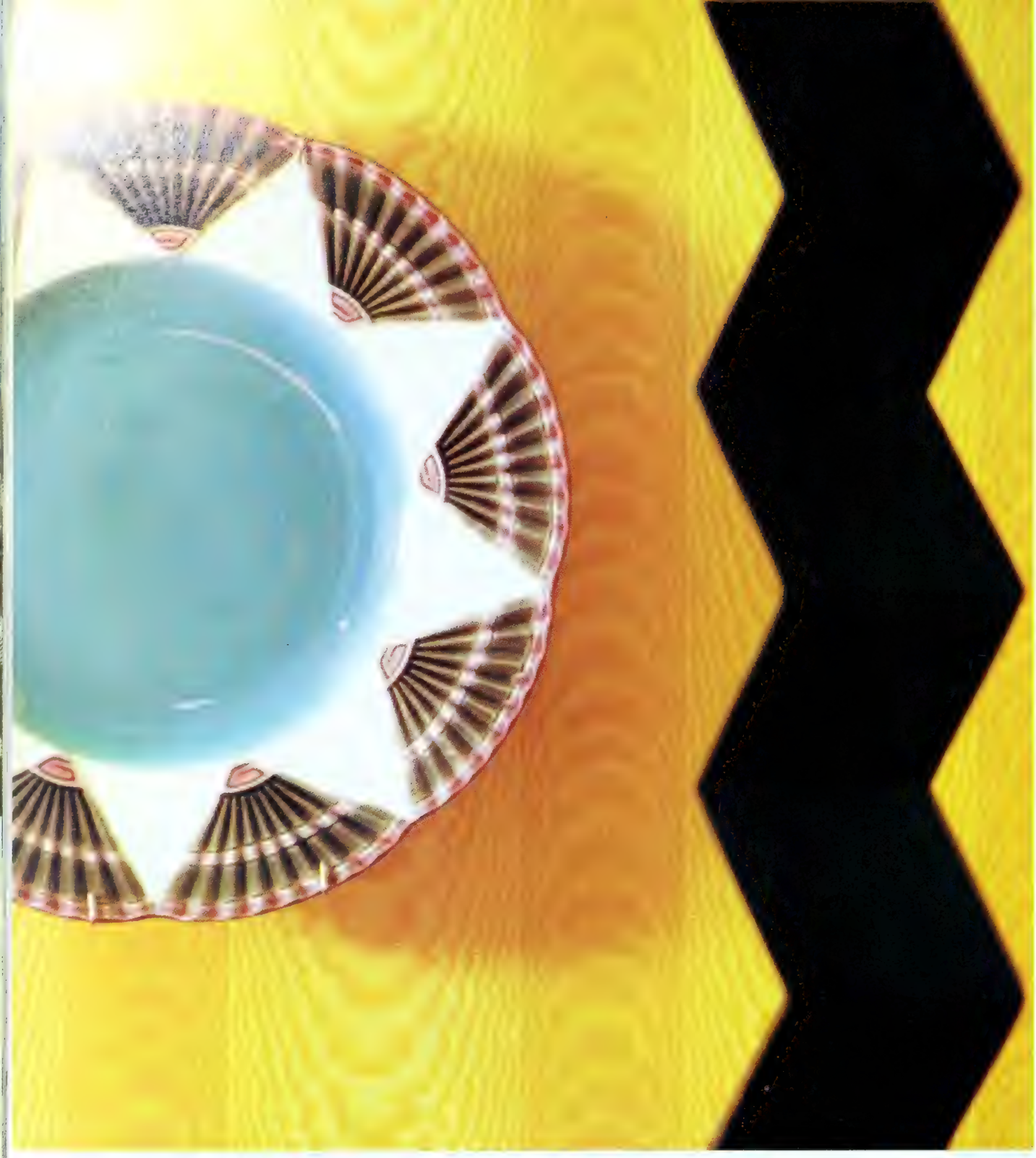


"The place could be anywhere from Brussels to Geneva"





An 18th-century desk shimmering with Etruscan motifs, left, is matched with a Jacob mahogany officer's chair of the same period, lacking arms so that military personnel could sit without having to adjust their swords. Opposite above: Picasso's *Sylvette* holds court in the back salon where a pair of suede-covered Louis XIV bergères flank a working 18th-century Dutch orrery, one of two extant. Opposite below: The master's bedroom occupied by a Dufy, a Dubuffet, and a massive 18th-century rolltop desk by Riesener.



PLANE GEOMETRY
Classic moiré-striped walls take on a racy edge when matched with a chair rail border inspired by fifties diner decor. Against this vibrant backdrop, Wedgwood majolica plates, c. 1860, a zigzag contemporary dining chair, and a carved triangular mirror frame make lively points of their own. Details see page 176.

SURFACE ATTRACTION

With paper, paint, and a few well-chosen props, Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley devise four new ways to turn a corner

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MUNDY





NEOCLASSICAL CONSTELLATION
Ionic wallpaper columns form a Classical ensemble with a cement Corinthian column bearing a bronze astrolabe. Gold-striped walls gleam behind a sinuous contemporary bronze chair. Gold stars on the Tramp Art mirrors, galaxy-patterned wall borders, and painted floorcloth add touches of celestial style.





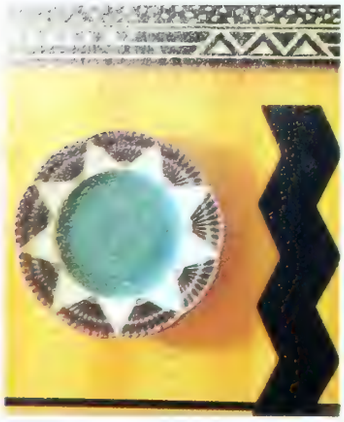


THE PASSIONATE VICTORIAN
Red moiré borders heighten the impact of giltwood-framed 17th-century Dutch botanical watercolors. Walls striped in two tones of red with a border of tartan swags intensify the palette of colors and patterns.





GARDEN FOLLY
Walls papered in a stonework pattern above a trompe l'oeil balustrade join with a grassy ground cover to compose an indoor pastoral. Sidling up to the table set with paper-white narcissus is a dolphin that supports one arm of a Gothick corner chair.





Green swirl ceiling papered in Gesso from Osborne & Little; walls papered in yellow Moiré Stripe from Fonthill; Galaxie chair rail border and Harlequin dado by Village from the Back to the Fifties collection of F. S. C. Wallcoverings; door and moldings painted in a crosshatch pattern by Sara Nesbitt; triangular mirror by Bill Nadra from Rogers-Tropea; Diamond Ladder dining chair with inlaid copper by Laura Johnson from Art et Industrie; Wedgwood fan-decorated plates from J. Garvin Mecking; adjustable Ikebana lamp by Kreon of Belgium from Modern Age; custom-dyed Rainbow sisal carpeting in scarlet from Rosecore. Details see Resources.





Ceiling covered in Galaxie from Rose Cumming; gold-striped walls papered in Cliveden and appliquéd with Column from Cowtan & Tout; Galaxie border along baseboard and door from Rose Cumming; cement column and reproduction astrolabe from Marlo Flowers; Constantinople bronze chair by Eleanora Triguboff from Art et Industrie; pair of Tramp Art mirrors, c. 1930, from John Rosselli; Empire-style copper urns and iron stands from Limited Editions; painted gold stars on door, faux marble floor, and painted star-patterned floorcloth by Sara Nesbitt.





Blue floral ceiling papered in Arcadia Camellia Ribbon from Osborne & Little; walls papered in red Marlborough Stripe from Cowtan & Tout; crown molding and baseboard trimmed with various plaid Elvire borders from Brunschwig & Fils; faux frame in Dauphin border from Brunschwig & Fils; baseboard and crown molding painted in gold over red by Sara Nesbitt; pair of Dutch 17th-century watercolors of tulips from Stephanie Hoppen; architectural finial, c. 1850, once part of a Gothic altar, and reproduction wing chair with exposed walnut frame from Circa David Barrett; reproduction ribbon-and-swag candle sconces from Olivieri; painted leather trunk, monkey candlestand, and tole planter from John Rosselli; sisal floor matting.





Ceiling papered in sky-blue Marble from Roger Arlington; walls papered in Stonework and Stonework Arch border from Brunschwig & Fils; balustrade wallpaper border from Scalamandré; Gothick corner chair from Circa David Barrett; reproduction fiberglass side table and wooden finial, c. 1850, from Limited Editions; plaster wall brackets from Ballard Designs; needlepoint ivy topiaries from Very Special Flowers; door and molding painted in a faux stone by Sara Nesbitt. Hardware on this and preceding pages from Baldwin Brass Center.

Written by Margot Guralnick



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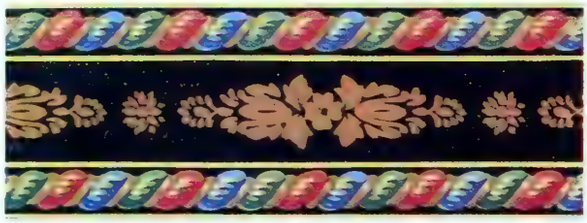
SAMPLES

Borderlines



Today's wallpaper borders show no limits in bringing past to present

By Eric A. Berthold









Wending their way around walls, chair rails, crown moldings, and doors, wallpaper borders are making a comeback and are pulling pieces of the past with them. From Brunschwig & Fils, whose border Silhouette could have been torn from the walls of Tara, to Quadrille's Drottningholm, whose architectural detailing is snatched from the gorgeous Chinese pavilion for which the Swedish royal estate is famed, to Picnic, Boussac's romantic interpretation of a turn-of-the-century summer afternoon, designers are drawing on history to create a dramatic mood. For a twist, Zuber et Cie, one of the world's oldest and best-known houses for *papier peint*, takes the ever-popular motif of leopard spots and creates a modern-day classic. Whatever era you desire, borders can tie a room together across time. ♠

Left, from top: Crowning the wall in city elegance with Baltimore at Carleton V; adding frills and fresh bouquets with Rose Hill from Ralph Lauren Home Collection; applying a touch of gilt with gold Recamier at Clarence House; capturing the Colonial spirit with Palmette at Hines & Co. Above: Zuber puts spots on the walls with Leopard, available in green and red. Details see Resources.





Drottningholm, above, available in a variety of colors (or custom) at Quadrille. Below: Turn-of-the-century merriment with Picnic from Boussac. Right: Silhouette at Brunschwig & Fils. Far right: Drottningholm at Zajac.





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SHOPPING

Capital Ideas

Washingtonians head to Georgetown for design and antiques shops
By Nancy McKeon



Despite an invasion of Benettons and Gaps, Washingtonians still prize Georgetown as a place where they can poke around in antiques shops (a score or more) and old bookstores (more than half a dozen). Happily, the modern age has also brought the neighborhood a new breed of dealer focusing on the home. Some of these merchants rely on scholarship, some on stylish editing. Some could stay in business only in somewhat sleepy Washington; others would do well anywhere—their clientele comes from around the world. Store hours tend to be highly individual, so call ahead. (The area code for all telephone numbers listed is 202.)

ROOMS & GARDENS

French garden antiques have been given an achingly romantic air in rooms filled with herb topiaries by Margaret Rubino, a lawyer who always wanted to design gardens, and Julie Walters, who was in commercial real estate but prefers to decorate interiors. The stock usually includes nineteenth-century French steel chairs and tables, old demi-rond iron benches with horsehoof feet, handblown Virginia glass, and enormous newly made terra-cotta jars from the few remaining potteries in Biot. (1675 Wisconsin Ave. NW; 965-3820)





Piles of chintz, top, endless shelves of reproduction majolic center, and gleaming pots, above, at Little Caledonia.

JANIS ALDRIDGE

Janis Aldridge's indoor garden of seventeenth-century botanical prints isn't preserved in dusty tomes as serious scholars might prefer. Instead the prints are matted and framed and hung on the walls where equally serious enthusiasts can absorb their decorative impact. Many of the copperplate engravings are by botanist Basilius Besler and artists Maria Sibylla Merian and Pierre Joseph Redouté, among others. In addition to the expected delicate florals, the shop features architectural and interior prints, graceful decorative accessories, and seventeenth-century engravings of citrus fruits. (2900 M St. NW; 338-7710)

ANTHONY P. BROWNE

The English look is the province of Anthony P. Browne's walk-in design shop, which offers fabrics and furnishings of a style and quality not usually available to the retail customer. The armchairs are deep and overstuffed in the English manner, and the large cloverleaf ottoman can be ordered filled with horsehair so it can serve as a fireside coffee table. Browne's staff at the shop will just as cheerfully sell a customer a tole cachepot or a yard of Colefax & Fowler, Jane Churchill, or Geoffrey Bennison fabric as help to order a handmade sofa or $16,000 worth of custom curtains. (2903 M St. NW; 333-1903)





Scrolls of wallpaper and trim, above, from Anthony P. Browne, right, a walk-in design shop housed in a handsome historic building.

FLEMING & MEERS

Some of the finest examples of eighteenth-century English furniture, first brought to the United States twenty or thirty years ago, are now back on the market. Many are finding their way to Fleming & Meers, a focal point for collectors. Current treasures include a florid-



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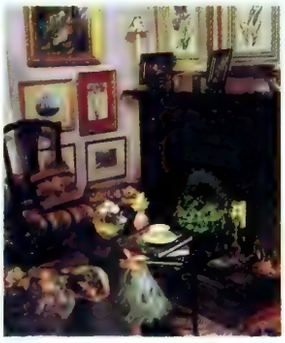
A decorated papier-mâché serving tray commemorating the Great Exhibition of 1851 at the Crystal Palace. The usual stock includes tray tables of tole and papier-mâché, the important mahogany sofa or two, and Georgian chairs and accessories. (Hamilton Court, 1228 31 St. NW; 342-7777)

G. K. S. BUSH

Upholstered pieces are shown stripped to the frame, the better to see that the secondary wood is American tulip poplar. Early pieces are left untouched. ("I love their surfaces," says Guy Bush. "Let someone else clean them up.") Bush's clients are serious collectors who share his preference for line and proportion over embellishment and ornamentation. Although he emphasizes eighteenth-century American furniture, including a 1760 Boston slant-front child's desk and a Philadelphia doll's tester bed with stop-fluted posts, he cheerfully admits, "We cheat a little," straying beyond 1835 or even from the United States for the exceptional painted desk or exotic bronze deer head. (2828 Pennsylvania Ave. NW; 965-0653)

G. RANDALL

Advanced collectors of major seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English furniture from around Washington and around the country make pilgrimages to Glenn Randall's Georgetown shop, nestled beside the Four Seasons Hotel. Randall prides himself on dealing in only "very pure" pieces, meaning those that haven't been heavily restored. One such item recently in the shop: a rare Queen Anne tortoiseshell lacquer bureau bookcase, circa 1720, decorated with gilt and chinoiserie. Randall also has J. P. Morgan's secretary-cabinet, a tribute to Chippendale and Haig, circa 1770, which he calls a "superlative Neoclassical example" in satinwood with ormolu mounts. As Randall puts it, "This is very serious furniture, and we take it very seriously." (2828 Pennsylvania Ave. NW; 337-7373)





PARK PLACE

A virtual supermarket of outdoor furnishings, Park Place specializes in garden classics, from little stone basset hounds and bunnies to Victorian-style chairs now made of cast aluminum, from traditional English teak benches and enormous mahogany market umbrellas to top-of-the-line Weatherend Estate furniture. A lot of Georgetown gardens survive the Washington summer thanks to fountains from Park Place. What's more, even the most esoteric items are kept in stock, so spring browsers can be summer loungers. (2251 Wisconsin Ave. NW; 342-6294)

CARLISLE

Ted Wolter's exquisite editing makes Carlisle, his newly opened store, unique in Georgetown. In fact, his sense of style is what unites the offerings of this understated shop. For the past year Wolter scoured Europe for accessories and gifts unavailable in the United States. And in the quest for few-of-a-kind pieces, he has commissioned factories from Barcelona to Milan to Zürich to make things especially for him. Under his eye sleek sterling-silver coffeepots and barware from Italy seem of a piece with long stalks of wheat and oat grasses and baskets filled with hundreds of tiny dried roses from France, meant to stand by the fireplace. As Spencer Tracy once said of Katharine Hepburn, "There's not much to see, but what's there is cherce"—and changes with the season. (3251 Prospect St. NW; 337-1816)



Superb 18th-century English open armchairs at Fleming & Meers.

LITTLE CALEDONIA

Georgetowners are to be forgiven if they think Little Caledonia has always been there. Even the shop's founding sisters, Eleanor Wells Randolph and Marion Wells Roberts, don't remember exactly when—50 years ago? Or 55?—they began selling the things that old-line Georgetown households simply have to have: Quimper faience, traditional chintzes, little cloisonné vases, gilt mirrors, gift enclosure cards, modern majolica bunny tureens, and small Georgetown-scale mahogany chests to fill in between the family heirlooms. It's all there in a rabbit warren of rooms—from the "kitchen" filled with cookware to the "dining room" always set for dinner—run by ladies who, mirabile dictu, actually know their stock. (1419 Wisconsin Ave. NW; 333-4700) ♠





An indoor garden of 17th-century prints by artists such as Pierre Joseph Redouté at Janis Aldridge, far left and center. Rooms & Gardens brings the outdoors in with topiaries, a French garden chair, an Art Nouveau tulip lamp, left, and urns with dried flowers, above.



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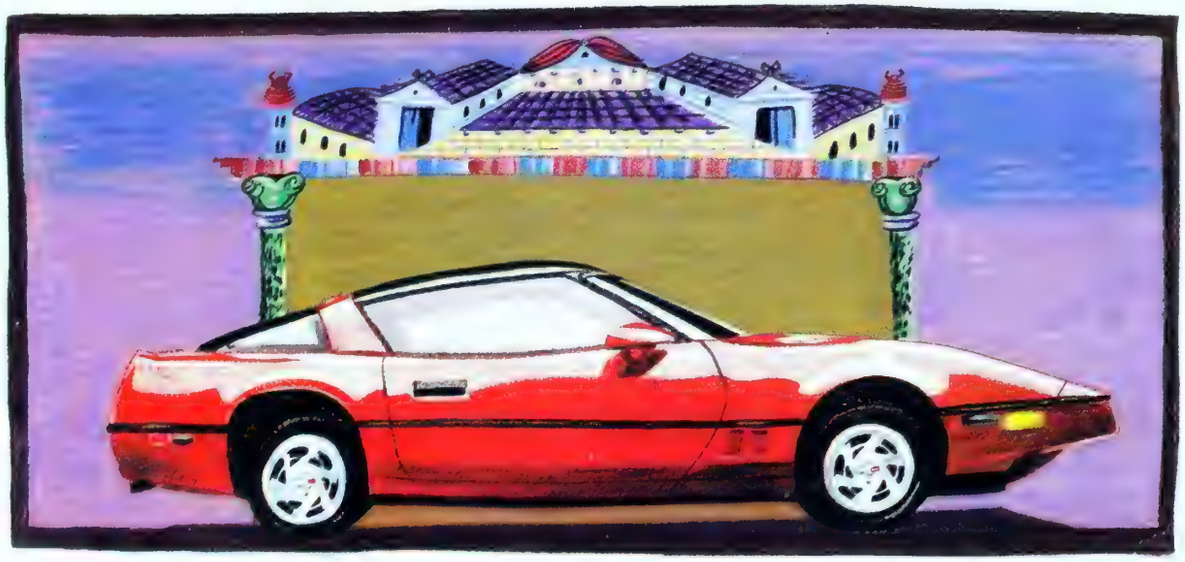
CARS

Continental Drift

After twenty years, America's automobile design is finally catching up with Europe's
By Lance Ealey

In spite of its European origins the automobile is a distinctly American cultural icon, one that reveals the attitudes and preferences of a given generation with startling accuracy. What other artifact, for example, resounds with quite as much of the timbre of late 1950s America as a tail-finned Cadillac?

The automobile, with its ability to change shape and style quickly while maintaining the illusion of permanency, not to mention its need to be popular to succeed, could be said to have replaced architecture in representing the level of popular sophistication (or lack thereof) this country has achieved in any given decade of the twentieth century. If you apply this yardstick to the automobile of today,



you'll find that revolutionary change has occurred over the past twenty years. It began two oil crises and countless innovations ago, and it continues today. But the seeds of this revolution were not sown in America. Nor, for that matter, were they sown in Japan—while some of the influence may have come to us in ever-increasing numbers of Japanese imports, the drift of innovations is distinctly European in origin.

Case in point: when Ford Motor Company engineers were developing the rakish new 1989 Thunderbird and Mercury Cougar models, they selected a handful of competitive cars against which to judge their own efforts. High-line German automobiles figured prominently in the study, which judged everything from paint luster to how easily the cigarette lighter operated.

That Ford even considers foreign carmakers as competition illustrates just how far the domestic auto industry has come in the past twenty years. In the more distant past, American car builders seemed intent on denying the actual experience of driving altogether. They designed cars with pillow-soft suspensions and loaded them with power accessories. American drivers thus became acclimated to minimum participation in the driving experience, on the peculiar assumption that cruising down the highway with one finger on the steering wheel and nothing much else to do represented the epitome of road mastery.

Europeans, on the other hand, have long gloried in the rigors of driving, resisting automatic transmissions and demanding much more capable suspension systems. This persistent focus on functionality has kept European offerings relatively free of bogus innovations—you won't find many talking dashboards or video arcade–inspired instrument panels onboard. To their credit, Europeans haven't jumped on the electronic bandwagon with the abandon of certain Japanese automakers, mainly, I suspect, because the typical European driver wouldn't stand for it.

While Americans continue to resist shifting for themselves in the transmission department (87 percent of new U.S. cars have automatic gearboxes), they are taking other cues from the Europeans very seriously. In fact the European influence is almost everywhere you look today: the preference for aerodynamically efficient cars, perhaps most notably the Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable, is directly traceable to European groundbreakers such as the Audi 5000, as is the trend toward functional interiors with simple, effective, and easy-to-use controls.

Taken by themselves, some individual design touches can seem a bit quirky. But their cumulative effect can create something close to perfect pitch in car design. For example, the six-cylinder BMW 735i and the V12-powered 750il provide a broad array of driver-friendly features, including a passenger's outside mirror that automatically scans downward when the car is shifted into reverse, giving the driver a clear view of his distance from the far curb while parking. To promote better straight-ahead visibility during inclement weather, the driver's windshield wiper automatically increases its downforce as road speed rises, and the wiper parking area is automatically heated during cold weather to prevent ice binding.

Many examples of functional excellence involve common sense more than high technology. Saab, for instance, equips every 9000 model with a large replaceable filter for the interior air-ventilation system that is fine enough to scrub the incoming air of pollen or even

diesel exhaust soot: ideal for the hay fever sufferer or for those who routinely commute among diesel-spewing behemoths.

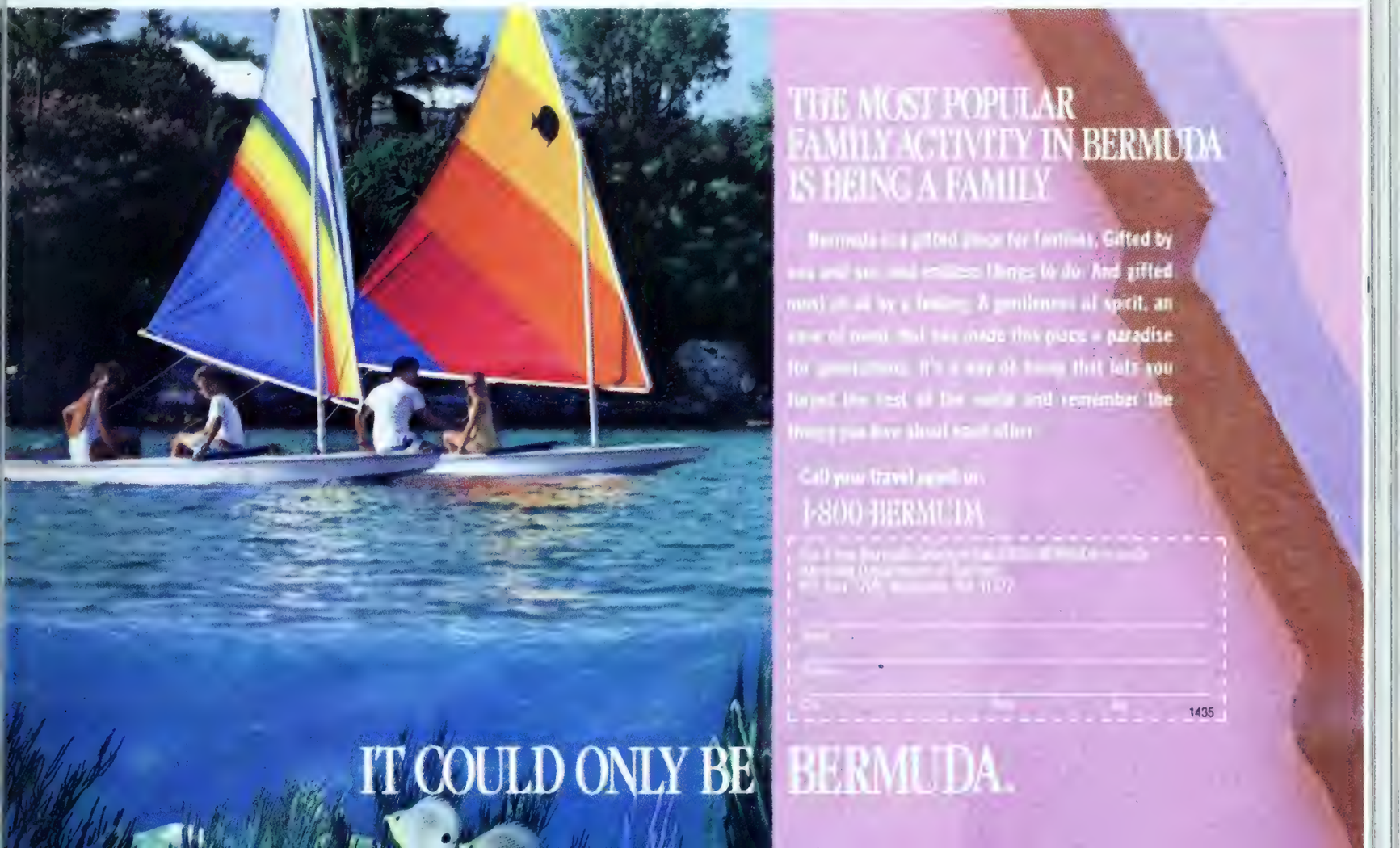
The Porsche 928S4 features an adjustable-tilt steering wheel that repositions the instrument cluster so that no important gauges are hidden by the steering wheel—a feature picked up on Ford's new Probe. And Mercedes-Benz was the first to introduce power seat controls shaped in the form of the seat itself: you simply manipulate the part of the control keyed to the seat area you'd like to adjust, and you're in business.

> The automobile could be said to have replaced architecture in representing the level of popular sophistication in America

Safety, once considered too outré by most makers for selling cars, has been gaining cachet in recent years, Volvo and Mercedes-Benz having been consistent innovators in the safety field. The Europeans were the first to introduce antilock braking systems now on many U.S.-built cars. Mercedes now equips all of its U.S.-bound cars with standard driver air bags. The Lincoln Continental and Porsche's 944S and Turbo models feature standard driver and front-seat passenger air bags.

Even the recent quest among American carmakers for outstanding performance has been tempered by a distinctly European emphasis on balancing horsepower with equally competent chassis and suspension systems. When Ford engineers designed the 220-horsepower SHO (Super High Output) Taurus, they took great pains to make sure the front-wheel-drive car's suspension tuning was capable of channeling the extra 80 horsepower (over the standard V6 Taurus) to the road safely. The same is true of Chevrolet's engineering of the Corvette ZR1, which, when it rolls off the production line in early summer, is expected to have between 350 and 400 horsepower.

As to why Europe, in particular Germany, has developed such an influential, near-perfect pitch in designing cars that focus so clearly on the driving experience, German auto engineers themselves point to the over 4,500-mile network of high-speed autobahns crisscrossing West Germany, perhaps the finest real-world test-beds for automobiles ever designed. Having to design cars able to travel on these most super of super highways has had a profound effect on German engineers, who typically test-drive their creations themselves. BMW's chief engineer has explained, "Our engineers don't design something and then turn it over to a test driver." He's right—why should the test driver have all the fun? ♠



REAL ESTATE

Tropical Options

Buying in the Caribbean is still an attainable fantasy—and a calculated risk
By Melinda Nix

It was one satisfaction Mick Jagger *could* get, and he did. And so, over the years, did Princess Margaret, Mary Wells and Harding Lawrence, Michael Douglas, Herman Wouk, Cheryl Tiegs, David Bowie, Lloyd Bentsen, and John Connally. The temptation that lured these high-profile figures was the chance to get away from us all by buying a vacation house in the Caribbean. Fortunately, it's not too late to join them. The climate, ambience, and lifestyle are as seductive as ever and, compared with the cost of prime seaside property in southern California or Florida, prices are attractive. Before you liquidate your T-bills or sell off your last tiara, however, you'll want to consider a few practical matters that may determine your success in realizing this Caribbean fantasy: the likelihood of finding something you like *and* can afford, what's involved in running your spread as absentee owner for most of the year, the political climate on the island of your choice, and—that touchy c-word—crime.

Though it may sound relatively trivial, you'll also want to weigh how easy or hard it is to get to your Shangri-la. Anyone who's waited the better part of a day to pile in for the white-knuckle 350-foot mountaintop-to-tarmac plunge in Saint Barts or endured the commercial flight/charter/boat/jeep trek required to sample that first piña colada on Petit Saint Vincent, and still plans to go back, is a candidate for buying an out-of-the-way piece of paradise. In any case, it's important to figure which degree of accessibility works best for you before investigating. The advantages of a direct nonstop flight—or at least a trip that can be made on major U.S. carriers—favor locations like Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Antigua, the Dominican Republic, the Bahamas, and Barbados. Imagine, for example, boarding a flight at JFK, knowing you're only a four and a half hour nonstop flight from **Pollard's Mill,** an eighteenth-century sugar plantation in Barbados currently for sale at $785,000. Built in 1712 and surrounded by an orchard of mango, avocado, and citrus trees, the 2.4-acre estate contains a main house, a guest cottage, and a picturesque sugar mill.

Of course, no one is giving away luxury houses in the Caribbean, and premium prices are the rule in such exclusive locations as Mustique, an island in the northern Grenadines. "A special value has been created by the exclusive private-club ambience of Mustique or the small-but-elegant atmosphere on Saint Barts," observes Rodney J. Dillard, Sotheby's International Realty's senior vice president, an old hand in the Caribbean. "The supply of homes in such places is limited, so buyers there can expect to face high prices."

The asking price of the **Great House** on Mustique came down significantly—to $2.6 million after a year on the market at $3.8. Three Thai-style guest cottages are included; the eighteenth-century marble Indian temple with its latticework pavilion isn't. That beauty will run you an extra $1.5 million. After all, Lord Glenconner—the owner of the Great House who developed the island and sold to intimates like Princess Margaret—shipped the disassembled temple all





Tropical Hideaway, left, in the Bahamas and, below right, a villa on Saint Martin, both from Sotheby's International Realty. Bottom: The island of Clove Cay is for sale through Previews.



the way from Delhi and supervised the reassembly himself.

Because prices are high and the pool of potential buyers is small, selling a house in the Caribbean can be a slow process, taking as long as two years, even with a stateside marketing campaign. "Personal investment in the Caribbean should be a luxury, not an expenditure that may have to be retrieved quickly," counsels John Burkholder, director of consulting services for LandVest, the Boston-based luxury real estate firm. "Simply stated, no liquidity should be assumed." That fact of life can provide opportunities for a savvy buyer who keeps a close eye on the market for listings where the seller could use the cash quickly. Case in point: **Clove Cay,** a

What lured high-profile figures to Caribbean real estate was the chance to get away from us all

lush 144-acre private island in the Exumas in the Bahamas. Circumstances have twice led the owner to lower the $1.6 million asking price—first to $1.49 million and, not long ago, to $960,000. All reasonable offers will be considered.

Maintenance costs are something you will want to get a handle on before mortgaging away too many of your disposable dollars. It pays to ask some not-so-obvious questions. Say you've plunked down $795,000 for **Beauchamp Hall,** a coral-stone Palladian mansion overlooking lush gardens and seascapes in the desirable parish of Saint John on Barbados. You won't be paying any heating costs, but your first utility bill could nonetheless be a shock. Electricity is a costly luxury in most parts of the region. Usually it's government-supplied, at costs up to four times what you'd pay for kilowatts back home. Actually, Beauchamp Hall has its own electrical generator as a backup, but that's not always the case. On the other hand, hired help in places like Jamaica, the West Indies, and the Dominican Republic will tend your needs for a fraction of what their U.S. counterparts charge. So if your fantasy is to revel in island life without lifting a finger for anything so tedious as laundry or cooking, there's good news.

About the c-word: some islands are definitely safer than others, and again it's sensible to assess the risk carefully. A crucial factor is the trickle-down of prized tourist dollars to ordinary citizens, which varies from island to island. Haiti is at the bottom of the Caribbean league. Neither Previews nor Sotheby's International Realty—the two U.S. property concerns currently doing business throughout the Caribbean—has a single listing in that country. Saint Barts, with its prosperity and economically homogeneous population, is the shining star of the region. That bodes well for the sales

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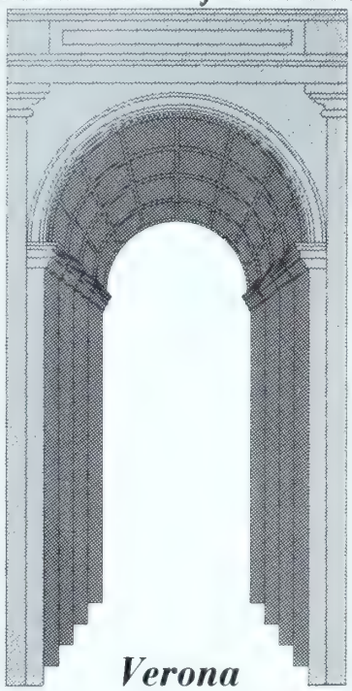
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prospects of the $1.15 million **Au Lotissement Montjean,** a pair of houses with a pool on the island.

It's better now in the Bahamas—safer, too. Less chance of an idyllic fishing or diving expedition drifting into harm's way by floating too close to illegal drug activity. The independent government there wised up after several such misadventures occurred and granted the United States Drug Enforcement Administration free rein of its seas. That makes Bahamian properties such as **Tropical Hideaway,** a $500,000 oceanfront residence on Treasure Cay, one of the Abaco islands, more desirable to the American and Canadian buyers who have taken renewed interest in this convenient location.

If you're absolutely fed up with the rat race, running an island inn may be the answer. **Dragon Bay** in Port Antonio, Jamaica, is listed with Sotheby's for a cool $5.4 million. The sellers claim that even if you tire of playing host, the British colonial–era hotel and 34 villas could be sold off as time-share condos.

Pelleu Island awaits the truly ambitious. Situated just offshore from Errol Flynn's onetime refuge in the parish of Portland, Jamaica, the entire undeveloped acre and a half islet is offered for $400,000. A guarantee of water, electricity, and telephone hookups will run you an extra $40,000, but that may be the best money you've ever spent. Honest, competent local representation by your lawyer and broker is essential in any Caribbean real estate transaction. That's the only way to ensure protection in such critical matters as obtaining clear title and establishing the future right to build.

Many Caribbean properties offer that magic combination, a luxury house that can earn a respectable rental income at times the owner is away. One example is **High Cliff,** a villa on Jamaica's Runaway Bay. (Jamaica is currently the country where buyers can get the best value for their money, according to some experts on the region.) The $300,000 asking price is on the low side for a residence with seventeen rooms—including six bedrooms—and a 62-foot-long pool on a two-acre site. Gross rental income of as much as $40,000 in a good year sweetens the deal. All the same, Previews senior vice president Jon Mallard advises people to buy strictly because they love the property. "There are better investments in terms of security and return," he believes. "If you're going to enjoy the house, fine; beyond that, any income is gravy."

That lawyer we mentioned earlier will have a vital duty in advising you on local laws regarding the repatriation of foreign investment dollars. Although this is obviously not an issue in Puerto Rico or the U.S. Virgin Islands, in places like Jamaica, Barbados, and Saint Kitts–Nevis central banks exert heavy control over your ability to take the proceeds from the sale of your vacation home out of the country. In many places, including Trinidad and Tobago, foreigners must obtain official permission to buy. Jamaica permits you to take out the amount of your original investment immediately; profits go out on a schedule. Since law enforcement in all these situations depends on individuals, a good deal of baksheesh changes hands.

But then again, who says you'll ever want to leave? ♠

Melinda Nix is a real estate broker with Sotheby's International Realty in Manhattan.

Resources

COLLECTING
Pages 68, 71 For information on joining the Ephemera Society of America, write Box 37, Schoharie, NY 12157.

WORKROOM
Page 72 Weaver James Gould is located at 62 Arch St., Riverside, CT 06878, (203) 637-3062.

ANTIQUES
Page 78 Creamware dealers: Art Trading, 305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 752-2057; Bardith, 901 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 737-3775; Price Glover, 817 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-1740; Grey Seal Antiques, by appointment, NYC (212) 254-6586; Leo Kaplan, 967 Madison Ave., New York, NY T0021, (212) 249-6766; Moore & Co., 125 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 688-4767; Wynn A. Sayman, Old Fields, Richmond, MA 01254, (413) 698-2272; Stradlings at Quorum, 125 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 752-3354.

FORECASTS
Page 86 Coromandel wallpaper, from the Etamine Collection, $36 single roll, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrisson, New Orleans; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; S.C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Malmaison porcelain plate, $100, cup and saucer, $100, at Tiffany & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco. Zephyr steel obelisk with burnished brass finish, by Steven Hensel for Studio Steel, 29" high, $1,650 (22" high, $1,490), to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Ken Hansen, Los Angeles; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle. Custom bookshelves carved and painted by Carvers & Gilders, London 1-870-7047. Hand-painted wooden screen, custommade by L. E. Cummings, at Hokin Kaufman Gallery, Chicago; Joan Robey Gallery, Denver. Cleopatra gilded and painted chair, by Vincent Jacquart, $5,400, at Les Jardins d'Heliotrope, Los Angeles (213) 667-1150. *The Golden Vase of Bast,* porcelain, by Roushdy Iskander Garas, $195, at the Franklin Mint (800) 843-6468.

DEALER'S EYE
Page 88 Kurland Zabar is located at 19 East 71 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-8576.

ISLAND SHELTER
Pages 98–107 Custom braided carpets throughout (in different colors), approx $18 sq ft, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Granité speckled wallpaper throughout (in different colors), $40.50 English roll, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. **98–99** Romney chintz, 48" wide, $54 yd, Trenor chintz on sofa pillows, 53" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. **101** Ophelia chintz, 49" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Lugano striped fabric, 51" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Osborne & Little wallpaper (see above). **102** Princess Mary Muted wool plaid, 60" wide, $88.50 yd, to the trade at Lee Jofa/Groundworks, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston; Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; The Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. Wooden Tassel fringe (#600A), to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Schecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. **103** Stripes taupe chintz on three pillows, 54" wide, $24 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Lace border (#5514-1081) on curtains, $6 yd, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson & Co., Los Ange-

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les; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon & Assoc., Seattle; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Regalia Orlon acrylic fabric, 54" wide, $43.50 yd, to the trade at Boris Kroll, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. English Dream chintz, 50" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Zajac, NYC (212) 741-1291; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston. **104–05** Windsor Rose chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Sybil white chintz, 50" wide, $39.60 yd, to the trade at Zajac (see above). **106** Madame Fifi chintz, 50" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Zajac (see above). **107** Zajac's Madame Fifi chintz crowning bed and on bedcover (see above). Blanville Check viscose fabric on headboard and lining, 51" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Fiandra (lavender) boudoir sham, Fiandra (cappuccino) boudoir sham, $120 ea, Louvre (white with peach) shams, $540 ea, Fiandra (cappuccino) shams, $190 ea, at Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach.

VILLAGE OF ONE'S OWN

Page 116 Swivel armchairs, $704–$1,549, table, $1,006–$2,271, from the Saarinen Collection, through Knoll Studio, to the trade at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. **118–19** Refectory table with Verde Giada top and coffee table with Rouge Langueduc top, custom-designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen, Washington, D.C. (202) 337-5200. Charles C. Nahl's *Grand View of Panama City*, c. 1850, $120,000, at Osuna Gallery, Washington, D.C. (202) 296-1963. White Ottawa sofas (#179–30), by DePas, D'Urbino & Lomazzi, $6,500 ea, to the trade at ICF, for nearest showroom or representative (212) 750-0900. Sofa in red cotton velvet (#680L), by Robert Venturi, $10,339, to the trade at Knoll International (see above). Baby grand piano by Steinway & Sons, for nearest dealer (800) 345-5086, NYC area (212) 246-1100. **118–20** Lamps (#IUWV) by Cedric Hartman, $590 ea, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Jack Lenor Larsen, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; Vivian Watson, Dallas; David Sutherland, Houston; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco; Rozmallin, Troy. **120** Track-hung curtains over bed, custom-designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen (see above). Canvas chairs (#684), by Mario Bellini, $1,900 ea, to the trade at Atelier International, Long Island City, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., and all major U.S. cities. **121** Love seat with hunter-green wood frame upholstered in celery cotton duck, custom-designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen (see above).

ANOTHER NANTUCKET

Pages 124–25 String of sea scallop lights, by Shelley Burns, through Janet Russo, NYC (212) 427-8770, Nantucket (508) 228-4818. Ceramic wall-mounted hat vases, from a collection at Virginia Antiques, London 1-727-9908. **126** Susan Duckworth hand-knit sweater, $350, from a collection at Janet Russo (see above). **127** Vintage forties fabric, similar fabrics available at Full Swing, Newport (401) 849-9494. Muslin, 48" wide, $2.65 yd, 108" wide, $4.75 yd, at Circle Fabrics, NYC (212) 719-5153. White glass urn lamps, $65 ea, at Thunder & Light, NYC (212) 219-0180. **128–29** Dresses, $150–$300, from a collection at Janet Russo (see above). **130** Hatboxes, by Claudine Blackwell, $15–$35, at Janet Russo (see above). **131** Floral pillows, by Danielle Fox, $38–$88, floral jewelry and accessories, by Pamela Congdon, $30–$65, hatbox, by Claudine Blackwell, $15–$35, at Janet Russo (see above).

MANHATTAN COUNTRY

Page 132 American portrait, from a collection at Kelter-Malcé Antiques, NYC (212) 989-6760. **133** Late 19th century Heriz carpet, from a collection at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. Sabrina Calf leather on sofa, 24 sq ft, sold by the hide, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 107). **134** Windowpane-check fabric, from William Diamond Design, not available. **135** Queen Anne tea table, $85,000, at Bernard & S. Dean Levy, NYC (212) 628-7088. Liverpool creamware harvest jug and plates, c. 1790, at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. **136–37** Windowpane-check fabric on chaise and sofa, from William Diamond Design, not available. Sueded cowhide splits leather upholstery on wing chair, $10 sq ft, to the trade at American Leather Manufacturing (800) 888-3274. Green Leslie tartan curtain fabric, 54"–55" wide, $47.50 yd to order at Scottish Products, NYC (212) 755-9656. **138–39** Custom-colored wallpaper (#SY-127), $480 panel (36" x 10') to the trade at Charles R. Gracie & Sons, NYC; Ernest Gaspard, Atlanta; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; J. Robert Scott, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco. Sheraton chairs with gold-tooled leather panels, similar English chairs at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6674. Green Leslie tartan curtain fabric, 54"–55" wide, $47.50 yd, to order at Scottish Products (see above). Aramis Grand fringe on curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **140** Sueded cowhide splits leather upholstery on wing chair, $10 sq ft, to the trade at American Leather Manufacturing (see above). Brown Watch tartan fabric on chair and sofa, 54"–55" wide, $47.50 yd, to order at Scottish Products (see above). Traditional chair-check weave fabric on Chippendale settee, from William Diamond Design, not available. Custom handmade rugs, from $45–$75 sq ft, to order from Taylor Harbison, Brooklyn (718) 783-1746. **141** Pieced New York State multi-patch quilt, c. 1865–75, from a collection at America Hurrah Antiques, NYC (212) 535-1930. 3-line Embroidery sheets, shams, $150 ea, king-size top sheet, $390, at Pratesi (see above for pg 107). **142–43** Bowood chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 102). Aubusson Plain Ground cotton and wool weave, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Brass wall-mounted reading lamp, to the trade to order at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. Needlepoint pillows, from a collection at Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847.

MIDDLEBURG MANOR

Pages 144–53 Stenciling by Marston Luce and Julie Southworth, Washington, D.C. (202) 775-9460. Graining and marbleizing by Malcolm Robson,

Fairfax, VA (703) 978-5331. Trompe l'oeil painting, by Dana Westring, Washington, D.C. (202) 333-2625. **145** Kilcooney cotton and silk fabric on curtains and walls, 54" wide, $84 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. Grantham Texture cotton and rayon fabric, 54" wide, $33 yd, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **152** Mayo Tracery wallpaper behind dressing table, 27" wide, $58.50 roll, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above).

SURFACE ATTRACTION

Pages 168–76 Brass doorknobs (#5015-030), key escutcheons (#6772-030), by Baldwin Brass Center, for nearest dealer (215) 775-5550. All moldings painted by Sara Nesbitt, Hoboken (201) 792-3127. **168–69** Antique Wedgwood majolica star plates, set of six $1,350, to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Gesso wallpaper on ceiling, by Designers Guild, $45 English roll, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above for pgs 98–107). Moiré Stripe wallpaper, $37.50 roll, to the trade at Fonthill (see above for pg 101). Mirror in carved wooden frame, $525, at Rogers-Tropea, NYC (212) 249-8310. Wallpaper border (#BF-501-1) at chair rail, $17.99 Euroroll, wainscoting wallpaper (#BF-519-2), $13.99 5-yd roll, by Village, from Back to the Fifties collection, to the trade at F. S. C. Wallcoverings, for nearest showroom (800) 523-1200. Diamond Ladder dining chair by Laura Johnson, $2,600, limited edition of eight, at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Ikebana standing lamp, by Kreon of Belgium, $495, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603. Custom Rainbow sisal carpeting, $45 yd, to the trade at Rosecore, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Wroolie & LoPresti, San Francisco; Collins Draheim, Seattle; W. F. Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. **170–71** Column wallpaper, Cliveden Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 102). Galaxie wallpaper on ceiling, $27 roll, Galaxie border, $3 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above for pgs 98–99). Astrolabe and cement column, at Marlo Flowers, NYC (212) 628-2246. Constantinople bronze chair, by Eleanora Triguboff, $4,800, at Art et Industrie (see above). Copper urns on stands, $2,400 pr, to the trade at Limited Editions, NYC (212) 249-5563. Tramp Art mirrors, $750 ea, to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Painted floorcloth, 4' x 6', $400, and floor by Sara Nesbitt (see above). **172–73** Camellia Ribbon wallpaper on ceiling, $43.50 English roll, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above for pgs 98–107). Elvire plaid wallpaper borders on wall, Dauphin wallpaper border around frames, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 138–39). Watercolors of 17th-century Dutch tulips, from a selection, $2,750–$6,500 framed, at Stephanie Hoppen, NYC (212) 753-0175. Marlborough Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 102). Antique Gothick finial, ladies' wingback chair, to the trade at Circa David Barrett, NYC (212) 688-0950. Swagged candle sconces, at Olivieri, NYC (212) 838-7281. Crested painted leather trunk, $1,800, tole planter, $450, standing monkey candle holder, $450, to the trade at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 772-2137. **174–75** Stonework wallpaper on upper walls, Stonework Arch border, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 138–39). Lindenwald Balustrade wallpaper, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 145). Marble wallpaper on ceiling, 23½" x 9'11" panel, $78, to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Service, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland; McQuiston, Riggs & Thomas, Seattle. Antique Gothick chair with leather seat, $3,375, to the trade at Circa David Barrett (see above). Fiberglass side table, $240, large wooden finial, $900, to the trade at Limited Editions (see above). Plaster wall brackets, $48 ea, at Ballard Designs, Atlanta (404) 351-5099. Needlepoint ivy topiaries, $125 ea, at Very Special Flowers, NYC (212) 206-7236.

SAMPLES

Page 178 Leopard border, $99 yd, to the trade at Zuber et Cie, NYC. Baltimore border, $6.75 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Charles Gelfond, Miami; C. L. McRae, San Francisco; Marion-Kent, Washington, D.C.; Carlton Varney at the Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs. Rose Hill border, $5.50 yd, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Recamier border, $9 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 107). Palmette border, $58.50 roll, to the trade at Hines & Co., NYC, Chicago; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Shecter-Martin, Boston; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Jerry Pair, Miami; Wayne Martin, Portland; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Drottningholm border, $10 yd, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Hugh Cochran, Miami; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Picnic border, $30 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France (see above for pg 86). Silhouette border, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 138–39). Drottningholm Pavilion—Six Chinese Porcelains, $45 sheet, to the trade at Zajac (see above for pg 103).

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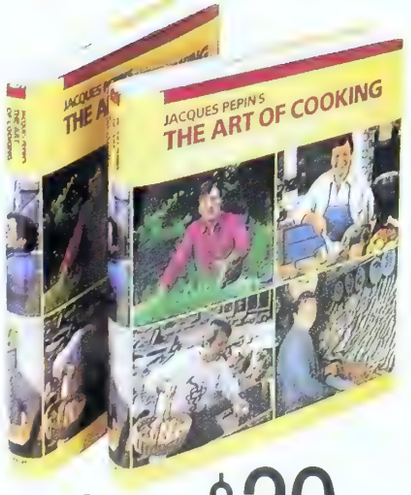
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A Life in Pictures

(Continued from page 158) any discussion of a new purchase: "But where would you put it?" Wilder recalls that he once kept a small Klee, two Henry Moore maquettes, and a tube of drawings in the trunk of his car for six months while he gradually "smuggled them upstairs." Then there was the saga of the painting that was so big it wouldn't even fit into the freight elevator. "I had to take it to a friend's house where I visit it on rainy Sundays," Wilder says ruefully.

He claims that his urge to buy is most effectively held in check when he is making a movie, because there is no time to shop. But his wife recalls many occasions when they were on location in Europe and worked in visits to flea markets and antiques shops. "Once," she says, "we were at the Düsseldorf airport, and a dealer came rushing over with a Klee, which he leaned up against a tree. Billy said, 'I'll take it.' "

Everywhere you look in the Wilders' apartment there's something to look at. The rule for visitors is: don't blink or you really will miss it. The shelves are filled with treasures; the unobservant might miss a wonderful Schwitters collage, which is in danger of being upstaged by what Audrey Wilder wryly refers to as "our apartment-size Moores."

Billy Wilder, who says in all modesty, "I've done very well for a modest man," laments that he's been priced out of the art market. "I don't know how to deal with all those zeros." But the same soaring prices that have knocked him out of the game have not tempted him to sell. "I never bought for profit," he says, adding, "I want to be one of the very first who can take it with him."

Now that he's no longer shopping up a storm, Wilder has taken to creating his own works of art—"I've become something of a *dimanchier* myself." His first opus, *Stallone's Typewriter,* a "totally bellicose" and "pretty Pentagon" renovation of an old Underwood, includes toy tanks, tiny troops, and a red, white, and blue typewriter ribbon.

"I don't have a collection," says Billy Wilder. "I have accumulations, like a squirrel"

Currently in the works is *Cousteau's Typewriter,* a vintage Remington that will share a water tank with fish and mermaids. Still, the yen to collect remains. When his wife informs him that a package is on the way up, Wilder responds instinctively, "I hope it's a painting." ◆ *Editor: Eleanore Phillips Colt*

Haut Catroux

(Continued from page 165) Still, the decision was made to move in because the place was inherited. If the client had sold it, succession taxes would have effectively annulled the inheritance in terms of any gain. Next they needed a decorator, "someone to direct us," says the woman. "A professional." Of the three they considered, François Catroux seemed to know the most about sows' ears and silk purses.

Catroux ferociously gutted the apartment, then redesigned it around the furniture and the formidable collection of purely twentieth-century art, which ends with Jean-Pierre Raynaud. Mirrored niches were created to showcase the spectacular commodes and *meubles d'appui* (pieces made to sit against a wall) by André Charles Boulle as well as Étienne Levasseur, an expert copier and repairer of Boulle designs who trained under one of the master cabinetmaker's sons. In the rather grand and theatrical entrance hall where one of the niches is inserted, the walls are an amusing and clever imitation of *appareillage de pierre.* The term describes the classic eighteenth-century Parisian building exteriors of matched stone; Catroux's 1980s walls, on the other hand, are one hundred percent plaster.

Although it is difficult to find an element of caprice or fantasy in the apartment, the decorator says it is definitely there in his unconventional architectural gestures, such as the plaster walls. "As you can see, this isn't one of those French apartments where you are always passing through one set of double doors after another."

Hints of color are supplied by the pictures and the bright ormolu of the furniture. Almost everything else is beige and white, including in the salon the striped-silk grosgrain wallcovering and the Catroux-designed sofas upholstered in cashmere coat fabric. He says everyone thinks the snakeskin-patterned silk on the Louis XIV giltwood fauteuils in the same room is an idea someone had yesterday, when in fact it is a contemporary reworking by Le Manach of Louis XV fabric.

It is interesting to note the highly personal choices the couple made in dividing up the flat's 250 square meters—respectable but by no means extravagant space when you consider their financial means. Although there is no guest room, for example, and the library doubles as the dining room, there are bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom suites for him and for her. (The only thing husband and wife share is a shower.) The rest of the space is assigned to a kitchen, a powder room for visitors, the wide entrance hall, and two contiguous salons overlooking a wooded park.

Catroux says the needs of his clients are easily understood once you know the particular social perch on which they roost. "These people are the European equivalent of an old Boston family. They represent the *grande bourgeoisie*. They have the finest Augsburg silver, the grandest furniture, Marie Antoinette's porcelain, and the best food, but nothing is obvious. Everything is done with discretion. Though they are constantly entertaining important business people—people like themselves—they are the opposite of the Rothschilds in so much as there are no grand fêtes or dinners."

Still, there remains something curious in this business of an implausibly rich couple choosing to transform a soulless apartment. Most curious of all, perhaps, is the fact that neither they nor Catroux thinks it looks especially decorated. "One doesn't feel the decoration, even if a lot of decoration has taken place," the man says. "When you walk in, there is a great feeling of warmth," says the woman. "Everything is simple." Warm? Simple? Could you ever get ten people in the same room to agree? It seems unlikely. But the owner is insistent. "Even if François is capable of something much more sumptuous—ici tout est très simple." ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

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Gandee AT LARGE

Joe D'Urso is alive and well in East Hampton, New York

He lives in a sleepy little shingle bungalow on a sleepy little tree-lined street in a sleepy little Long Island village filled with sleepy little shingle bungalows. Out front sits a nine-year-old Abyssinian cat named C and an eleven-year-old Volkswagen Beetle convertible that he likes to describe as "in mint condition." Save for the workmen inside in the kitchen he's remodeling, things are pretty quiet. Life is slow. Life is cozy. Life is peaceful. Nothing remarkable about it at all. Except that the main character in this quaint domestic scenario is designer Joe D'Urso, the man who set out a black rubber table and made up a black leather bed in Calvin Klein's very black bachelor pad in 1976, the man whose answer to appropriate residential accommodation once consisted almost entirely of glossy white paint, charcoal gray industrial carpeting, and platforms, the man who was perhaps best known throughout the seventies as the high priest of high tech.



I don't feel I have to prove anything now

What is Manhattan's most famous minimalist doing out on Long Island? In a place like this?

Starting again.

When Joe D'Urso dropped out of sight two years ago, he was at the peak of his career. Although no one knew it at the time, his $15 million flagship store for Esprit in Los Angeles was the grand finale to his professional life—or at least to act one. The extraordinary shop was convincing proof of D'Urso's ability to make the jump from relatively small and simple projects to relatively large and complex ones. It was heralded as the mature work of a remarkable design talent. It was the brilliant promise of great things to come.

But nothing came. D'Urso stopped working. And started drifting. "Something was wrong. I was bored with my office. It was time to stop and take stock of where I was and where I was going."

He sold his downtown New York loft, abandoned his midtown office, and took off for the American Academy in Rome to study the integration of architecture and furniture as depicted in thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian painting. He was 44. He was burned out. He was in the midst of a mid-life crisis.

The crisis is over now. And Joe D'Urso is back. Not in Manhattan, a place he finds too difficult—"Maybe it's just part of getting older and getting fussy"—but in East Hampton, "a place where I have more space and better light, where I have a yard and a toolshed, where I have trees and birds and mobility—you know I never did figure out the subway system." With two friends and an architect, he recently hung out a shingle for his "country office," Joe D'Urso & Partners.

"I decided to get back to work," D'Urso explained over breakfast not long ago, "because there hasn't been anything that I've come across, like playing the violin, that interested me more than architecture and design." The agenda for the new firm runs the gamut from residential and commercial architecture to interior and product design. D'Urso is considering entering a design competition for a new terminal at the East Hampton Airport, and he's intent on devising the perfect three-bedroom house, which for the man who reinvented the bachelor pad in the seventies is something of a change. "It will be traditional with very simple interiors. It will be something a lot of people will like. It will be reasonable in cost. And it will be very marketable."

D'Urso is also at work on developing a new line of products for the building industry. "There are certainly enough designers doing candlesticks and furniture. I'm not putting it down, but I would like to think that maybe I could design some products that would be more ambitious, like plumbing fixtures, sinks, and toilets, like a lot of the mundane things we all have to live with—air-conditioning grilles, emergency-exit signs, thermostats, exhaust fans, light fixtures. There's a very big need."

As for his aesthetic state of mind, D'Urso hinted at a certain repositioning. "Though my attitudes are still very pragmatic, I'm not afraid of complexity, I'm not afraid of lots of different things happening. In some of the early minimalist things I did, there was a hesitancy to vary surfaces of materials. But I've developed so much since those early days. I've developed the freedom to be able to see complexity as simplicity. When you're younger, you have something to prove. You have this great desire to please and to be recognized. I don't feel I have to prove anything now." I asked D'Urso if he was a changed man. "No," he said. "I'm a grown man."

Charles Gandee

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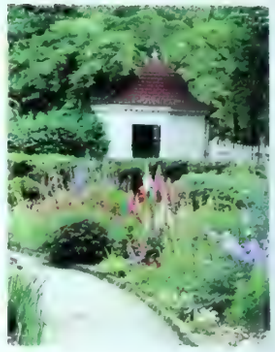


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HG

HOUSE & GARDEN
MAY 1989
Volume 161, Number 5



COVER In the newly restored Upper Garden at Mount Vernon, beds bloom with flowers Washington is known to have used or had available to him. Page 140. Photograph by Marina Schinz.

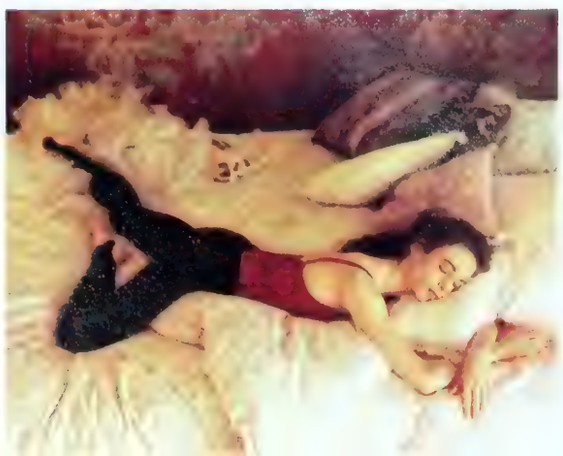
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The living room of connoisseur Federico Forquet, above, with a view of half of Rome outside. Page 128. Photograph by Karen Radkai. Below: Dancer Alessandra Ferri, among others, describes napping techniques. Page 164. Photograph by George Lange. Illustration at left by Anders Wenngren.



Noble Roman Federico Forquet's tower apartment commemorates a family of collectors. By Michael Mewshaw **128**

George Washington's Garden Mount Vernon's floral heritage is restored to its eighteenth-century simplicity. By Martin Filler **140**

Sanctuary for Art Painter Malcolm Morley's life and work converge in a transformed church. By Dodie Kazanjian **150**

Collective Spirit On the Connecticut shore, decorator Georgina Fairholme creates a hospitable setting for unexpected antiques. By Stuart Greenspan **156**

Great Nappers HG talks with Fran Lebowitz and others about the simple (and not so simple) pleasures of dozing **164**

Abloom in the City The Manhattan apartment of Fernanda and Jamie Niven is a mixed bouquet of her chintz designs. By Jennifer Conlin **168**

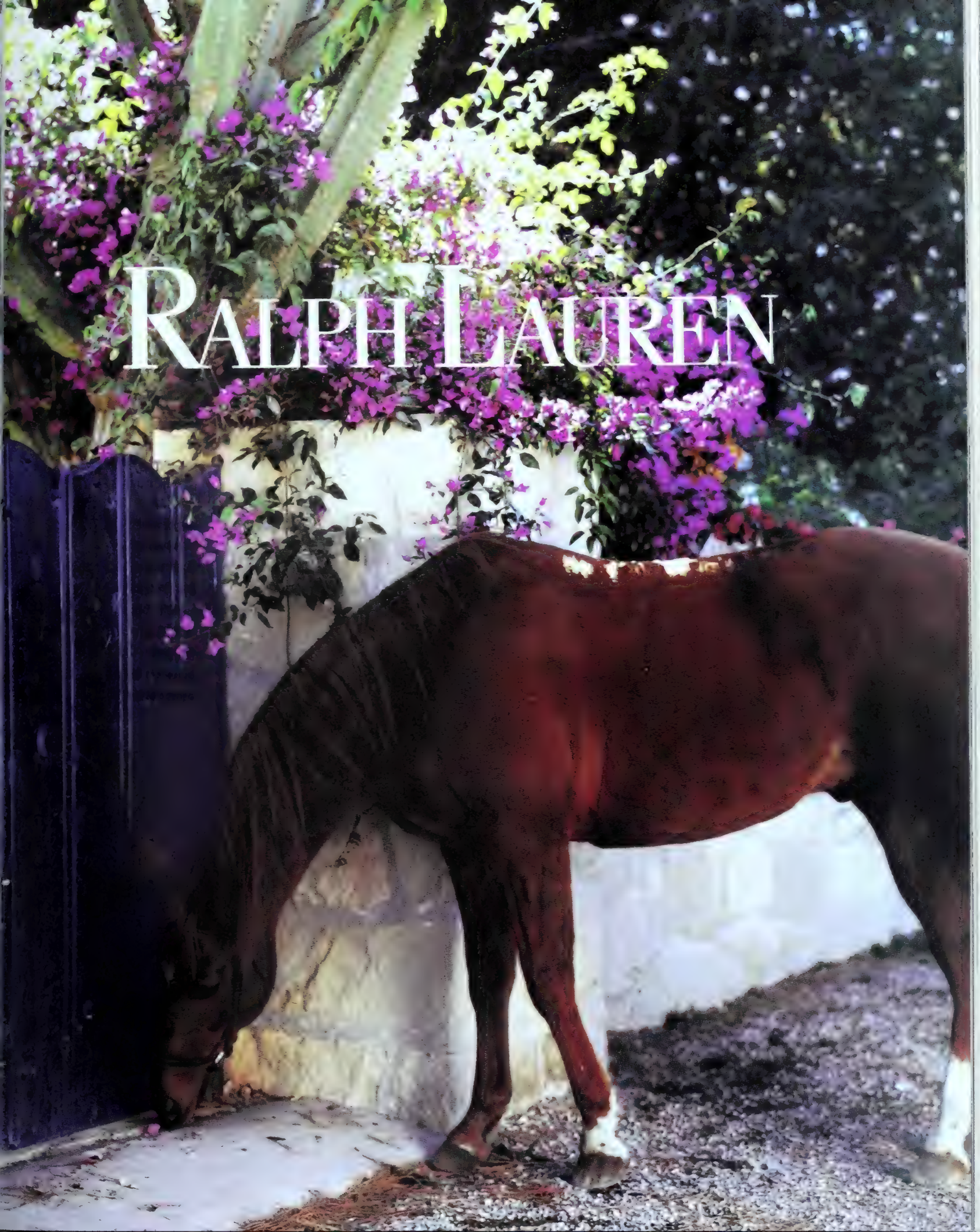
In the American Mold Pioneering porcelains reflect the exuberance of an emerging nation. By Margaret Caldwell **174**

Bringing It All Back Home Clothing designer Nancy Heller never returns to California empty-handed. By Dale Kern **178**

Victoria's Secret A childhood passion becomes a grown-up profession. By Lynn Snowden **188**

Cottage Classic A Long Island house by architect Jaquelin Robertson draws on the early traditions of the place. By Martin Filler **192**

Movable Seats The best of benches, stools, and ottomans. By Dana Cowin **200**


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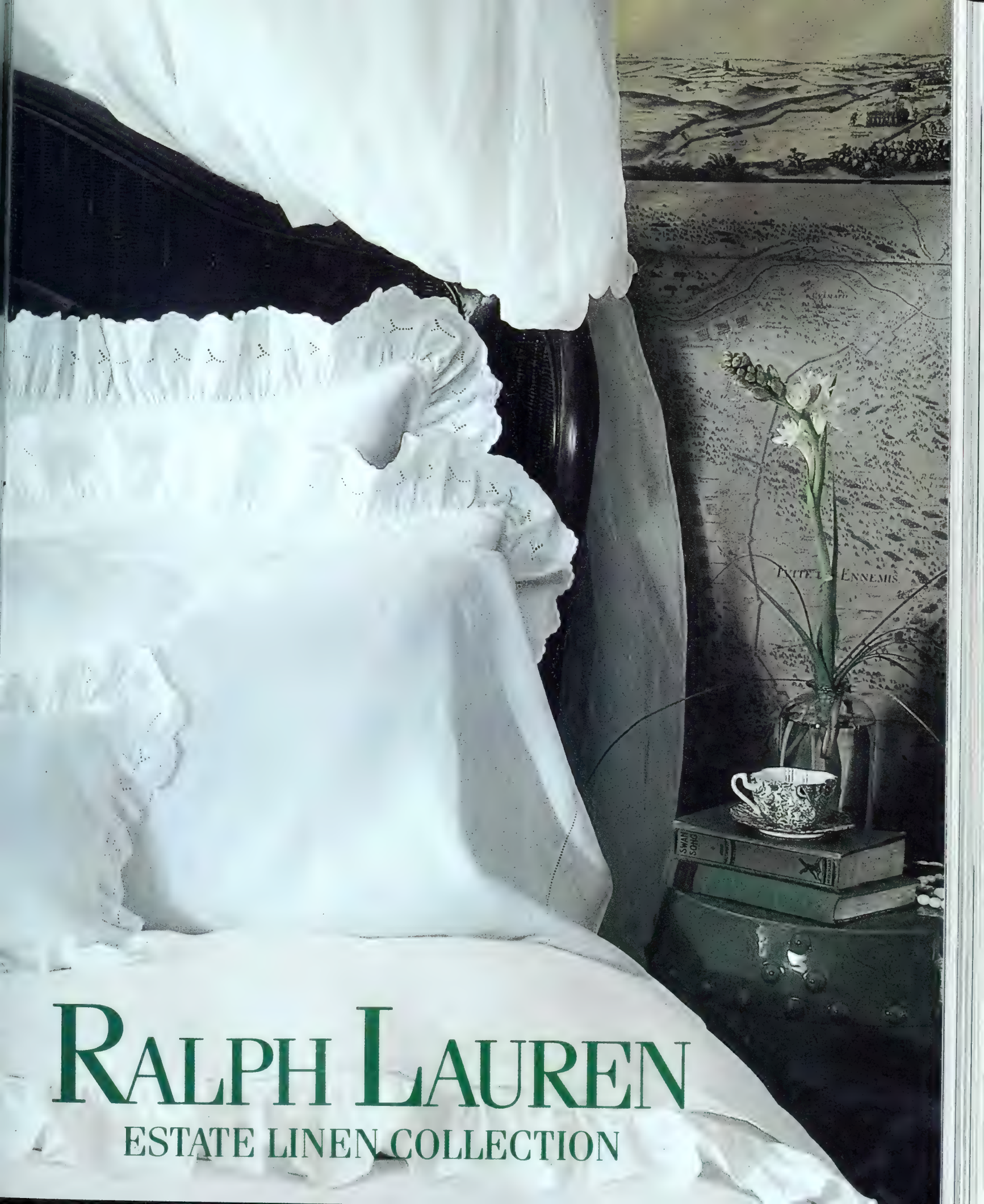


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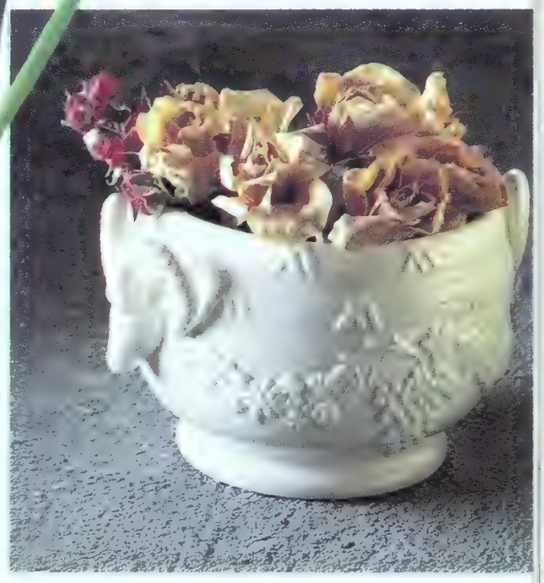


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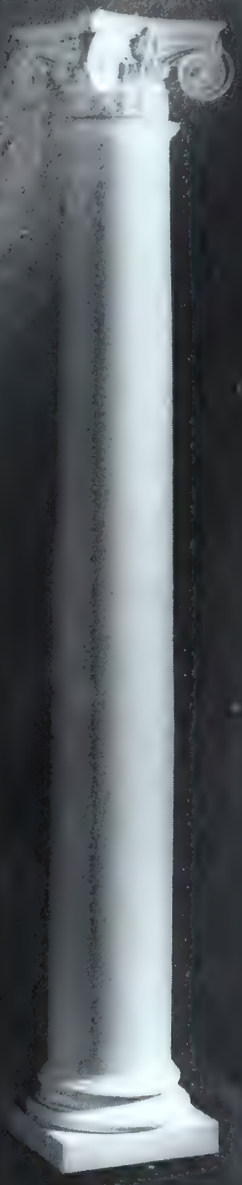


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MICHIE GLEASON

Fran Lebowitz discusses the perfect conditions for a delightful short snooze on the living room sofa in this month's feature on napping. While she likes covering herself with a thin blanket, she could never wear a sleep mask: "They look ridiculous, and the sense that I looked like that would keep me awake." The author of *Social Studies* and *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz is writing a novel, *Exterior Signs of Wealth*, to be finished "sometime this century."

Margaret Caldwell, a writer and private dealer in American furniture, specializes in the decorative arts of the 19th century, a period she finds especially imaginative. For this issue of HG she reports on the American porcelain show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Filled with whimsy, "some of the pieces are actually very amusing."



MARK STERN



PARI STAVE

William Waldron believes that "in magazine photography I am there because the reader isn't. I have to be the reader's eyes and that's the challenge." About Victoria Hagan's apartment, which he shot for HG this month, he says: "I love her sense of style. When I walked in, I knew immediately that it was a woman's house—it was feminine without being frilly."

clarence house

211 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES

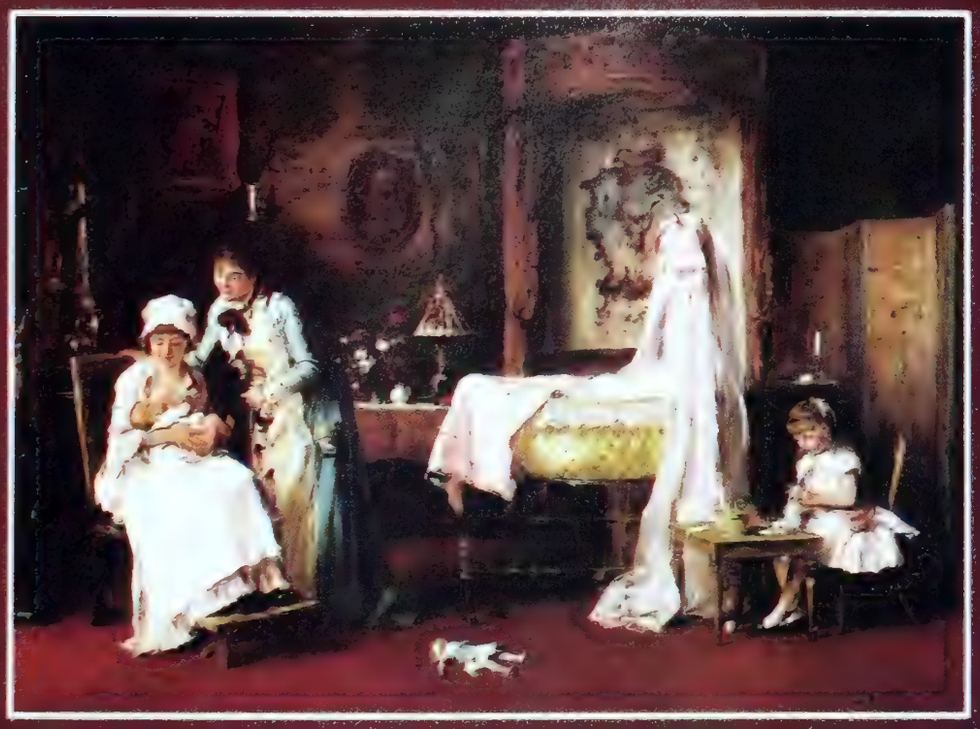


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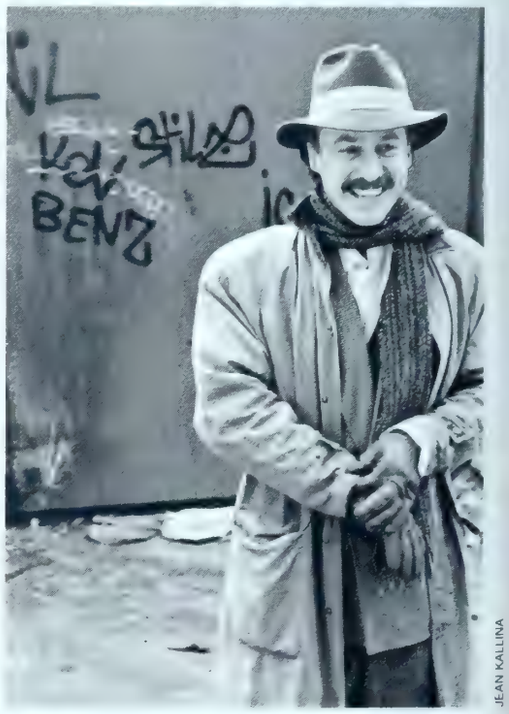
MICHAEL MUNKACSY
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In The Nursery and *Teatime*
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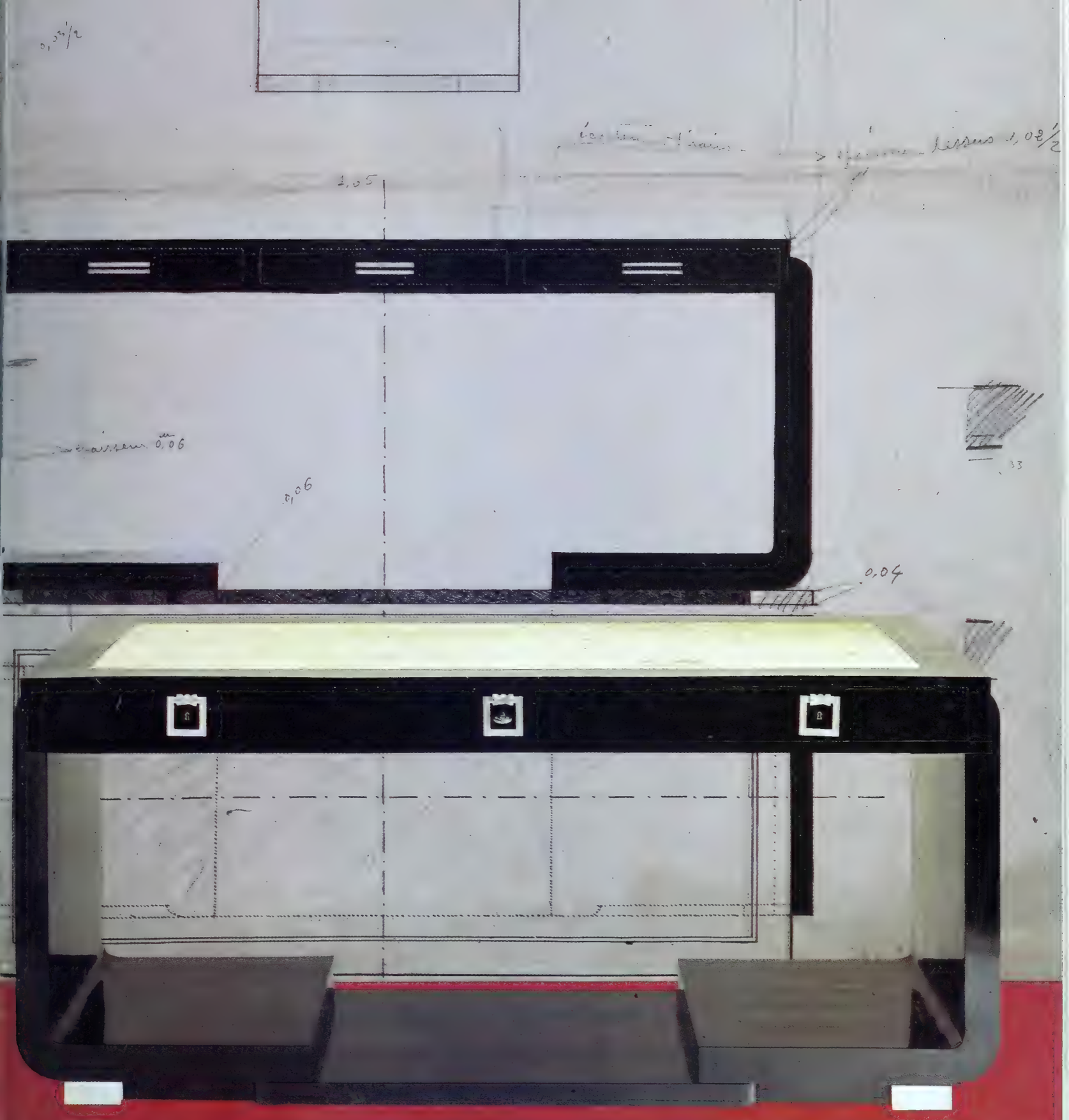


Susan Goldberger, House & Garden's dynamic picture editor, finds working on shoots—from conception to final design—exhilarating. "As with all visual magazines, it is the images that really tell the story. We work closely with today's most talented photographers to make our features come to life."



JEAN KALLINA

Allan Gurganus, who wrote "Storied Objects" for May, finds HG a "fertile sourcebook, its rooms all possible scenes of crimes, stage sets ripe for haunting by imaginary characters." His first novel, *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* (Knopf), rolls off the presses this September.



Pierre Legrain

On May 6, Sotheby's will auction an important group of 20th century works of art by Pierre Legrain and Eileen Gray, and the New York townhouse, designed by Philip Johnson, where they were installed.

For catalogues and more information, please contact Barbara Deisroth at (212) 606-7170. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

A Pierre Legrain ebony and galuchat bureau plat, circa 1920, designed for Jacques Doucet, and the original drawing in pencil, ink and gouache on paper.

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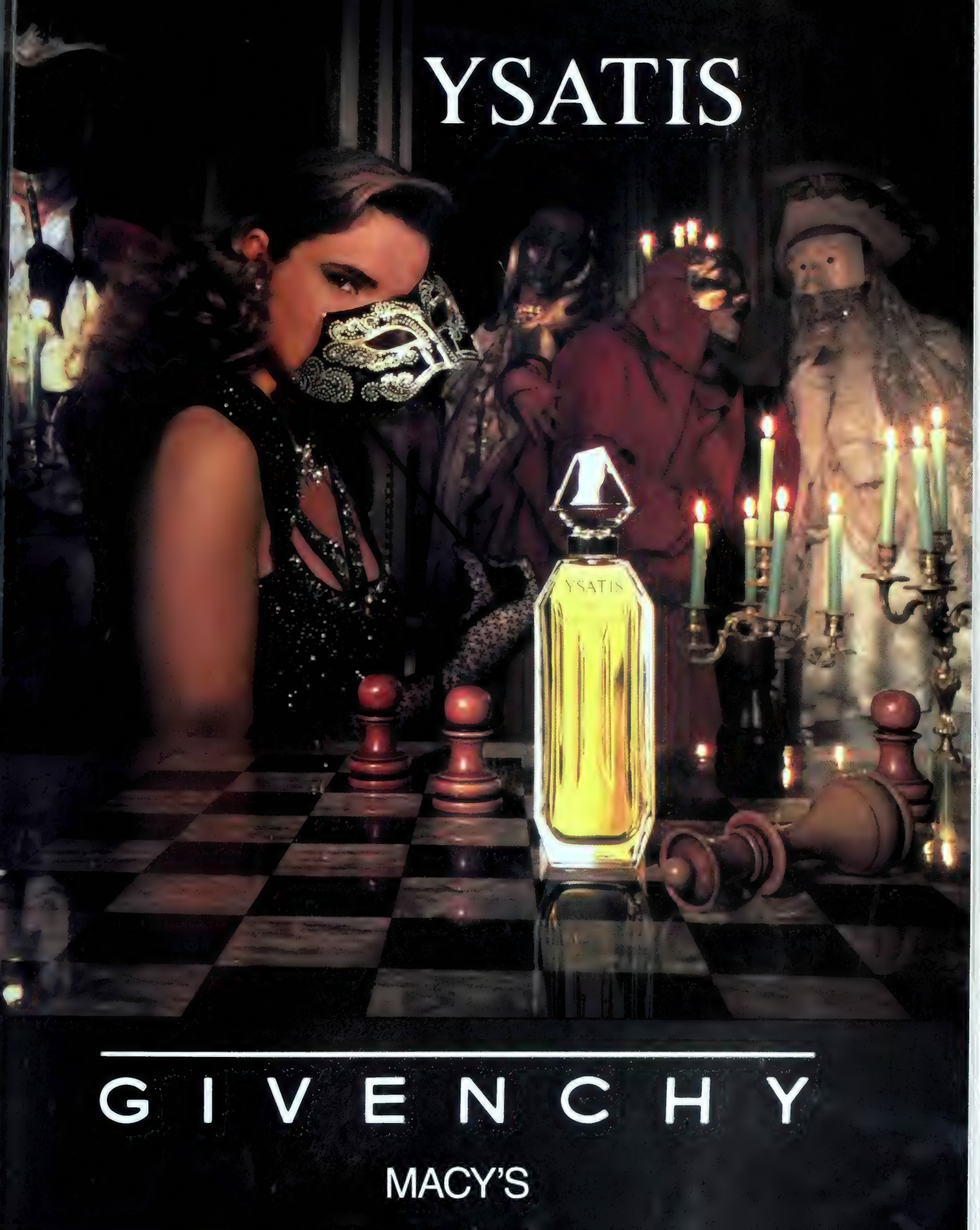
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HG reports on the new and the noteworthy from the garden

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac



BRANCHING OUT

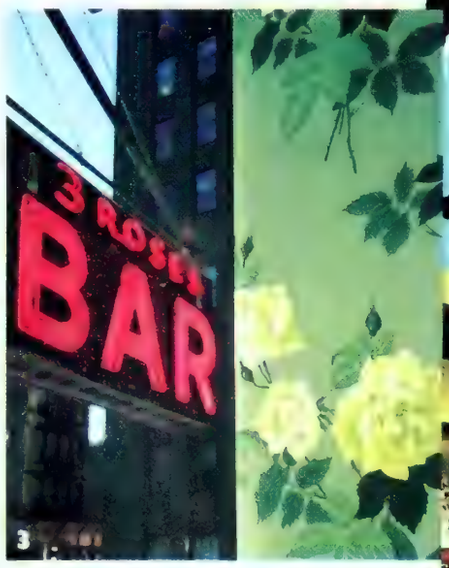
From radishes to roses, the garden is the inspiration for this month's crop of objects and events. New York–based Dutch artist Gerd Verschoor sits with three of his one-of-a-kind sculpture chairs ($1,500–$4,000). Antique seats are embellished with bundles of birch twigs, ensnarled laurel branches with resident bird's nest, and elegant birch trunks. To order call (212) 262-0694.

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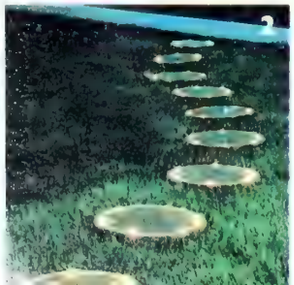
from the garden



Spring fancies: **1.** Vibrant blossoms shimmer on checked dobby-weave cotton masquerading as silk. Designed by Gianni Versace, Mandarin Rose, in lacquer red, royal blue, gold, and teal, is available to the trade at China Seas, NYC (212) 420-1170. The 1930s deck chairs are from Elan Antiques, NYC (212) 529-2724. **2.** Occasionally mistaken for UFOs landing on the lawn, these illuminated concrete stepping stones, $25 each, are dramatic and functional. To order, call J Collard at (800) 541-4550. **3, 4.** A funky neon sign from one of SoHo's seediest bars marks the new Three Roses restaurant—low-key, offbeat, and terribly elegant. It features a 33-foot mahogany bar, 1940s wallpaper, a wall sculpture of three roses in aluminum and patinated copper, and serves up fried shoestring beets and sourdough oysters. Closed Sunday; 311 Church St., NYC (212) 925-3700. **5.** Unusual shrubs, trees, and perennials are up for grabs on Mother's Day at the first annual Sedgwick Garden Plant Auction and Sale at Long Hill in Beverly, Mass. Illustrated here is one of the rarest plants on the block, *Arisaema sikokianum*. Free admission. Call (508) 921-1944 for directions. **6.** Tartan cotton gloves with silk radish ornament, $15 a pair, will please the most fashion-conscious gardener. From the Well-Furnished Garden in Bethesda, Md. (301) 469-6879. In hand, the Pocket Gardener, $62.50, gives expert advice on 191 different



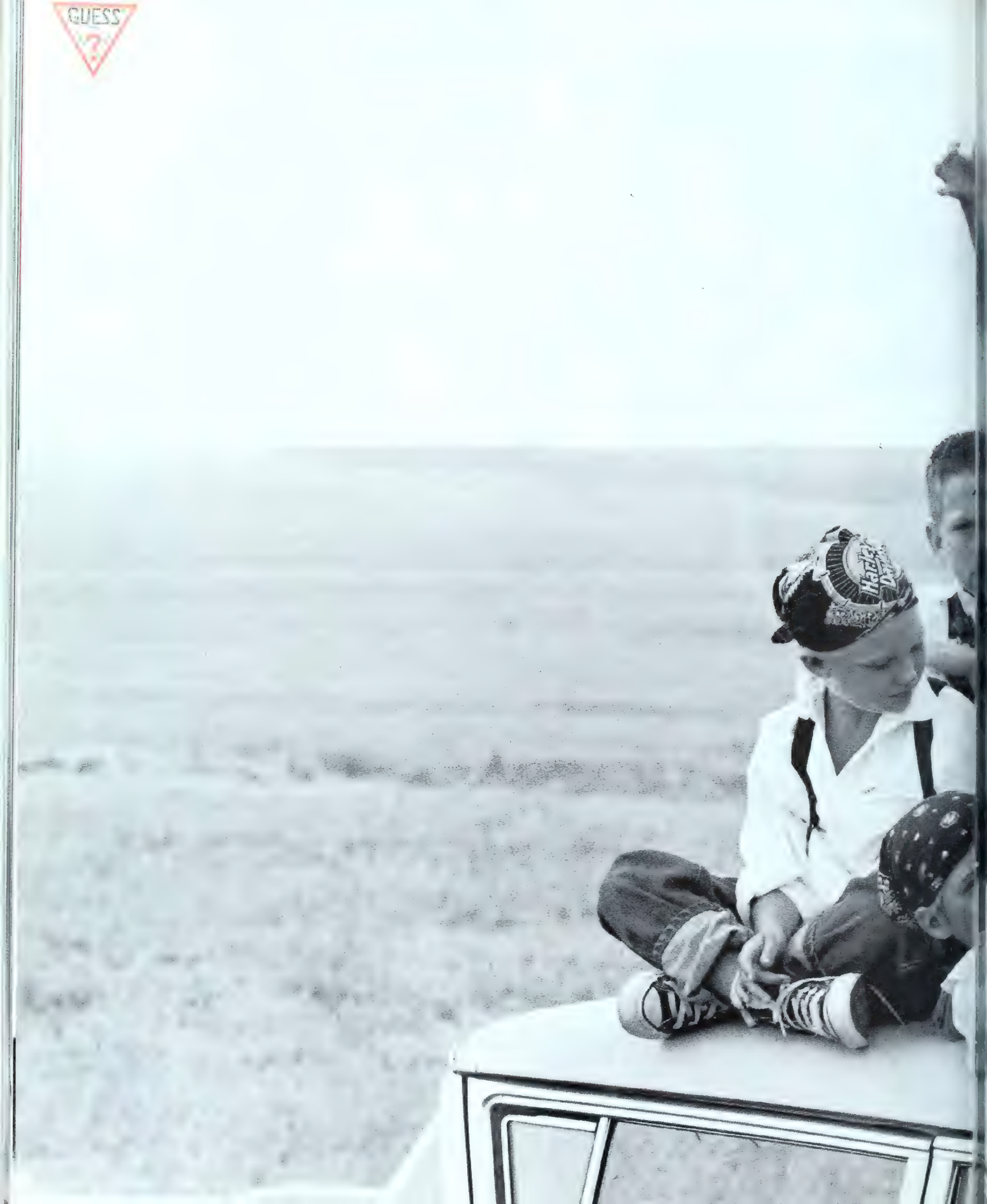






houseplants. To order, call Hammacher Schlemmer at (800) 543-3366. **7.** Recently spotted in a window at Bergdorf Goodman: fruit-adorned Limoges plates with hand-sponged rims in green, purple, yellow, and fuchsia. Designed by Laure Japy, each sells for $48; available at Bergdorf's, NYC (212) 753-7300. **8.** Panama hats—dyed to match Christian Lacroix's floral spring palette—are loaded with silk vegetables, roses, or wildflowers. Choose a plain one for $30, or go for the whole 21-variety garden for $75. From the Well-Furnished Garden (see above). **9.** Over 70 species of plants and 390 tons of local stones went into the making of Tenshin-en, an American interpretation of a Japanese contemplative viewing garden, which opened last fall at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Apr.–Oct., Tues.–Sun., 10 A.M.–4 P.M. **10.** Handcrafted sterling silver demitasse spoons, $295 each, from the Stephen Dweck Home Collection are charmingly decorated with meandering grapevines. At Bergdorf Goodman. **11.** John Buford's brass models of Constantinople's Hagia Sophia, $10,000, and Chartres cathedral, $15,000, are perfect for housing exotic birds. To the trade from Johanna Welty, Walnut Creek, Calif. (415) 937-4035. **12.** Manufactured by Minton & Co., this c. 1872 Victorian majolica garden seat, $4,000, is patterned with molded floral forms under colored lead glazes. At Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. **Glenn Harrell**

1 6–8 10–12 MONICA STEVENSON 2 DAVID VAN INWEGAN 3–4 DAVID FRAZIER 5 ANDERS WENNGREN 9 COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON 1 STYLIST: SHEVA FRUITMAN


GUESS

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NOTES

ARCHITECTURE

Hard-Hatted Woman

Seagram's scion Phyllis Lambert opens her new museum of the building art

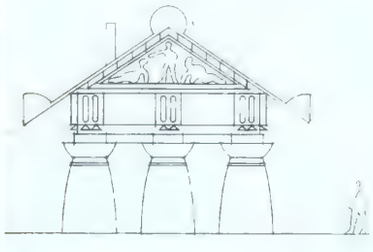
By Douglas Brenner

It isn't only Phyllis Lambert's crew cut and imperious gaze that make you think of Gertrude Stein. It's also the way she repeats a single phrase with absolute intensity, as though straining to focus on some grand yet elusive truth. More often than not, when Lambert talks, the resonant phrase is "making a case for architecture"—cool words that distill the passion of a lifetime. Although she is a trained architect, the 62-year-old Canadian whiskey heiress does not choose to make her case by building buildings. "I never liked selling myself, professionally or as a designer," she explains. "Obviously, if that were my chief love I'd . . ." She halts in mid sentence with an impatient jerk of her hand. For now, Lambert's chief love is better expressed by what is happening inside a building designed by someone else: the new headquarters of the Canadian Centre for Architecture (CCA), a $35 million museum and study complex in Montreal which opens to the public this month.

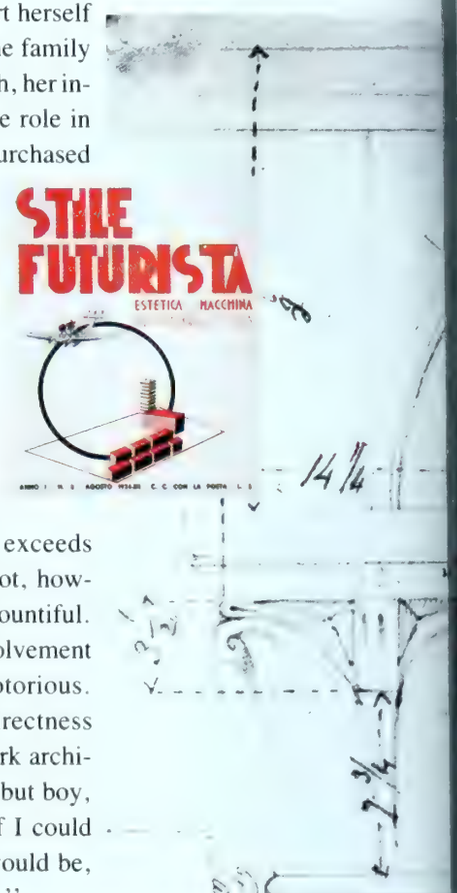
When Lambert founded the CCA ten years ago in the converted peanut warehouse where she still lives, it was the first truly international institution of its kind. Indeed, architectural museum and study centers of any sort were a novelty. Even now, with its ambitious publication program and a wealth of rare books, prints and drawings, photographs, and archives, the CCA is quite unlike any other museum. Within its galleries you can expect to find Renaissance engravings next to computer graphics, a daguerreotype of vanished garden walls alongside a videotape of modern steel construction, a Beaux-Arts reverie on antiquity against a Futurist vision of some brave new world—and learn what they all have in common.

French daguerreotype, c. 1848.





Montrealers take chauvinistic pride in pointing out that Lambert, like the CCA, is a one-of-a-kind phenomenon. The local press revels in treating her as an animate *monument historique:* the eccentric daughter of hometown distillery mogul Samuel Bronfman, the woman who could afford Chanel but prefers workman's overalls and running shoes. Lambert herself bridles at any mention of the family fortune. Undeniably, though, her inheritance has played a large role in the CCA's genesis. She purchased the site of the new building and set up a foundation which donated more than $30 million toward the construction of Montreal architect Peter Rose's design, pays the salaries of a full-time staff, and underwrites most acquisitions (the value of current holdings exceeds $50 million). Lambert is not, however, a white-gloved lady bountiful. Her constant hands-on involvement is both celebrated and notorious. "Phyllis's passion and directness can offend," says New York architect Robert A. M. Stern, "but boy, can she be on the mark! If I could give her one message, it would be, 'Relax, Phyllis, just relax.' "



Phyllis Lambert, right, with a CCA sampler, clockwise from top, Italian magazine cover, 1934; A. C. Pugin sketch, detail, 1824; engraving of a fountain from a German book, 1664; Robert Venturi drawing, 1977.





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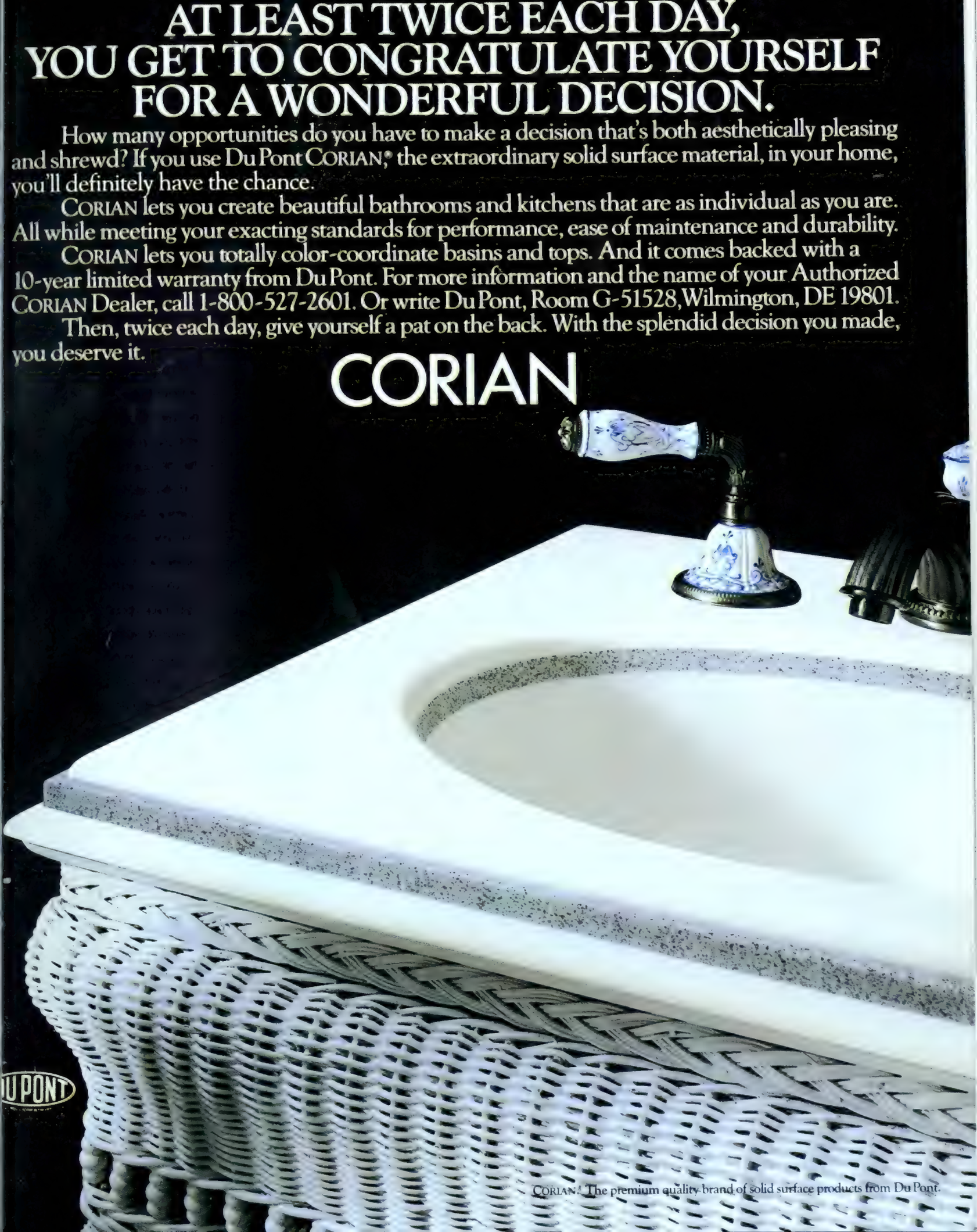
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NOTES

Lambert first hit the bull's-eye more than thirty years ago, in a series of now-legendary events that made her an ingenue heroine of modern architecture before she even thought of becoming an architect herself. In 1954, the story goes, Lambert was in Paris, in the midst of divorcing her French husband, when she read reports of a Manhattan office building commissioned by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, the citadel of her father's empire. Disgust with the apparent mediocrity of the proposed design impelled her to shoot off protest letters home, which the patriarch countered with an offer to "come back and choose the marble"—a sop that only fueled Lambert's rage. Faced with a temper and resolve equal to his own, Bronfman invited his daughter to select a new architect. She tapped Mies van der Rohe, and the Seagram Building he designed turned out to be the Parthenon of postwar skyscrapers. Philip Johnson, Mies's associate on the project, remembers how "Phyllis's father would send people over to tell her what to do, and every one of them met bloody defeat at her hands. This little girl, slight and short, could walk into a room with eight powerful men, and if she said, 'Mies wants this,' it was done. Things like that don't happen in the real world, but they happened in her world."

Asked how she now sees her role as champion of architecture, Lambert replies, "In England there's something known as voluntary services. You become like a person in a religious order; you don't have to go out and make a buck. I like that idea. You can be an advocate rather than be in it for yourself." There is a distinctly monastic aura about the white-walled loft where she lives with her dog, Bogart, an aging Bouvier des Flandres. The furnishings are spartan yet eclectic: sawhorse tables piled with books, chrome and black leather Mies chairs, a construction worker's hard hat, and a cheap industrial lamp clipped to one finger of a mammoth Rodin bronze above a mattress laid on the floor. These items compose a portrait of an inquiring mind—as Lambert puts it, "I've always collected to see how things work." Max Protetch, the New York dealer in architectural drawings, observes: "More than any other major collector, Phyllis goes for the hand of the architect, the germ of an idea that's often almost lost in the building itself."

Visitors to the CCA can see this sensibility at work in the opening exhibition, "Architecture and Its Image," on view May 7–August 7. "The center doesn't contain its subject the way a museum of painting or sculpture does," says curator of exhibitions and publications Eve Blau, "it contains representations of it. But it is important to see how these representations convey ideas about the *process* of architecture. That's why we tend to collect groups of material, not just the individual pretty object." For the CCA's inaugural, Peter Rose has left a temporary "window" in one gallery, to allow a glimpse of the structure's sophisticated technology. He admits to a fantasy of having Phyllis Lambert stand behind the window, dressed in her overalls amid the ducts and wiring. The tableau is an arresting icon, and you can imagine what the wall label would say: "Making a case for architecture." ▲



Lambert, above, discusses the Seagram Building with Philip Johnson and Mies van der Rohe in the mid 1950s. Left: Peter Rose's new CCA building attunes Classical proportions to modern technology.

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NOTES

DESIGN

Dangerous Curves

A new nightclub marks the American debut of Bolidism, the latest Italian export

By Charles Gandee



Massimo Iosa-Ghini, a suave 29-year-old Bolognese architect with slicked-back hair, is the ringleader of a new Italian design movement called Bolidism, which, as of, oh, say, a year or so ago, unofficially replaced Memphis—remember Memphis?—as the avant-garde style of the moment. Although Iosa-Ghini and his twelve Bolidist buddies have made a fair amount of much-publicized noise about their aesthetic revolution, they have met with only limited success in realizing their vision of a Barbarella-style brave new world. Admirers have had to settle for a rousing Bolidist manifesto, a few odd domestic objects, and a high-profile line of jazzy furniture distributed by Palazzetti throughout the United States and in Canada and by Modern Living in Los Angeles. But Bolidó (from *bolide*, fast moving object), a new nightclub-cum-restaurant in Manhattan, changes all that. Now anyone who can pass sartorial muster at the closely guarded West 18th Street door can take an exhilarating spin through Iosa-Ghini's fanciful rendition of life in the futuristic fast lane.

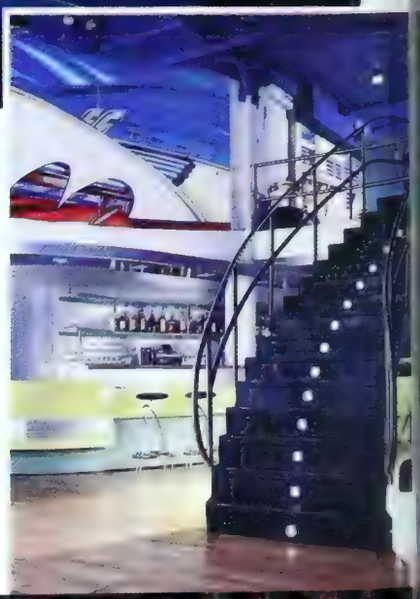
Architect Massimo Iosa-Ghini, left, and a detail of one of his murals, below, for a new nightclub-cum-restaurant in Manhattan.

The uninitiated and the timid, however, should proceed with caution—Bolidists prefer dangerous curves to straight lines. The idea is that objects must appear to be in a state of perpetual motion, which means that the action at Bolidó is not limited to the dance floor. Iosa-Ghini and his longtime collaborator, Milan-based entertainment impresario Gian Carlo Soresina, have filled the tri-level club with swoopy curvy chairs, stools, sofas, bars, and banquettes. These signature elements of Iosa-Ghini's very spirited style seem to race around the rooms at breakneck speed, all but bumping into the walls covered with vivid murals of some Fritz Lang–like metropolis in which visitors would be well advised to sit back and fasten their seat belts. ♠

A curvilinear bar with quirky steel and leather stools at Bolidó, below and bottom, a late-night pleasure palace for the progressive. Details see Resources.







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PEOPLE

Storied Objects

A novelist tells how the unlikeliest possessions find their way into his work

By Allan Gurganus

Henry James, who knew a great deal, if not everything, considered these two words the most perfectly beautiful in English: "summer afternoon." My own favorite since childhood is just "Home." I love the way its stately gate of an "H" swings open onto the shielded domesticity of roundnesses, the way Home's little "e" stands, back-looking, bye-saying, like the household's child sent out to wave company safe into the night. That last sentence, playing house with the letters of one word, shows both my novelist's trade—making something of seemingly nothing much—and the reason my rooms look the way they do—that overloaded, overheated alphabet, my home.

Good taste interests me mostly for the human exceptions it can make. My rule-bending tendency makes me wonder how the houses shown in magazines manage their Zen cleanliness. Where do such houses store, for instance, the many previous magazines full of houses like themselves? I always intend to live simply, in stark white rooms scary with elegant rectitude: a futon, a lacquer table, one ripening persimmon, and a vase bearing, say, a single twig. I manage that till the following morning, on the sidewalk waiting for the garbagemen, there's this Deco-ish thirties rattan chaise in almost-perfect shape which really must come home and help home become more fully Home. Within one week and three more finds I've gone from Buddhist purity to Santa's workshop. Oh, well.



Allan Gurganus with a portion of his collection of masks—"co-sufferers, co-jokes."

A real estate ad might describe my lair as a one-bedroom apartment with a balcony. How partial all truths are. I work here because—given Manhattan's office rents—I can't afford a home away from home. Those of us involved in cottage industries must pay especially industrious attention to the cottage itself. This economic necessity—the keeping of desk near bed near fridge, this mingling of love, work, and the usual eat/sleep—has come to feed the writing, has become a joy that lets me live with my research—known in some circles as clutter. By now the place is a provincial museum of my collections motley and grand, it is a file drawer with a bed in it. It's a rescue-mission halfway house for objects equidistant between being fashionable and extinct. Over time, alongside my fiction, the rent-controlled apartment has evolved, grown


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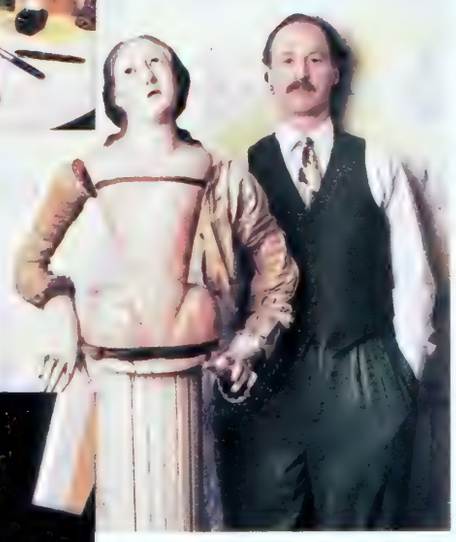
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peony-layered with allusions and jokes. It has become partly office supply store, partly a tragicomic thrift shop attempt at creating a little dignified bourgeois comfort, partly alchemist's medicine chest, partly the toy-strewn nursery of a well-equipped if not quite spoiled child. The place also serves as a southerner's ancestor-worship altar, a hermit's cave, a telephone clearinghouse, and, whenever still possible, a seducer's den. Mostly it's a beloved yeasty petri dish for ideas, friendships, hopes. It is Yeats's "rag and bone shop of the heart."

Six days a week for the past seven years I've paced and mumbled in these rooms, finishing my novel *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* [to be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf]. The book, 700 pages long, offers the voice of one 99-year-old woman, a veteran of the last veteran of our Civil War, somebody "too old to lie, too vain to need to." The novel covers 150 years of dark American comedy; by now it also covers every square inch of this research-site apartment. Bathroom walls are still paved with tintypes showing doomed boy soldiers whose clear eyes seem to know. I am still addicted to the bedroom's images of Lincoln's messianically human mud pie of a face. (I've heard that Picasso had a collection of Lincolnalia; Marilyn Monroe considered Lincoln the sexiest man in American history, and she married Arthur Miller because of his Lincolnly length.) But where was I? Oh yes, underfoot crumbles one informative 1888 Montgomery Ward catalogue, a useful gauge to the daily objects of home back then.







The writing table, above, with its honor guard of clocks. Right: The author and Saint Ursula, at left. Below: The drawing table features the phone saved from a razed Harlem brothel, photographs of ancestors including the adopted Chekhov, and, in progress, one illustration from the author's second novel, *Blessed Assurance: A Moral Tale*.

Between projects, I mostly collect what most collects me. My two hundred masks become tacit company for any novel's long haul; masks offer an anthology of squints, a laughing Hogarthian audience, a crop of fellow souls trapped in some amicably melancholy plaster-polychromed limbo. They are co-sufferers, co-jokes. The masks range from fifteenth-century French altar carvings to wonders made by my father and brothers and a cross-stitched sampler by Mom: THOUGHTFUL DEEDS BRING HAPPINESS—I sure hope so. These rest among a plentiful supply of last Halloween's choicest Woolworth's luridness.

Oscar Wilde warned against people who understand the price of everything and the value of nothing. In our trumped-up lucre-lusting age, taste is everywhere, minus meaning, robbed of the contradictory, the compassionate, the personal. (If "home" is the most roundly pure of English words, what is "homeless"?) In such a time, home—as in the 1820s to '40s—again seems Biedermeier-reified, half holy. We are sensible to try perfecting what little space we do control. I am personally untrust-funded while engaged in a profession that pays, if at all, only fitfully. I have access only to values, prices being lately so pricey. And that, I've come to believe, is not so bad a deal.

I have one table where I write; another is reserved for a recent pleasure—trying to illustrate my fiction. The writing desk is meted and humanized by four to fifteen clocks, all in working order—a middle-class point of honor. These serve as memento mori, as metronomic counterpoint to reading my work aloud, plus they're the source of eastern standard time, which lets a guy know when he can finally knock off after a hard day's truthful lying on the page. A recent favorite timepiece is a four-foot ashwood Deco one that for fifty years ran a Glens Falls, New York, public grammar school's bell system; every day at 3:10 P.M., the whole mechanism still shudders with orgiastic knock-kneed release. (My reader and guest here, matter remembers!) The black lacquer-bronze-onyx Art Nouveau mantel clock belonged to my grandmother, who brought it from Edinburgh in the 1880s to boomtown Chicago. Every time this item sounds forth its blurry Westminster gongs, whether I consciously hear them or not, I am instantly realigned with all the decades that have plaited through its workings, in rooms as stubbornly improvised and determinedly shabby-genteel as mine here.

If clocks play abstracted headmistresses to the writing table, old photos convene an undistracting reunion here on the table where I draw. Family pictures show forebears both genetic and literary—actual great-grandpops stand alongside Dr. Chekhov, who perhaps more deeply and daily, *is* one. The table's ivory telephone was sal-

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vaged from a 1920s Harlem brothel—two blocks from the Cotton Club—and, I'm told, a four-star house if not a home. The imagined story of what was ordered through this receiver via room service gives mundane phone talks a certain buttery and jazzed allure.

With a novel regularly brewing among such die-hard character-burdened things, a cross-pollination goes on: the book expands into the background that home provides, and homey totems sometimes insist upon foreground rights. Things unionize. They demand walk-on roles within the novel.

You know how in dreams you find familiar objects employed on unexpected errands? The hairbrush is a weapon, your misplaced address book becomes Saint Peter's guest ledger. That same upgrading distortion can send beloved items into your book's daily dreamed growth. But first let me ask you to name the three things you'd save first from any disaster at home. Hard, isn't it? I'd now ask you to tell the story of why those three. Why should those stories make those storied objects mean more to you than things of greater seeming value?

Before I show you my homey clocks Pygmalioned, ticking, into fiction, a last element needs explaining: an 1830s life-size Italian wood and plaster saint with whom I've lived some years in concord and in sin (her concord, my sin). I found Saint Ursula at a Manhattan street fair. It was a summer afternoon, one as sensually perfect as its name is euphonious. Amidst junk far beneath her, Ursula, eyes aimed heavenward, was being remartyred—this go-round on the pyres of commerce, poor underrated thing.

> By now my apartment is a file drawer with a bed in it

Most of us know the feeling of being deeply summoned by some exquisite object, exquisite at least to you. The price of ignoring its call? That damnation named: eternal regret. Sometimes you get a crawling before you even see the necessary thing. Then you turn, and the certainty is nearly pure as that the disciples must have felt in leaving their tools of trade and following, luggageless. For me it sometimes sets in as a sort of aural buzz, high-pitched as owner's whistle call to dog. Other times, a smell foretells nearby delight, the scent part metal, part celestial freesia. That June I saw this life-size woman, impossibly fine, a piece of ecclesiastical processional statuary, pearlike in her splendid masochism, hardly a Bernini but all the more poignant for that saintly failing. My first glance told me this: "We will go home by cab." I ran across the street and milked the nearest cash machine half-dry and then—eureka—after lugging her toward a cab, was suddenly seated alongside an actual saint. We drew looks from pedestrians. The driver—one rearview mirror's matched set of puffy eyes—finally croaked in a voice jaded yet endlessly bemused as Manhattan itself. "You had to have it, right?" He understood. Grateful, I nodded. I surrendered then (the cabbie wouldn't mind). I lightly rested my head on her shoulder, her plaster there was warm because this was a summer afternoon. Home we went. I overtipped the driver. "Bye, doll," he called back at 60 mph. I love New York.

Here is how Ursula and the clocks got into my novel. I don't know which of them started it or how they did so, but a character in there began looking a lot like Ursula. Lady More Marsden is a comically self-involved slave owner and pianoforte whiz, mistress of a 2,000-acre plantation, The Lilacs. Of all white ladies near Falls, North Carolina, in the 1860s, she is locally perhaps the whitest: "She had the oval saintliness of a very hard-boiled egg. Her freed slaves—thirty-odd years after Sherman's fire darkened her—claimed Lady hadn't been all that bad. Hobbies kept her clear of the worst mischief: pianoforte, knitting, doing jigsaw puzzles of European vistas, and, naturally, fainting. Plus the clocks. Her mansion's seventy-odd rooms each housed a novelty clock—marble, bronze, quartz. All showed subjects from mythology. Swans mounted Leda ladies every quarter hour, tiring. Hercules's flat tummy was a walleyed German pocket watch. Under Phaëthon's chariot, pendulums swung, cheery as the hearts of peasants, solemn as famous necessary manly parts. Lady Marsden, in a white silk wrapper, hand-cranked every cloisonné Apollo herself. 'Somebody has to.' Thursday—the day that gear wound down—Lady would actually rise before noon, she'd string an opera jailer's worth of keys around her neck. She'd tug on a green visor purchased from Falls's one pawnbroker. 'Something about it appealed to me.' Mrs. Marsden laughed at her own paleness tinted fishy green and off she'd scuff to wind parlor's seven-day-movement masterpieces. She'd taken a two-year correspondence course in horology. Slaves made fun of the word, though they knew their mistress's chastity was total, dull. Strange that neighbors brought the usually helpless Lady their stalled locket watches. She worked in her high ivory four-poster, visor tugged low, black eyepiece screwed into her all but albino face. Favorite tools: sterling sugar tongs and her eyebrow tweezers."

Fiction's imaginative markup. Using what's at hand, I, like you, live in my own workshop, putting this over there, trying that over here, a little to the left. My rooms are stuffed with what's seemingly semiworthless, with the chipped, the tired-of-being-whimsical. You might think I've opened an orphanage for cast-off images, has-been bibelots, but those of us who hear the siren song of old things, new things, things damaged or unfinished, understand that we do not choose them any more than we can consciously pick those lovely worthless human paragons love makes us love. The few true things adopt us. The choicest things you've acquired—be they inherited, store-bought or street—prove once and for all: "inanimate object" is a contradiction in terms. Matter matters.

Earlier I asked what three items you would save from your home, fast. And, friend, in case of fire, know this—if they could move and weren't weighted by the awful burden of immortality that you and I have been lightly spared, you are the first thing those three would save. I believe, to them the sight of you means welcome, happiness, and use. For your own storied objects, you remain the sun, the organizing principle, the godlike visiting myth.

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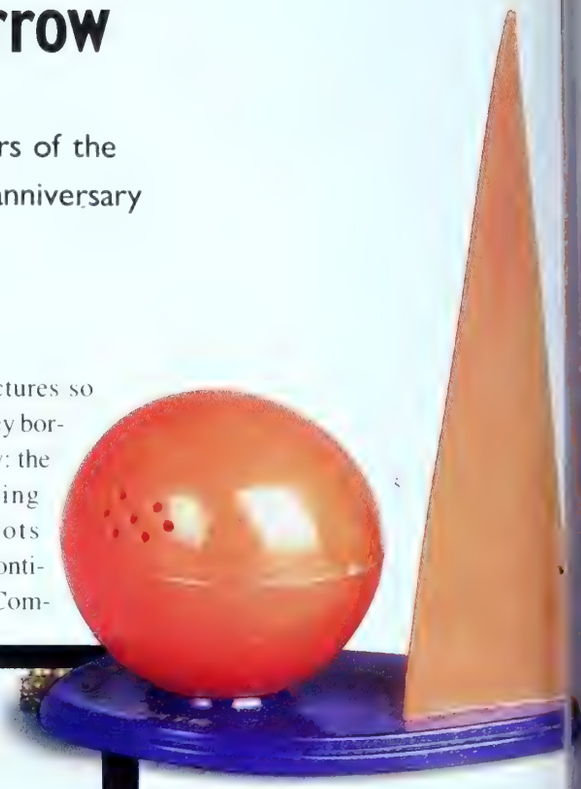
By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

After a decade-long depression, and on the eve of war, New York City mounted a world's fair that glowed with unapologetic optimism. The site: a former city dump in Flushing Meadow, Queens. The opening date: April 30, 1939—fifty years ago. The vision: "Building the World of Tomorrow" or, more precisely, the 1960s when—according to the fair's architects—television would be commonplace, Americans would live in prefabricated housing, and the automobile would transform our lives.

These prescient notions were exhibited in structures so glorious that they bordered on lunacy: the loaflike building with merry dots built for the Continental Baking Company to resemble Wonder Bread's wrapper; Borden's Dairy World of Tomorrow with copper Elsie the Cow heads adorning the rim of her shrine; and, soaring above them all, the fair's trademark Trylon and Perisphere, also known as the T&P. The Perisphere—a gleaming white globe 180 feet in circumference—symbolized the finite world; a raised escalator (the world's longest) connected the globe to the 610-foot-tall needle-shaped Trylon representing our infinite potential. This high-minded icon, pristine in both intent and geometry, was offset by the giant raised cash register designed by Walter Dorwin Teague for National Cash Register to count visitors as they flooded into the fairgrounds.

The 1939 World's Fair was a consumer's fair, well stocked with what fair president Grover Whalen called the "merchandise of to-









William Straus, right, has a collection of 1939 World's Fair memorabilia that ranges from guards' uniforms to forks and knives. Above: Button from the General Motors Futurama exhibit. Far right: Trylon and Perisphere salt and pepper shakers. Below right: Toy tractor train. Below: Commemorative plate.



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morrow." Herb Rolfes, a nine-year-old consumer at the time, left the fair with a clutch of modest useful souvenirs bought for him by a kind auntie: a leather bookmark (affixed to it still, a price tag of 29 cents), a set of bookends, and a walking stick. Today Rolfes's collection of World's Fair memorabilia is anything but modest. Included among his approximately 80,000 items are a Charlie McCarthy ventriloquist's dummy, smartly clad in orange and blue (the fair's official colors); a few toy-sized, bullet-shaped "cars of the future" from the Futurama exhibit designed by Norman Bel Geddes for General Motors; and a framed collection of fifty brooches, each in the shape of a state flower, mounted on velvet. This last was assembled for Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, who, sadly, could not attend the fair and, sadder still, never received the gift. After war broke out, all overseas mail was restricted to what was essential to the war effort.

For fair fanatics the one-of-a-kind, not-meant-for-public-consumption items have great cachet. But even the mass-produced memorabilia have more than held their value. William Straus, a New York collector, cites the millions of Bakelite pickle pins given away at the Heinz Pavilion. "Today," he says, "they sell for $35 each." Another pin, a General Motors handout, reads—ominously it now seems—"I Have Seen the Future." It currently goes for about $40. At the high end, lovely commemorative plates manufactured by Homer Laughlin bring about $175 each, and the cobalt blue Hall China teapot with its T&P logo (one of Straus's favorite pieces—he owns six of them) fetches about $650.

The Trylon and Perisphere's shining image lives on, emblazoned as it was on nearly every flat surface during the fair, from Bissell carpet sweepers to Remington typewriters



In July 1939, House & Garden devoted a double issue, top right, to the World's Fair and featured the Trylon and Perisphere on the cover. Above: A World's Fair souvenir pin and pocket watch.

Peter M. Warner epitomizes an entirely different breed of collector. In the thirty years since he began ferreting out fair memorabilia he has amassed great reams of paper ephemera, including brochures, maps, blueprints, photographs, tickets, and transcripts of speeches—in short, documentation that fills in the details not necessarily expressed in a souvenir teapot. In a photograph we see Fiorello La Guardia nearly bursting the buttons on his jacket as he lords over the first shovelful of fairground soil. And we read that at Toffenetti—the Times Square restaurant that established a fairground branch—a plate of "genuine Italian spaghetti" might be had for 55 cents; a "special double-thick Honolulu Salad" cost the same.



Warner, president of the 350-member World's Fair Collector's Society, collects as a means of preservation. He points out the great irony of the 1939 fair, and indeed every fair: a vision is built, heralded, and then destroyed. Of the 1939 fair structures only two stand today. One of them, the former New York City Pavilion, now houses the Queens Museum, which is planning an exhibition called "Living in the World of Tomorrow," a look at the 1939 and 1964 New York World's Fairs.

And what became of the Trylon and Perisphere? Certainly the T&P's shining image lives on, emblazoned as it was on nearly every flat surface during the fair's two-year run, from Bissell carpet sweepers to Remington typewriters. It even graced the cover of the July 1939 issue of House & Garden. But the real thing, the fair's symbol of the future, was destroyed, its scrap metal used for defense purposes during the war.

New York City museums will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the 1939 World's Fair with the following events:

Cooper-Hewitt Museum
2 East 91st Street; (212) 860-6868
Two lectures on the 1939 fair, one on the museum's collection of books about the fair and the other on its architecture and design. Both on June 28 at 6:15 P.M. A $15 registration fee.

Museum of the City of New York
Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street; (212) 534-1034
Photographs, plans, and memorabilia, on view from October 17. Tuesday–Saturday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.; Sunday, 1–5 P.M.

New-York Historical Society
Central Park West at 77th Street; (212) 873-3400
World's Fair memorabilia will be on display April 15–August 20. Tuesday–Sunday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.

New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street; (212) 869-8089
Exhibition of photographs and memorabilia on history of the 1939 fair, on view June 1–November 11 in Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Monday–Saturday, 10 A.M.–6 P.M.

Queens Museum
Flushing Meadow–Corona Park, Queens; (718) 592-2405
"World's Fair Anniversary Weekend" held April 29–30 at the museum, the site of both World's Fairs. Events include a collector's sale, films, walking tours. Exhibition "Living in the World of Tomorrow," September 2–December 31. Tuesday–Friday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.; Saturday–Sunday, 12–5:30 P.M.

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ART

Talking Heads

Noguchi's portrait busts bring to life two decades of America's creative elite

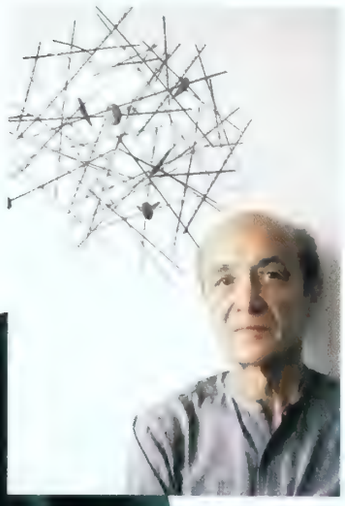
By Martin Filler



Isamu Noguchi, top, with *Bird's Nest (Nesting)*, 1947. Right: Actress Aline MacMahon, marble, 1937. Bottom: Photographer Berenice Abbott, bronze, 1929.

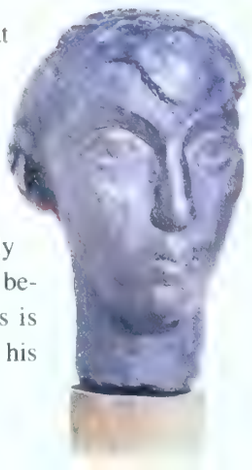
When Isamu Noguchi died last December at age 84, his artistic reputation was far from a matter of consensus. Although this prolific sculptor has always had his staunch partisans—he represented the United States at the 1986 Venice Biennale—many critics have found a disquieting glibness in his exquisitely crafted works. Yet there is much else to reassess before a verdict on Noguchi's historical status is reached. His stage designs for Martha Graham, his garden plans, his furniture, and Akari lamps must all be brought into the full account of his formidable achievement.

One virtually forgotten aspect of his wide-ranging career is his sculptural portraiture, the 120 busts Noguchi produced from 1924 to 1950. Thirty-five of those likenesses in metal, clay, plaster, stone, and wood are being exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., through August 20. This show is an illuminating experience on several levels. It is an impressive display of his formal range and technical virtuosity before he settled into the sleek biomorphic surfaces that characterized his later output. It is also a meditation on the disappearance of an art form once considered a touchstone of public eminence. And not least, it provides an intriguing review of cultural celebrities in the years between the two world wars, some still well known, others familiar only to the middle-aged or older.



There are busts of Martha Graham and George Gershwin, artists Fernand Léger and José Clemente Orozco, playwright Thornton Wilder, and technologist R. Buckminster Fuller. To the end of his life the notoriously concupiscent Noguchi had an eye for beautiful women, and among the actresses whose faces he modeled were Ginger Rogers, Clare Boothe Luce, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and Aline MacMahon. MacMahon, now 90, remembers sitting for about ten sessions with the Los Angeles–born sculptor in return for a $500 loan she had made so he could visit his father's homeland of Japan. "When it was finished, it did not look like me," she recalls of the Botticino marble head, which appears absorbed in deep thought. But as with Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein, she has come to look like it.

Noguchi made every bust a law unto itself, with such variations of style and material from one to the next that the hand of a single artist behind them all seems prodigious to a fault. The cavalcade of contemporary influences on him ran the gamut from Arp to Zorach with stops along the way at Brancusi (with whom Noguchi studied in Paris in 1927), Epstein, and Duchamp-Villon, among many others. For all this fluctuation, one nevertheless senses a sincere and largely successful attempt to capture the distinctive personality of each sitter rather than cast them into an existing formula like most portraitists. Here we can sense the impetuous vitality of the young Noguchi's raw talent before he smoothed off the rough edges. ▲



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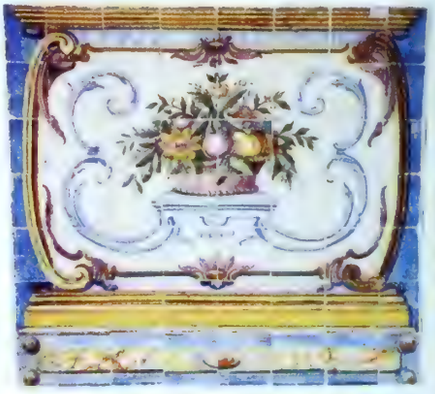


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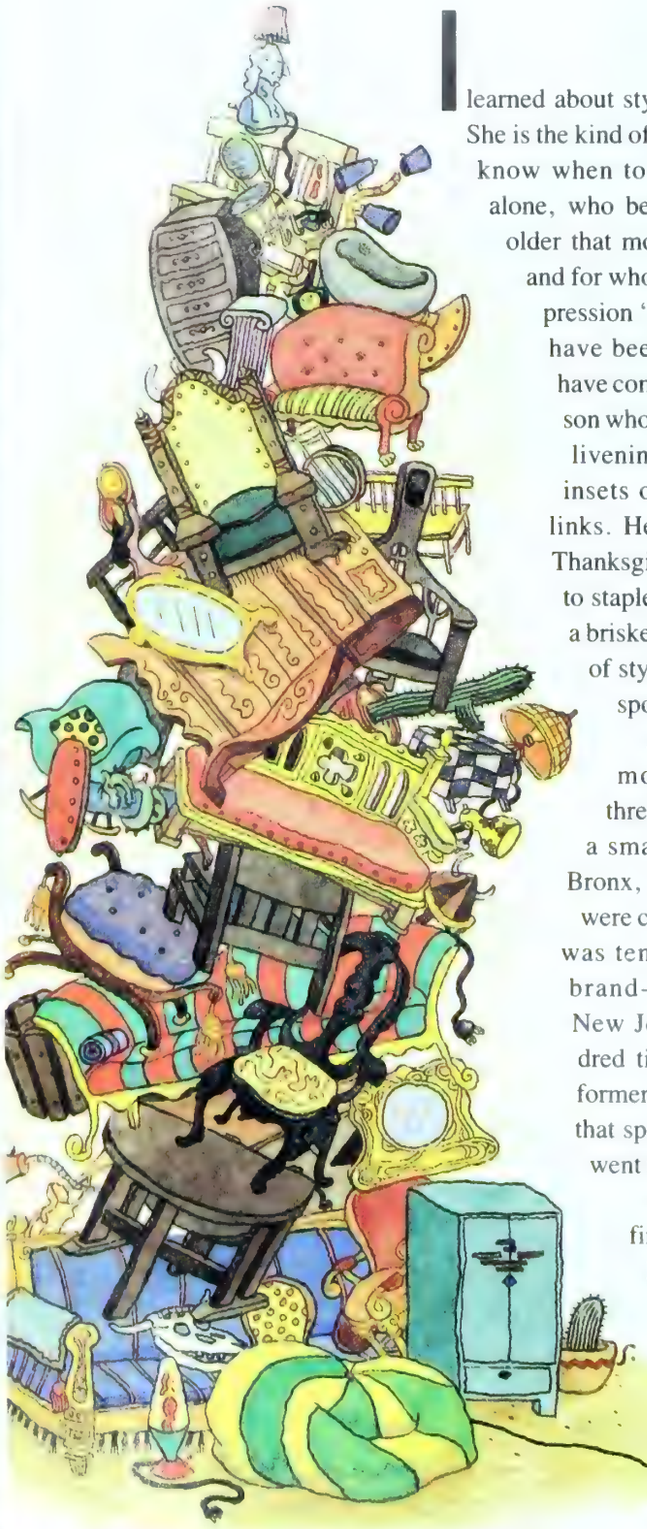


Aubusson Carpet
Napoleon III period, circa 1860
14ft 5in x 14ft 9in

The Best of the Worst

One man's pick of history's most unfortunate furniture styles

By Stuart Greenspan



I learned about style from my mother. She is the kind of woman who doesn't know when to leave well enough alone, who believes as she grows older that more is never enough, and for whose sensibility the expression "horror vacui" could have been minted. She is, I have come to believe, the person who invented fun fur, enlivening acrylic pelts with insets of plastic and chain links. Her twist on the tired Thanksgiving turkey theme is to staple chicken wings onto a brisket. It is her keen sense of style which, alas, is responsible for my own.

As long as we—my mother, father, and three brothers—lived in a small apartment in the Bronx, Mother's aspirations were contained. But when I was ten, we moved into a brand-new split-level in New Jersey, about a hundred times larger than our former house, and with all that space to fill, she really went to town.

Actually, she went first to Greenwich Village to a ruthless old lady, a personal antiques shopper. I use the word antiques loosely because nothing this woman ever sold came anywhere near to meeting the official one-hundred-year requirement for that designation. Most things had been made about ten minutes before Mother bought them and were stamped "Japan" or "Germany." In the thirty years she's owned the stuff, none of it seems to be getting any older, although the rest of us do.

The antiques lady managed to unload things on Mother largely by making up important-sounding names to describe what my eager but unsuspecting parent was in no position to question. That is how we got our "Rothschild piece," a circular painted-plaster relief representing a tavern scene complete with a slut smoking a wire pipe and surrounded by a heavily embossed brass frame, and the "Williamsburg" sconces, which I think were manufactured in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, not in Virginia's colonial capital. There are also porcelain busts, painted plaques, and figurines, some made into lamps with (almost) matching bases—in fact, many things were electrified or otherwise transformed to uses never intended by their makers. Tables to trip on and pedestals to support nothing, an interesting American spool-work corner chair sprayed with radiator paint, and a fearsome lyre-shaped boudoir chair, painted with romantic scenes of shepherdesses and putti cavorting on a black ground, with a pink and gray striped satin seat that was never sat on—these were typical elements of Mother's decorating. And that was just the entrance foyer.

My own taste, I admit, lacks purity, not to say focus. From the first time I saw one, I wanted a monumental Bavarian coatrack realistically carved with a momma bear and a baby bear climbing up a tree. Ditto Victorian papier-mâché furniture with floral inlays of mother-of-pearl. I also crave a stuffed moose's head or any stuffed animal, small or large. But unlikely as it seems, there are styles—nine to be precise—that even I can't embrace.

1. I cannot, for example, bring myself to appreciate Viking Revival. Several years ago Christie's had an entire paneled room to sell, walls, beamed ceiling, and all furniture deeply carved and painted blue, gold, and red, with motifs of interwined creatures out of one's worst nightmares. It was not too surprising that only one chair sold at the auction.

2. Almost anything made in Spain in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries also earns my scorn. With the exception of the vargueño, the portable, drop-front desk on stand, which anyhow probably originated in North Africa, most Spanish furniture derives in bastardized fashion from the worst of English, French, and Flemish Baroque forms, only done more excessively and with no regard for proportion. Spanish, I think, is the true model for the decor of the Balkan royal palaces of kings named Boris and Zog who, with good reason, all lost their thrones not too long after the Great War.

3. Most French styles after Napoleon I and up to Art Nouveau are ludicrous, trying to be bourgeois and royal at the same time. Reviving eighteenth-century Louis XV and XVI in the nineteenth, the French had obviously exhausted their inspiration and needed a good rest before giving life to Philippe Starck.

4. America, too, has produced its share of unfortunate styles. So-called Pilgrim furniture of the seventeenth century is much worse than the English Jacobean style on which it is modeled (and





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which, frankly, is quite bad enough). Too richly carved for comfort and with applied decoration that looks like leeches or boils in military formation, this merciless furniture could stand as a metaphor for the hardness of Pilgrim life. Unbelievably, once was not enough, and Pilgrim was revived in the nineteenth century.

5. Not much better in the comfort department is American Arts and Crafts, the current vogue for the stuff notwithstanding. Unlike its English counterpart and inspiration, American Arts and Crafts of the Stickley ilk lacks whimsy and lightness. Yes, it makes its point about handcraftsmanship versus industrial manufacture, but does one really have to live with all that ugly raw oak?

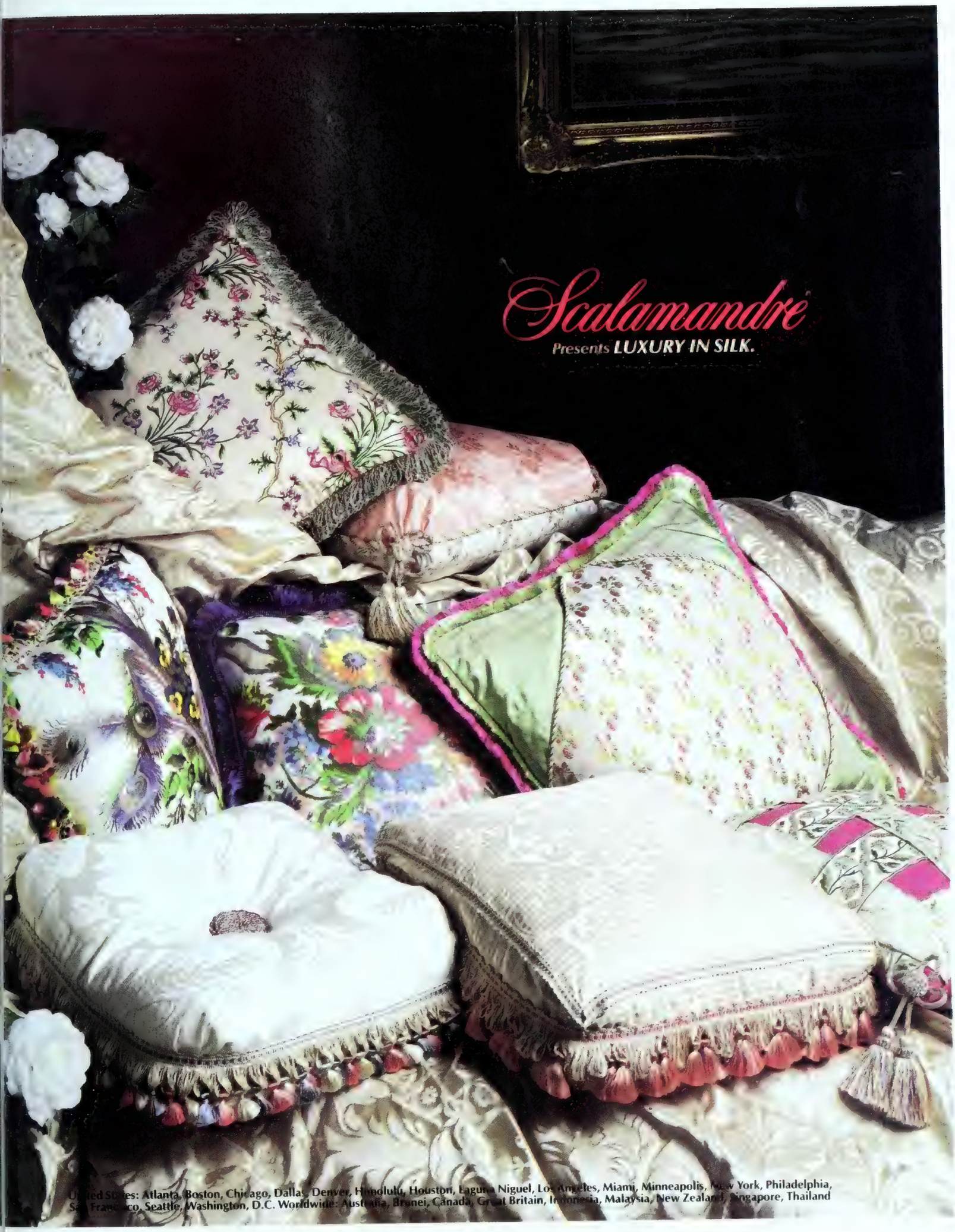
It is my mother's keen sense of style which, alas, is responsible for my own

6. French Provincial, which used to be ubiquitous, mercifully no longer is. It has gone the way of Italian Provincial—whatever that was—and Mediterranean, as manufactured in landlocked Grand Rapids.

7. However, we will still have to live with Santa Fe or Southwestern style for a while longer, as those attractive and honest forms are only now being translated into simulated wood complete with mosaic skulls and neon cacti and coyotes for the mass market.

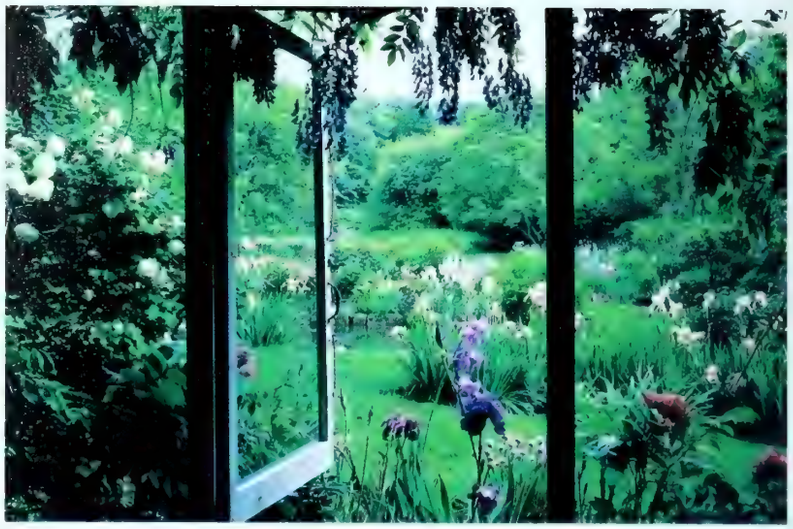
8. Some of our own contributions to design are truly among the lowest points of Western culture. Plastic having been perfected, designers in the 1960s and '70s ran amok with the material, giving us those shapeless blobs known as beanbags, inflatable plastic armchairs, and a variety of cheap hard-edged furniture in colors like pumpkin and avocado, which melted at the sight of a lighted cigarette and which might as well have been manufactured with those scratches, chips, and cracks for all the longevity of the product.

9. Milanese Memphis style is just an attempt to give a bad deal a new twist. No wonder the eighties have veered in the direction of English country style, which, at least, has the virtue of comfort and well-earned wear. Mother would not understand. ▲


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By Any Other Name

Gardener Rose de Rose
cultivated an eccentric way of life
By William P. Rayner





Miss Rose de Rose was a compulsive buyer who purchased tulip bulbs and plants by the thousands, the same way she ordered typewriters and sewing machines four at a time, pianos by the brace, pencils by the gross, and books by the dozen. A woman of exceedingly generous proportions, she lived near the heart of our village of Southampton, Long Island, in a cottage much too small to hold all her possessions but surrounded by fourteen acres in which to hide her garden. Some villagers called her a saint, others thought she was bewitched, while still others considered her just plain crazy. People remembered how generously she gave food from her farm to the needy during World War II. It was also said that near the end of her life she would arm herself at night with a twelve-gauge shotgun and blast away at shadows.

I first met this white-haired eccentric when accompanying my wife to buy eggs at the little cottage—at one point Rose de Rose had more than five hundred chickens. It was quite an honor to be allowed to buy her produce, for if she didn't like you or thought you uppity, she was more likely to wing an egg at you than sell you one. Rose de Rose had little use for uppity people. Her mother was uppity, old-timers tell me, and she and Rose never got on. Mr. and Mrs. de Rose had come to Southampton in 1904 and bought a house attributed to Stanford White, which has recently been restored. As a young woman, Rose built a studio in a wooded part of the grounds where she could play the piano and sing. And right after her mother's death (her father having previously died), she moved into another cottage on the property to take up wood carving and gardening. From then on she used the big house only for cold storage.

Coming for eggs in the spring, we would approach the wisteria-covered cottage through a thicket of trees and underbrush along a narrow path carpeted with violets. After inspecting us through a sliding panel in the door, Rose de Rose beckoned us into her little lavender and purple sitting room. Countless chickens perched on the roof beams, and every nook and cranny was hung with baskets of rose-colored plastic flowers, perhaps Rose de Rose's strangest compulsion. It was strange because the beautiful garden outside was nearly always in bloom.

Behind the cottage was a grape arbor, a trellised fence overgrown with clematis, and a sixty-foot locust tree, which, it is claimed,



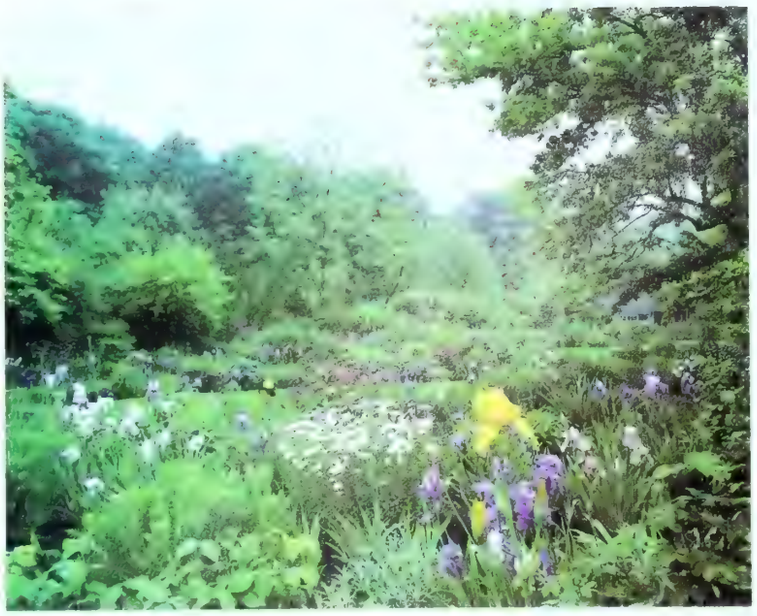
Violets and mixed varieties of narcissus, above, blanket the side terrace of Rose de Rose's cottage in spring. Top: Wisteria overhangs a view of red peonies, iris, and white hydrangea in early summer. Left: Charles Parker beside a magnolia.



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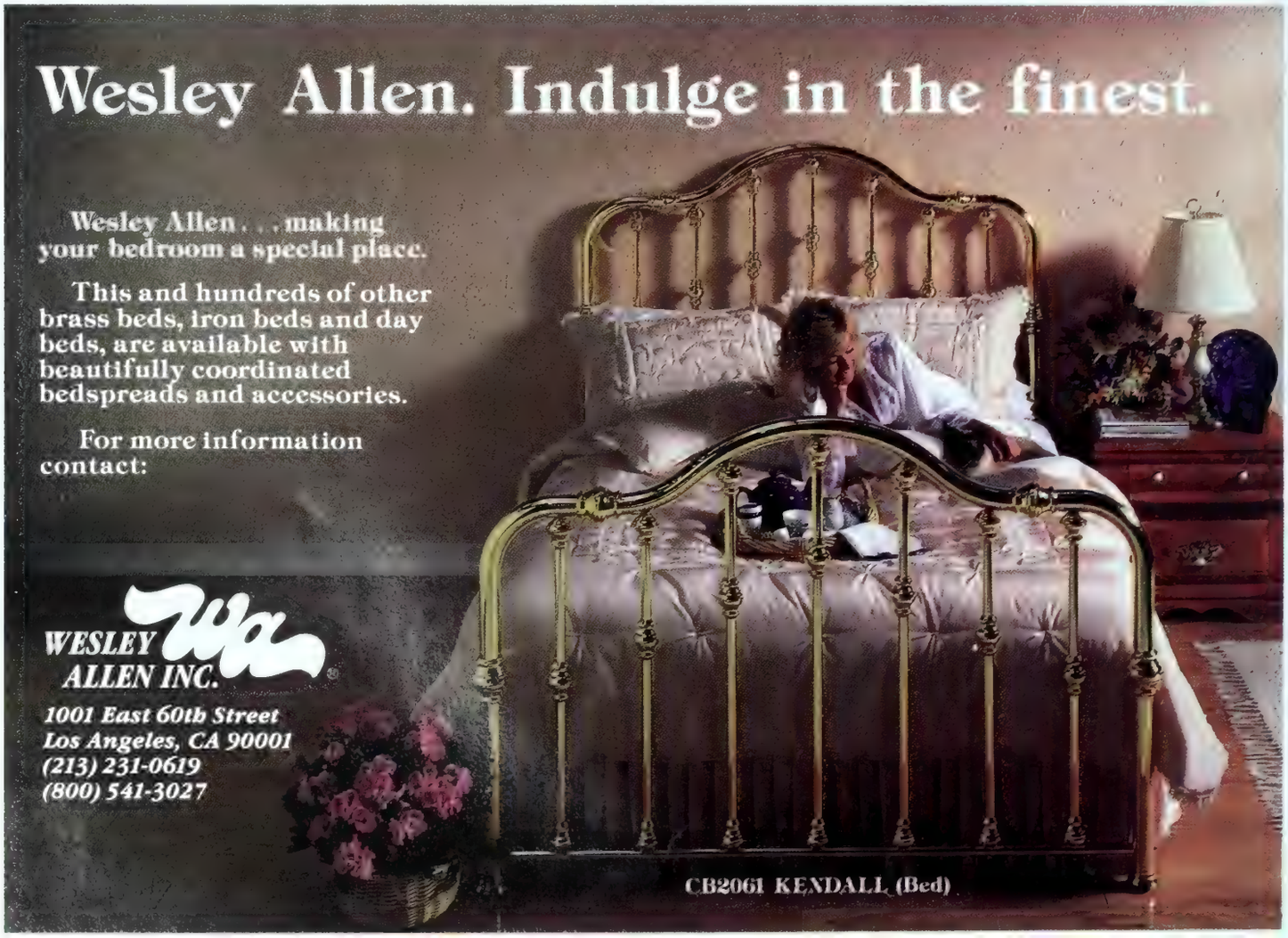


Iris of every variety dominate the loop of the R-shaped bed in late spring.

sprang from a pole Rose de Rose stuck in the ground. Her gardener, Charles Parker, who first came here to clean chicken coops, began by planting the thousands of tulip bulbs. But tulips only bloom in the spring, and Rose de Rose wanted a year-round garden—or as close as you can get to one on the fortieth parallel. It took some time, but she and Parker had those flowers organized like a marching band at halftime. The parade started early with snowdrops, crocus, and daffodils, the latter having already been potted and forced. Come spring, the scilla and lily-of-the-valley would appear. Next, the hyacinth, cottage and parrot tulips, and the Solomon's-seal. Then Japanese, Dutch, Siberian, and bearded iris and so on, through the roses, lilies, and daisies of summer.

The entire garden, which covers about two acres, was divided into eight irregularly shaped plots surrounding an immense central bed in the form of an R. Among the flowers behind the borders of sweet alyssum, petunias, and ageratums would be forget-me-nots, dahlias, chrysanthemums, delphiniums, asters, lupines, alliums, foxgloves, sweet peas, and Virginia bluebells, interspersed with hostas. Each year the composition varied slightly, for Rose de Rose could be ruthless in rearranging what in her view didn't contribute to the whole.

The garden would have died with her had she not provided an annuity for Charles Parker, who still tends to her private domain. The dowdy recluse who sold us eggs left a fortune estimated in the millions. The Southampton Hospital alone bought a nursing home with what she gave it. But she also left sums to the Bronx Zoo, several museums and colleges, the man who sold her chicken feed, the owner of the local liquor store, and hundreds of others. She bequeathed over 90,000 books to the town historian, Robert Keene, including a collection of works on incest. To other friends she gave wooden bas-reliefs of flowers, which she had chiseled herself but rarely signed. The one signature Rose de Rose put down with a real flourish was the great R in the middle of her garden. Looking at her mark on the landscape, you know that that acquisitive old saint of a lady left something of her soul behind. ♠





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COLLECTING

Fair City

On its tenth anniversary, the Chicago Art Expo reigns supreme

By Doris Saatchi



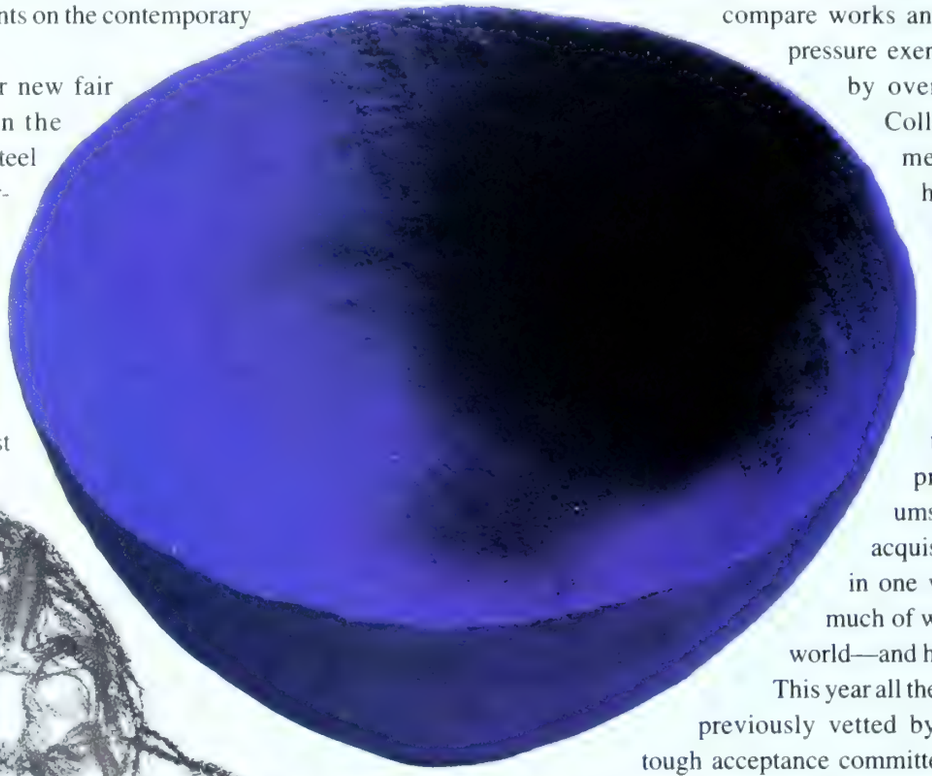
Tony Cragg's *Pebbles*, Lisson Gallery, London.

On opening night at Chicago's first art fair in 1979, rain poured through a section of the exhibition hall roof and the lights went out, leaving several dealers completely in the dark. Undaunted, the keen-eyed collectors, museum curators, and local luminaries assembled in the cavernous Navy Pier complex sipped champagne, peered through the candlelit gloom, and bought millions of dollars worth of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. In the hard light of morning, it was clear to dealers everywhere that the Chicago Art Expo had joined Art Cologne and Basel's Kunstmesse on the list of mandatory events on the contemporary art calendar.

Now, each year another new fair springs up somewhere in the world. And in yet another steel and glass exhibition hall normally filled with boats, tractors, pedigreed dogs, and people wearing name tags, twentieth-century artworks are assembled and offered for sale much like boxes of breakfast cereal or oranges in a supermarket. (Occasionally, of course, the artworks *are* boxes of breakfast cereal or neatly displayed oranges.)

Every fair has its own consumer appeal. Madrid, for instance, offers the most up-to-the-minute art and the biggest program of lectures and discussions. Cologne caters to a large local coterie of dedicated collectors. Basel and Chicago, however, remain the hypermarkets in the roster of art fairs. They are where the big business gets done. Chicago also manages to be big fun with its legendary jazz, great steaks, and social whirl that carries on till dawn. But unlike Paris's FIAC, where the president of France mingles with the opening night crowd, or ART/LA, where art-buying megastars such as Sylvester Stallone cause traffic jams, the star attraction in Chicago is the art itself. Even hometown favorite Oprah Winfrey wanders the aisles without causing much of a stir.

Potential customers arrive with shopping lists, knowing they can compare works and prices relieved of the pressure exerted in boutique galleries by overly persuasive dealers. Collectors have a chance to meet dealers whom they have previously talked to only by telephone and to view a gallery's backroom inventory, consisting of works by artists the dealer does not represent but buys to turn around for a handy profit. Provincial museums arrange visits for their acquisition committees so that in one vast space they can scan much of what is available in the art world—and how much it costs.





Drawing by Lucian Freud, left, Bernard Jacobson Gallery, London. Above: Anish Kapoor's *Void*, Lisson Gallery, London.

This year all the usual top-drawer dealers previously vetted by Chicago's notoriously tough acceptance committee will be present, along with newcomers from Czechoslovakia, Korea, Zimbabwe, and Australia. Chicago's Richard Gray, said to be the guiding spirit behind the fair in its early days, will show his usual mix of modern and contemporary masters. John Berggruen of San Francisco will bring several pieces by local artists whose work may not otherwise come to the attention of collectors around the country. Ronald Greenberg will turn up from St. Louis with a solid group of blue-chip

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works by Europeans, including Polke, Kiefer, and Giacometti, while the major attraction at Chicago's Carl Hammer Gallery will be circus sideshow banners by Fred Johnson and Snap Wyatt.

Information, too, is traded at art fairs. Dealers swap stories of transactions which, though now commonplace in the auction room, still seem astonishing in the shopping mall setting of the fair, where the smell of grilled hot dogs mingles with the scent of big money: a $1 million Rauschenberg, a $500,000 Kline, and scores of similarly priced Picassos and de Koonings.

Stories of bargains also buzz around the aisles and the old saw persists that there is at least one at every fair. (It is hard to know what a bargain is when $100,000 transactions are now referred to as "bread and butter" sales.) Chicago is no exception. London gallery owner Bernard Jacobson remembers that in 1979 he asked $500 for a Howard Hodgkin print that is now in the collections of eight of the world's major public museums. When the last of the edition changed hands about two years ago the price was $15,000. This year Jacobson is showing prints by Sam Francis which have never been seen before.



Susan Rothenberg's *Blackground*, Greenberg Gallery, St. Louis

It is hard to know what a bargain is when $100,000 transactions are referred to as "bread and butter" sales

Francis and Hodgkin are established artists with worldwide reputations. But art fairs are also good hunting grounds for the work of unknowns. Nicholas Logsdail, owner of London's Lisson Gallery, uses international expos such as Chicago to give his artists exposure in an environment where they will be judged against their contemporaries from other countries. Nine years ago at Logsdail's stand in Basel it would have been possible to scoop up sculptures by Tony Cragg, Anish Kapoor, and Bill Woodrow for $3,000–$4,000. Today such pieces change hands for more than ten times those amounts, and there are waiting lists for them.

But contemporary art expos are not only about trends, turnover, and cash flow. One dealer who jets around the world attending art fairs suggests another reason for their appeal: "It's like the first sale day in a good department store," he says. "I can't leave empty-handed. I always have to buy something." (Chicago International Art Exposition, Navy Pier, 600 East Grand Ave., May 12–16; opening night benefit, May 11, for Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art) ▲



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China's Polished Art

Long confused with Western wares,
Chinese export silver comes into its own
By Margot Guralnick







Catering to an overseas clientele, 18th- and 19th-century Chinese silversmiths applied Eastern motifs to Western forms. Above: Candlesticks from the Chinese Porcelain Co. on Georgian-style tray from Ralph M. Chait Galleries. Also from Chait: pumpkin-shaped teapot, below; dragon-handled mug, right; filigree fan, far right.

Twenty-five years ago Crosby Forbes stunned his mother by informing her that the family heirloom English silver—the Georgian fiddle, thread, and shell flatware bearing what looked like London hallmarks—wasn't English at all. It was made in China. "Back then few people, even scholars, had heard of such a thing as Chinese export silver," says Forbes, who, after discovering records of his great-grandfather's shopping sprees in the Far East, decided to set the record straight. Now the curator of Asian Export Art at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, Forbes has assembled an astonishing collection of silver ranging from chaste Revere-style mugs to flamboyant standing cups topped by snarling dragons, all accurately attributed to China's once-forgotten craftsmen.

The export silver trade flourished for nearly a century, starting around 1785 when American, English, and European merchants—known collectively to the Chinese as yang gui (foreign devils)—found that Eastern silversmiths could masterfully mimic Western forms at a fraction of what they cost back home. In 1820 the going rate in Canton for a silver soup ladle, which would have run at least $16 in Boston, was $10; a pair of silver-gilt spectacles could be had for $5; and a tongue scraper, however unsavory sounding, was an undeniable bargain at 50 cents. Schooled in a native tradition of silvermaking, which had existed for over 2,500 years, the Chinese became so adept at reproducing the latest foreign fashions that traders often arrived with outmoded tea services to be melted down for a complete makeover. That forgery was never the intention behind these knockoffs is evidenced by the fact that most Chinese craftsmen added their own initials, typically in Roman letters, to the hallmarks they fastidiously copied.

During the last decades of the nineteenth century, as Western ornament grew more eclectic, the



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Chinese unleashed some of their own fanciful flourishes onto these export wares. Classical acanthus leaves and shells gave way to rearing serpents and warring armies. Trim teapots sprouted whimsical bamboo handles, and the dragon, an age-old symbol of the emperor, proved its utility as everything from finials to feet. Even everyday shaving bowls and mugs became fair ground for landscapes of lotus leaves and prunus blossoms.

Unlike the shiploads of porcelain, silk, lacquerware, and Fourth of July firecrackers that crossed the China Sea to be retailed in America and England, Chinese silver was made to order and toted back only in suitcase-size quantities. How much was produced and still survives is hard to tell, but unknown pieces are steadily cropping up. Prices, too, are constantly climbing. Ralph M. Chait Galleries in New York has an inventory of close to three hundred pieces of Chinese export silver tagged from $250–$75,000. At Sotheby's last January a tea urn, circa 1800, estimated at $6,000–$8,000 shot up to $24,200. And the Forbes family's Georgian-style Chinese flatware now has more value, and certainly more cachet, than if it were truly English. *Editor: Sarah Kaltman*

Chinese Export Silver

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(212) 758-0937

Chinese Porcelain Co.
822 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-4101

Edward Davidson Fine Arts
1714 Union St., San Francisco, CA 94123
(415) 563-2404

William Core Duffy
Box 445, Kittery, ME 03904
(207) 439-6414

Richard Gould Antiques
216 26 St.
Santa Monica, CA 90402
(213) 395-0724

Kitty Higgins Far Eastern Art
1501 Connecticut Ave. NW
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 234-5656

Moy Ying Ming Gallery
21 West Illinois St., Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 527-5155

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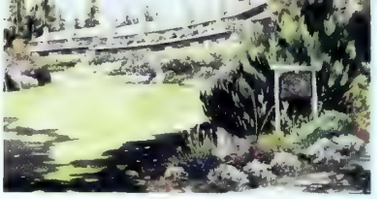
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Romance on the Rocks

Six great places to unwind
on California's northern coast
By Pilar Viladas



Stanford Inn by the Sea

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ELK

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St. Orres



GUALALA



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The rugged coast of California north of San Francisco offers the perfect setting for a romantic getaway. It has dramatic cliffs towering above crashing waves. It has majestic redwood and cypress trees. It has breathtaking Pacific sunsets. It has secluded coves. In fact, it has almost everything that you'd find farther south in places like Big Sur and Carmel, except, of course, the scene. There are no Häagen-Dazs ice cream outposts, no celebrity mayors, no movie stars in Ray-Bans jockeying for the best table at the local hip restaurant. Here's what else you won't find: valet parking, room service, telephones, televisions, fax machines. There are exceptions to these rules, of course, but for the most part, the inns along this stretch of coast take the business of escape quite literally. It is the place to go if you want to be left alone. Just the two of you.

There are two ways to get there from San Francisco. The faster route is to go inland up Highway 101 and then to head west—but what's the rush? The spectacular route is along the coast up Highway 1 all the way from Stinson Beach in Marin County to Sonoma and Mendocino counties. This takes a lot longer than the inland route—on those winding cliffside roads several hundred feet above the sea, you take the 35-mile speed limit very seriously—but it's more romantic. Which, after all, is the point.

About eighty miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge you hit Timber Cove Inn just outside Jenner. A quick turn around the place will tell you that "timber" is indeed the operative word. Whoever coined the phrase the "warmth of wood" must have been staying here at the time. The inn's main building, with its exposed wood structure, big stone fireplace, and Ansel Adams photographs, owes a strong architectural debt to Frank Lloyd Wright. The rooms themselves are a throwback to the early seventies—earth tones, lots of (guess what?) wood paneling—but they are cozy and unpretentious. Fireplaces, bathtubs (or showers) with ocean views, hot tubs, Jacuzzis, and balconies are available in various combinations. My room, number 30, had a wonderful clay-tile fireplace, a shower

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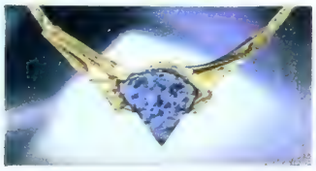
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with an ocean view, and a hot tub the size of Montana. Right in the middle of the room. You get the picture. The inn's restaurant is cozy—get a table by the fireplace.

After the Timber Cove Inn's aura of slightly wild abandon (hot tubs will do it every time), the mood at Sea Ranch is one of almost puritanical modesty. Contemporary houses with pitched roofs and weathered-wood siding blend into the landscape, which is criss-crossed by cypress hedgerows. In the interest of natural harmony, nothing in this 25-year-old award-winning development of private houses and the 20-room Sea Ranch Lodge is left to chance. Strict rules govern the architecture, landscaping, and even parking (cars are discreetly concealed behind wood enclosures). You can rent a house from Sea Ranch Escape (prices vary according to size and views), or you can stay at the lodge. In keeping with the understated modern architecture, the rooms are comfortable but minimal: mine had a large corner window seat, the perfect spot to curl up and contemplate a flaming sunset. For the athletically inclined, there are swimming pools, tennis courts, and a nine-hole golf course. The lodge's restaurant serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Room 30 has a clay tile fireplace, a shower with an ocean view, and a hot tub the size of Montana—right in the middle of the room

A short drive up the road in Gualala, St. Orres's onion-domed architecture (a reference to the area's early Russian settlers) comes as a shock after the minimalism of Sea Ranch. The hotel's eight rooms are charming but tiny, and there are no private baths, so book one of the eleven cottages scattered through the woods around the inn. They range from the comparatively luxurious two-bedroom Pine Haven to the Wildflower, a rustic one-room cabin with a loft bed and an outdoor shower. It looks like a time capsule from the Woodstock era—which may explain why Neil Young (I was told) stays at the Wildflower or he doesn't stay at all. The restaurant at St. Orres is made for candlelit evenings: a triple-height dining room with stenciled friezes around the walls and a tiny bar with tapestry-covered banquettes. Another nearby dinner option is the Old Milano Hotel in Gualala. Open to the public only in the evenings and for Sunday brunch in the summer, the dining room of this Victorian bed and breakfast looks out over a neat lawn that rolls down to a spectacular cliff above a dramatic cove. Get there before sunset.

Thirty miles north of the Sonoma-Mendocino county line the town of Mendocino comes into view, perched on a bluff and looking just like a New England fishing village that has packed up and moved West. Mendocino is full of art galleries, restaurants, and shops—antiques shops, crafts shops, jewelry shops. Although it gets many visitors, the town is remarkably untouristy, perhaps because of its diverse population of superannuated hippies, millionaire businessmen, artists, writers, scientists, and actors.

If you should stay at the Mendocino Hotel, be prepared for a healthy dose of Victorian splendor. My suite, which was filled with

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period furniture, had a deck that overlooked the bay, just the spot from which to pursue the local pastime of whale watching. There are telephones in the rooms, and yes, even room service. The hotel's Garden Suites offer a variety of accommodations, but the nicest is a suite with a double-height library and a loft bedroom that has a distant but enticing view of the Pacific. The restaurant is pleasant but unremarkable. There are, however, many restaurants in town; the most famous is the Café Beaujolais. There are also two excellent dining spots in Little River: Ledford House and the Little River Restaurant. Book ahead.

Just to the south of town, and with a storybook view of it, is Stanford Inn by the Sea. Formerly a more modest place called Big River Lodge, the hotel was transformed by current owners Jeff and Joan Stanford into a vine-covered haven of luxury. The rooms and suites are decorated in a homey mix of contemporary and reproduction furniture with Oriental rugs spread over wall-to-wall carpeting. There is even a telephone, a remote-control television (with Cinemax, no less), VCR, and a *TV Guide* in each room. The Stanfords are sticklers for detail. There is no restaurant, but a cold breakfast is served in the inn's living room.

Finally, there is the Heritage House, just down the road in Little River. Although it offers none of the amenities of some of the other hotels—no telephones, televisions, or pool—it is in many ways the most elegant of the group. The inn's main building, which houses the restaurant and bar, is a beautiful yellow clapboard house covered with ivy. You stay in cottages scattered around the property, many of them with breathtaking ocean views. The decor is tasteful but cautious, with subdued colors and tiny prints. The bar and lounge are decorated with a nautical theme; the dining room is attractive but somewhat formal. There is a dress code at night—which, I suppose, fits in with the general buttoned-down tone of the place. But not too buttoned down. After all, Heritage House is where Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda conducted their illicit tryst each year in the 1978 film version of Bernard Slade's play *Same Time, Next Year*. Not even Hollywood could do better than this.

Coastal Hotels

Timber Cove Inn
21780 North Coast Hwy. 1, Jenner, CA, 95450; (707) 847-3231
Rates: $85–$285/night

Sea Ranch Lodge & Golf Links
Box 44, The Sea Ranch, CA 95497; (707) 785-2371
Rates: May–Oct. $97–$135/night; Nov.–Apr. $87–$125/night

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BOOKS

Garden Plots

A mixed bouquet of good reads and a few weeds picked from the new crop of gardening titles







With so many new gardening books demanding our attention, how is one to get a moment out of doors this spring? It would be nice to think that all this publishing activity reflected a vast increase in the amount and quality of gardening going on across America—although, by the same reckoning, if the number of cookbooks on our shelves reflected the amount of eating going on, we would all be obese. But whether we are gardening or not, Americans certainly have a lot to look at and read about before trying to transplant some of these glossy images into our yards.

Perennials are still an exciting adventure for many American gardeners, and there is a fat and thorough new reference book to encourage this trend. **Perennials for American Gardens** by Ruth Rogers Clausen and Nicolas H. Ekstrom (Random House, $35) describes over four hundred genera and thousands of species and varieties, most of which can be found growing somewhere in the United States. It may be a little discouraging for northern gardeners to see just how many of this multitude can be yours only if you garden in southern California; still, there are discoveries for all of us, and a great deal of practical information. The Latinate descriptions are not exactly fun to read but are necessarily precise and brief. A large number of excellent photographs helps when you are struggling to imagine "flowers, in simple racemes, [that] have oblanceolate staminoides; the arching and reflexed ligulate lip is notched at the tip."

You won't hear Fred McGourty describing a perennial like that. He may be the first garden writer ever to call a plant a thug, and in his new book, **The Perennial Gardener** (Houghton Mifflin, $24.95), he is very specific about where thugs can go. McGourty is an experienced and knowledgeable plantsman with unexpected, often brilliant ways of putting flowers together, and when he is introducing us to unusual species or discussing the foibles of old favorites, he can be a sharply intelligent guide to gardening in the North. In fact, he's too intelligent for the cranky curmudgeon persona he sometimes likes to affect—this awkward literary pose does disservice to his book, which has inspired ideas for any gardener in a cold climate with a bent for borders. McGourty's Hillside Gardens, a small commercial nursery in Norfolk, Connecticut, argues the case for perennials more convincingly than any book.

The perennial border is not, we all must admit, the most practical form of garden either for stumbling beginners or for anyone pressed for time, but at least McGourty makes clear both the effort and the rewards a gardener might expect. In **The Natural Garden** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35), Ken Druse proposes to bring us more garden for less work—every beginner's dream. If only we follow the landscape and learn from nature (and Ken Druse), we can have it all. There is quite a bit here that is useful (good basic plant lists, sources, locations of public gardens) although little that is new—much borrowing from Oehme, van Sweden and from Thomas Church; lots of big grasses and scarcely any lawn; lots of native plants but no real borders. Druse has such a facile style that only the careful and suspicious reader may notice that virtually all of the "natural gardens" he profiles required several days with bulldozer and backhoe to make nature as natural as desired. Druse may eschew borders but proposes to dump a three-foot mound of soil in your yard to create an island of perennials. Just a look at his cover raises questions of credibility—I have yet to see the Amer-

ican landscape in which a mix of tender salvia, zinnias, and gomphrena was either natural or self-sustaining.

In Beth Chatto's latest, **The Green Tapestry** (Simon & Schuster, $24.95), there is no photographic sleight of hand, no attempt to convince us that we, too, could make a garden like that of one of England's foremost horticulturists. This is simply an attractive and quite personal wish book all about the author's own garden, and it is filled with good sense and good ideas—the chapter on water gardens alone would be worth the price. We all need a few unrealistic dreams to pursue this spring.

The outstanding rose book this season is **A Heritage of Roses** by Hazel Le Rougetel (Stemmer House, $29.95). This handsome English import is a fine introduction to the world of old roses—not competing with Peter Beales's exhaustive *Classic Roses* but a well-written historical preface for those just discovering these charming plants, many of which will thrive in American climates. Le Rouge-

Only the suspicious reader may notice that virtually all of the "natural gardens" required bulldozer and backhoe to make nature natural

tel is unusually deft at weaving confusing and often obscure genealogies into a readable tale. At times, however, she forsakes history and suddenly devotes a chapter to her recent excursions through the gardens of America or China. These accounts sound like news notes by an enthusiastic garden club member reporting back to her home chapter—still very readable but a bit odd. The photographs, by the author, are better than gorgeous; they are warmly personal and inviting portraits of flowers you want to know. This is in striking contrast to **Old Garden Roses** (Thames & Hudson, $50), a charmless coffee table collection from Germany of arty and self-conscious flower photos by Josh Westrich. Definitely one to skip.

A list of books to skip should certainly be headed by **Social Gardens** by Charlotte M. Frieze (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $40). This is worth mention only because of its high visibility—a striking cover and an energetic sales force have gotten it selling briskly. The publicity insists that there is a bold design theory here, but if there is, it is well hidden by Frieze's impenetrable and tedious prose, any chunk of which is a good explanation why gardeners won't talk to landscape architects. The attractive photographs by Peter C. Jones should have met a better book.

Glorious Gardens to Visit by Priscilla Dunhill and Sue Freedman (Clarkson N. Potter, $12.95) is the spring's surprise. A guide to "58 Gardens. . .All Within 3 Hours of New York City," this sounded like the sort of unread volume you keep on the shelf for gardening tourists passing through. Instead, it is delightful reading, so full of interesting tidbits that you immediately want to start visiting, no matter how familiar the gardens may be. All we need now are companion volumes for Los Angeles, Washington, Chicago—I can't wait.

The reprint of **An Island Garden** by Celia Thaxter (Houghton

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Mifflin, $19.95) is a real beauty—a book so lovely to look at and touch that you may forget you can read it. The first few pages of dense and ecstatic prose may convince you that reading it is a mistake, but give it time. Slow down to a nineteenth-century pace and savor Thaxter's poetic details (never has a calendula seed been seen so clearly) and her careful description of gardening as we may never see it again. Childe Hassam's watercolors show the garden we all long to create—drifts of wild rich color flung against the sea and empty sky. **Patricia Thorpe**

Antique Flowers by Katherine Whiteside (Villard, $29.95) recounts the fate of those rare and historically important plants and flowers that were systematically purged from virtually all fashionable Victorian gardens. The author has traced the resulting horticultural diaspora through remote British vicarages, old Quaker gardens on both sides of the Atlantic, and the herbaceous borders of a few turn-of-the-century preservationists—most notably, of course, Gertrude Jekyll and William Robinson.

Whiteside's introductory thoughts on the ways gardening responds to cultural cycles of compulsive spending, ostentation, and retrenchment echo Simon Schama's analysis of seventeenth-century Holland in *The Embarrassment of Riches* as well as Tom Wolfe's appraisal of contemporary America in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

The catalogue of nearly forgotten flowers—brilliantly photographed by Mick Hales—is written in an easy anecdotal style that belies the serious scholarship underlying the entry for each plant history. Practical gardeners will not only discover bunches of new beauties to put into the ground but will also learn where to locate them, thanks to a thorough directory of suppliers at the back of the book. Armchair garden buffs will find Whiteside's stories entertaining, her social commentary sage, and her concluding bibliography fertile ground for the bookworm to dig.

A globe-trotting gardener's survey that roves from Siena to San Francisco and beyond, Penelope Hobhouse's **Garden Style** (Little, Brown, $40) offers a wealth of horticultural lore and exquisite photographs. Hobhouse is one of England's most distinguished gardeners and garden writers, and as we have come to expect of this eminent but down-to-earth authority, her text combines historical data and scholarly references with practical advice. The proud owner of a window box stands to learn as much here as the head gardener of a Versailles or a Blenheim. By the same token, however, the author's scope is so ambitious, her geographical and thematic range so vast, that the book may serve up too much of a good thing. Even the most attentive reader may lose sight of any organizational structure amid the abundance of fascinating detail.

Perhaps Hobhouse's publisher has set her an impossible task: the subject of garden style throughout the Western world is just too much ground to cover in a volume of this length. Hobhouse's engaging treatment of original American gardens—especially Mrs. Roger Hanahan's in South Carolina; Patricia Thorpe's in New York; and Nancy McCabe's in Connecticut—is only one small part of this broad panorama that deserves to have a book all to itself. If that book could be the next item of Penelope Hobhouse's agenda—my own great wish—we would all have a much clearer vision of what makes American garden style really American. **Senga Mortimer**

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Empire confiture container, top, by Thomire. Above: Portrait, c. 1850, of a mistress of Napoleon III. Below: Louis XVI Jacob chairs.

Castle Cast-offs

Loire Valley château owners stage the ultimate white elephant sale

By Christopher Petkanas

Spring cleaning in the Loire Valley was never like this. For the past few months chatelaines have been poking through their jewelry boxes and braving the cobwebs in their attics in search of a bit of old family history to put on the auction block. If while visiting the great historic houses in the Loire you have ever wondered how to get that Napoleon III diamond necklace off the maîtresse de maison or how to escape with one of the peacock-patterned Aubusson tapestries that habitually line the entrance halls, this is your chance.

Last November a letter that sounded just the right note of practicality went out to some ninety château owners in the region inviting them to participate in a public sale that will be held on June 11 in the eighteenth-century orangery of the privately owned Château de Cheverny. The invitation was masterful in the way it dared to suggest that even the proprietors of stately houses could use a little extra cash to install central heating and fill in the potholes that make their allées of chestnut trees such a bumpy ride. "We have discovered," it read, "that there are many of us in our region who want to sell surplus objects, paintings, and furniture for a variety of reasons—succession, property division, roofing!" Signed "Paul et Sue"—Château du Fresne's Marquis de Brantes and his chirpy American wife—the letter also promised a "minimum of worry" and "anonymity if one wishes it."

According to Philippe Rouillac,





Napoleon's battle lamp, above and right, documented in an 1890 engraving. Below: Auctioneer Philippe Rouillac's gavel falls on June 11. Bottom: A 19th-century ship model with Château de Cheverny, site of the forthcoming auction, in background.







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From Château du Fresne: Victorian silver tea set, below; Nicholas II vermeil flatware, bottom left. Above: Empire commode, one of five pieces. Left: Lyonnais silk damask, c. 1850.



under whose gavel the hundred or so lots will pass, anonymity is key. "A lot of people are demanding it because they are afraid their relations will make noise," he says. "The relations would want to know, 'Why didn't you sell it to us so we could keep it in the family?' "

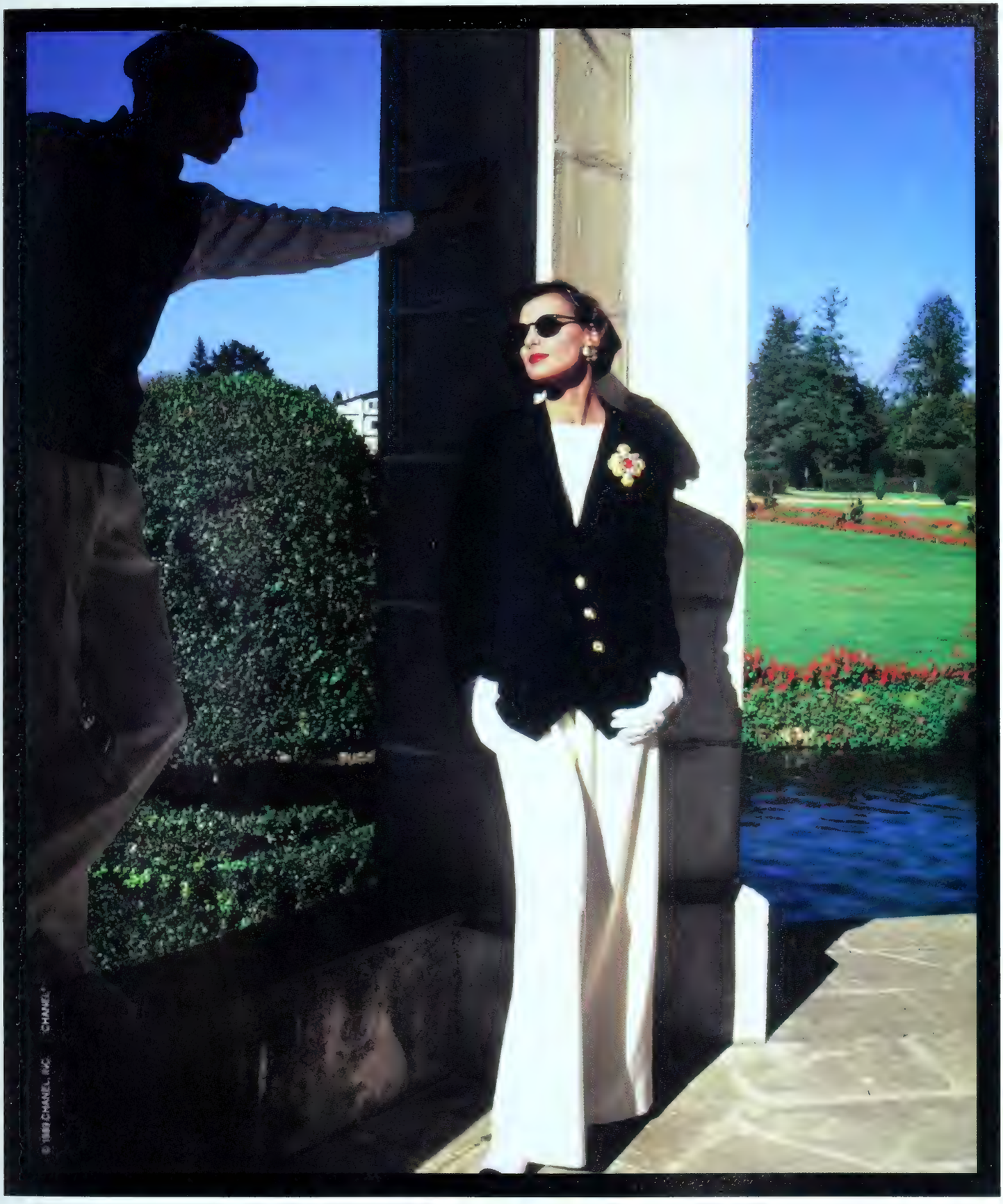
Flushed and cagey, blue bloods all over the Loire did nevertheless respond to the Brantes' bid, inviting Rouillac into their homes to see what they could be encouraged to part with. "Every object in a family has a history, and every family has its secrets," he says. "I am a doctor of people as well as a doctor of objects. You take your clothes off before the medical doctor, and you take your clothes off before the auctioneer. You don't do it in the same manner, of course, but it's just as intimate." Typically, one rather jittery and noble couple is selling a pair of rare Louis XVI ormolu candelabra (estimate, $50,000), eighteen Louis XIV–style carved walnut chairs made under Napoleon III ($4,000), and an early eighteenth century giltwood looking glass ($15,000–$20,000).

Not everyone is worried about what old Tante Cléophée will think. The duc de Caraman at Le Grand Launay, the marquis de Fayet at Château de Montmirail, the duc de Mailly, the comte de Nesle, Nicole Salinger at Les Pins, and the Brantes are participating in the auction with a cool lack of paranoia. The Caramans are unloading at least one big seventeenth-century painting which a Napoleonic officer brought back from Spain as a war prize. The Brantes have decided to let go of a Charles X billiards table that returns balls to players through the mouths of bronze lion masks ($5,000). Rouillac has even managed to secure two chunks of the original staircase in the Eiffel Tower. He hopes the personalized service offered by French auctioneers to sellers and buyers will make converts of the Americans, Japanese, and English expected to attend. "I am sure they will prefer to buy a commode at Cheverny than in an unattractive salesroom in New York where it is hit by a glaring spotlight. If Sotheby's is a supermarket, we are Fauchon."

The contents of the sale will go on view at the château on June 9, and a cocktail party, by invitation only, will be hosted by Cheverny's owners, the vicomte and vicomtesse Arnaud and Hélène de Sigalas, on the evening of June 10. Rouillac, who will be accepting live phone bids, and Sue de Brantes think the rest of the time should be profitably spent touring the Loire, attending son et lumière shows at nearby castles, dining at Barrier in Tours and Le Relais in Bracieux, and taking balloon trips.

One local who won't be joining in the festivities is Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Sue de Brantes's brother-in-law and neighbor. Given the feverish unpopularity of so public an event—especially with figures like Giscard and some of the starchier families in the valley—she is bound to take some heat for her Yankee enthusiasm. "I'm sure there are people who will never speak to me again," she says. "But if selling a painting will enable you to repaint the shutters of your château, why not? It's comforting to know one's pals are in the same boat." Sue de Brantes also likes the idea of her and her friends' houses being emptied of the kind of stifling odds and ends that give château decoration a bad name. "Rather than living in a cold museum with five extra bergères, people might be a little less bitter if they have the means to buy a new radiator."

Given Napoleon's negative feelings about luxury, the centerpiece of the sale—a pair of lamps that followed him on his military campaigns from 1804 to 1815—could hardly be considered extras. They have an ingenious mechanism that pushes the candles up as they burn so that only the wicks are ever visible. Rouillac, however, isn't too enthusiastic about the mangle—an elaborate contraption that irons laundry by passing it between heated wooden rollers—being offered by the Brantes. If Madame were to consider throwing in a few bundles of immaculately pressed château-issue dinner napkins tied with satin ribbon, perhaps it would be a different story. But one thing Sue de Brantes is not selling is her napkins. (For a catalogue and information contact: Paul and Sue de Brantes, Le Fresne, 41310 Authon, France; 54-80-33-04, fax 54-80-34-41. For hotel reservations contact: Laurence Metivier, Loisirs Accueil, 11 place du Château, 41000 Blois, France; 54-78-55-50.) ♠



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Fernand Léger, *Étude Pour Musiciens et Acrobats,* encre de chine on paper, 25½" x 19¾", atelier mark lower right: FL BOOTH 6-141

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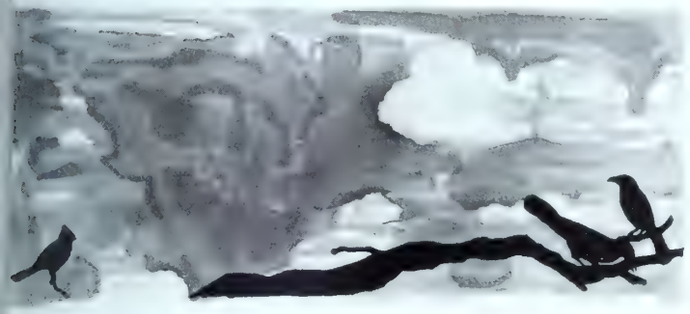


Steve Johnson, *Hod,* 1987/8, wood, height: 70⅝" BOOTH 2

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obert Moskowitz, *The Red and the Black*, 1988, color woodblock print
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Ellen Brooks, *Untitled (Blue Circle)* detail, 1987

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Adolph Gottlieb, *Pink, Blue, Black,*
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Elaine Reichek, *Masked Men (detail)*

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Franz Gertsch, *Natasha* 1988, woodcut on Japan paper
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Juan Munoz, *Two Hunters,* 1988, steel and wood, 150 x 200 x 34 cm
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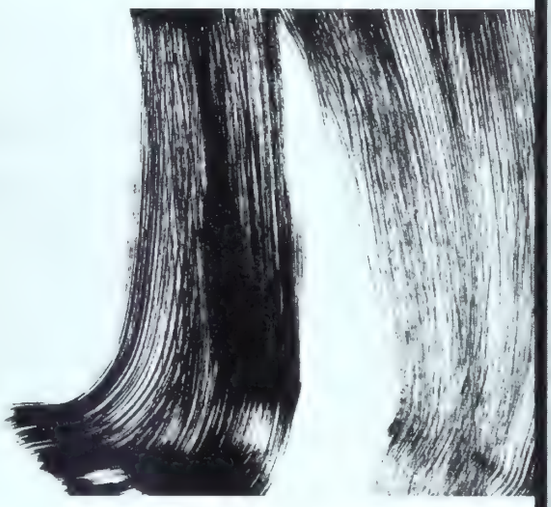
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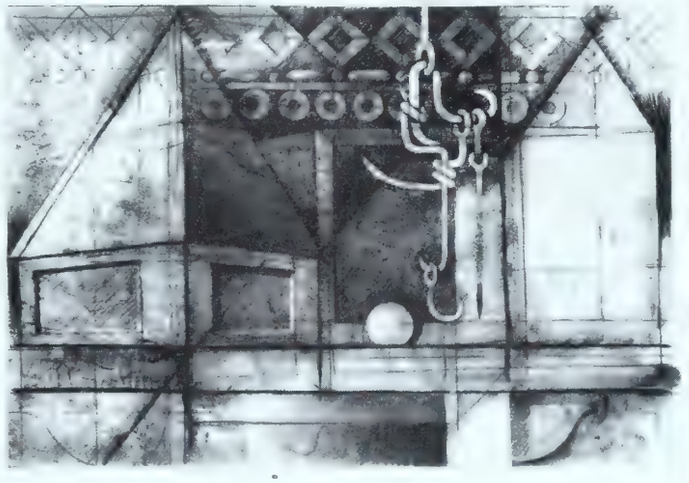
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Marcelo Bonevardi, *Drawing 397,* charcoal pastel and conté crayon
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Ed Moses, *Auged State,* 1988, oil and acrylic on canvas
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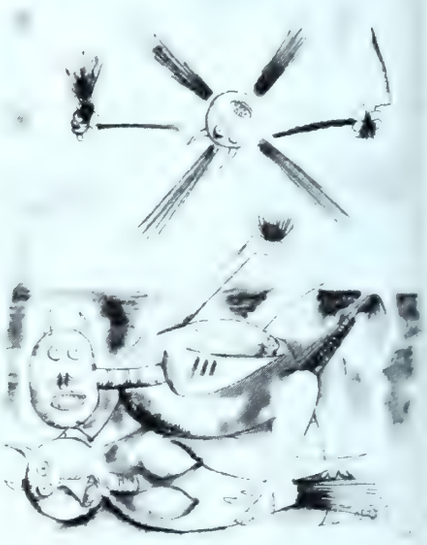
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Willem de Kooning, *Untitled,* c. 1960, oil on vellum on canvas, 64″ x 41″

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Morris Graves, *Fledgling,* ink and watercolor on paper, 31½″ x 16¼″ signed lower right

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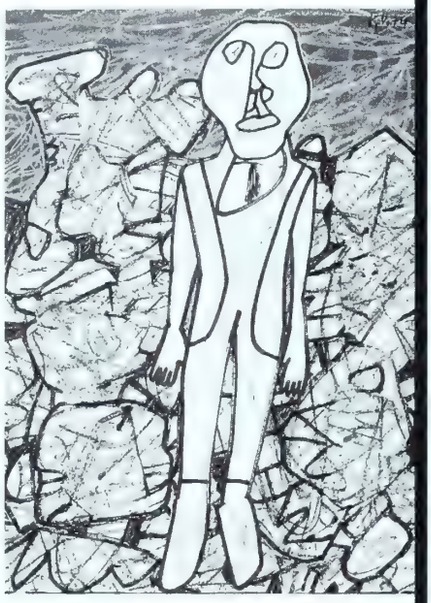
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Jean Dubuffet, *Paysage avec personnage,* 1974, collage, crayon, marker on paper, 16½" x 11¾" BOOTH 2-146

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Henri Matisse, *Tête de femme au collier,* May 5, 1950, encre de chine on paper, 20¾″ x 15¾″ BOOTH 6-149

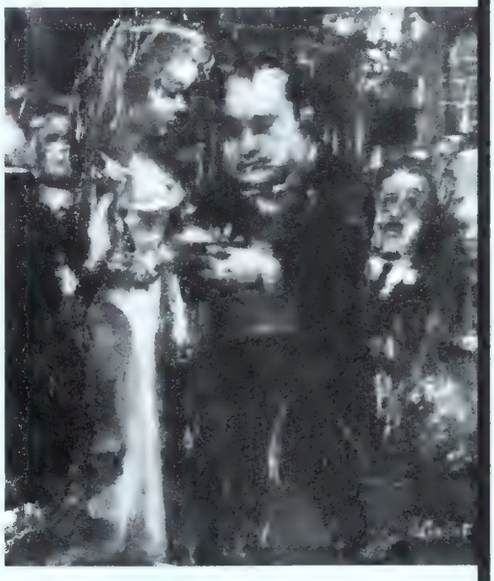
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Courtesy Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, LA Photographer: Judy Cooper

Ida Kohlmeyer, *Synergism 88-2,* 1988, mixed media on canvas, 60″ x 59½″. Send for catalog BOOTH 5-108

Chicago International Art Exposition

WORKROOM

Captain Hook

Brooklyn rug designer Taylor Harbison turns an old craft into a sophisticated art

By Dana Cowin

A Taylor Harbison custom-designed hooked rug, like Monarch Notes for a complex book, summarizes the story of the house for which it is made. Dramatic moments are captured—flowers clipped from a handsome living room chintz, geometric shapes borrowed from window mullions, water tossed up from the blue sea outside—and then looped into woolly submission.

These are not hooked rugs of the curled-cat-on-black-background variety, but they do draw on folk traditions. "I like the quirky mistakes—colors running out, crooked stripes—in nineteenth-century rugs, but I don't like anything craftsy," says Harbison. As a result, his work looks as if Ammi Phillips tried her hand at hooking an Aubusson: the lines wiggle, the forms are a little crude, but the overall effect is elegant.

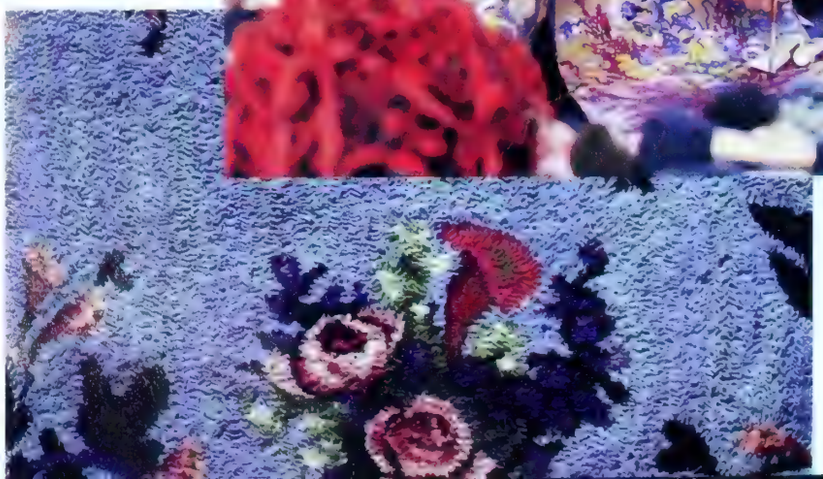
This 31-year-old self-effacing gentleman from the Mississippi Delta conjures up his unique rug schemes after hours of conversation with his clients and weeks of meditation in his cluttered Brooklyn studio. As he sketches, Harbison is surrounded by potential inspirations: skeins of wool, hand-dyed fabric flung over a rack, blooming heather and daffodils, art books, and a rainbow of paints.

Harbison, who's also an accomplished painter, loves hand-hooking and has been at it since he started repairing antique rugs four years ago. His idea of recklessness is switching from his controlled, academic painting to hooking, getting in there with colors and wools and burlap and playing. At the moment, he's working on a rug for decorator Kathy Willner, who is lining her walls with a Pierre Deux reproduction of a 1770 toile depicting a European vision of the New World. Harbison is mapping out an American response: an introduction to native flora and fauna as well as the symbols of freedom and liberty.

Until recently, his projects, most of them for designer William Diamond, consumed a full year from conception to completion—one month from gouache renderings to full-size painted model for approval, followed by eleven months of intensive work. It isn't hard to imagine Harbison working day and night, every day except Sunday afternoons when he would go to church and then out with friends. But one year for one rug and only 52 half days off proved too much, even for him, so now Harbison is designing in his studio and working with a mill in the Philippines. "The mill promised they could follow my designs with great fidelity and they do, but they tell me I'm driving them blind. They want me to simplify, and I won't," says Harbison. He insists on inspecting every dye lot and overseeing even the most minute details, checking that his "mistakes" are still in place.

Harbison's rugs are clearly the work of a man smitten with his medium. Graced with energy and movement, they hardly seem the product of thousands of fleecy curls, but more a plush expression of an interior landscape. (229 St. John's Place #4E, Brooklyn, NY 11217; 718-783-1746). ♠

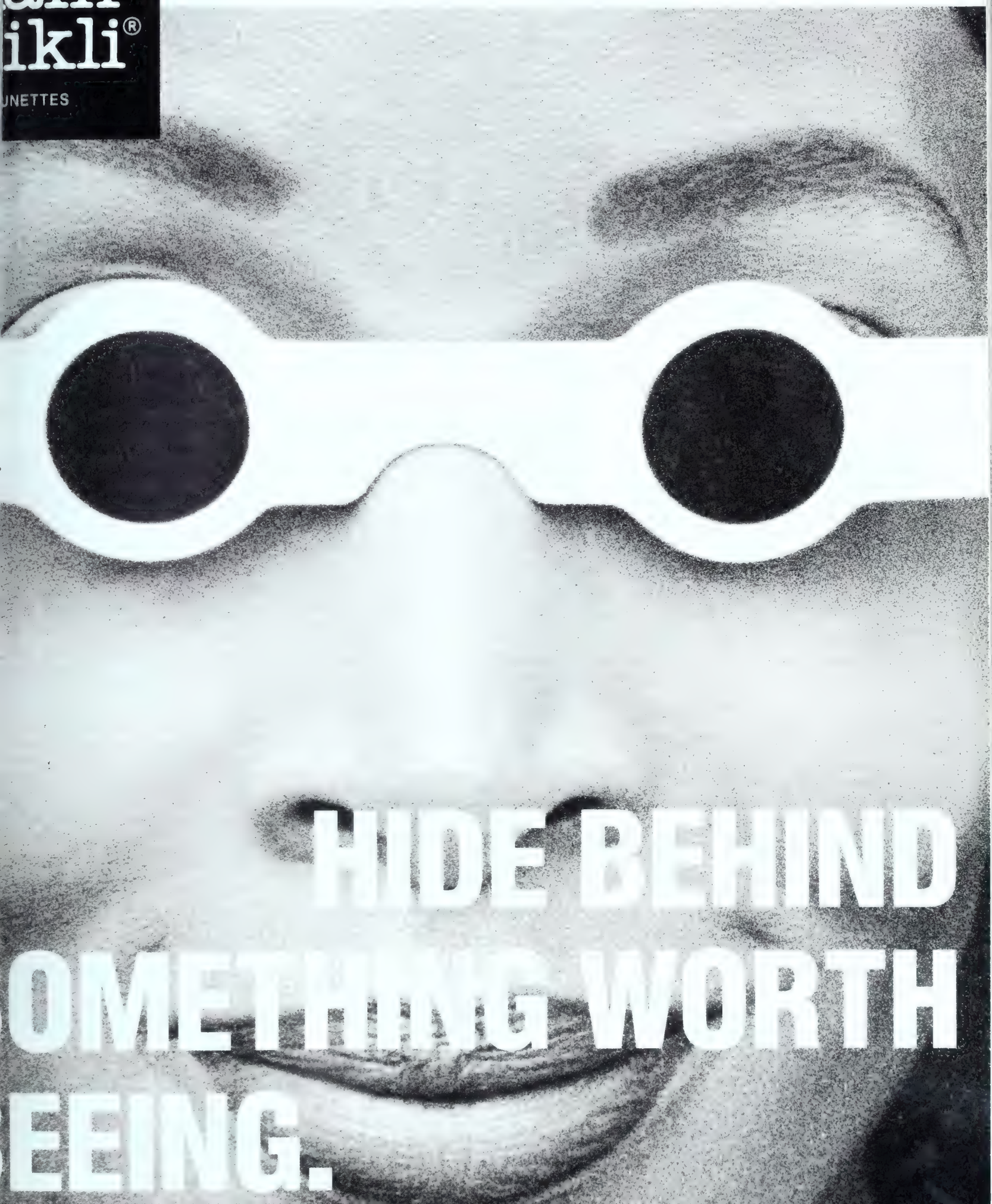




Taylor Harbison, above, working on a preliminary watercolor. Left: A rug detail. Top: Skeins of some current favorite colors: forest green, heather, and sky blue.

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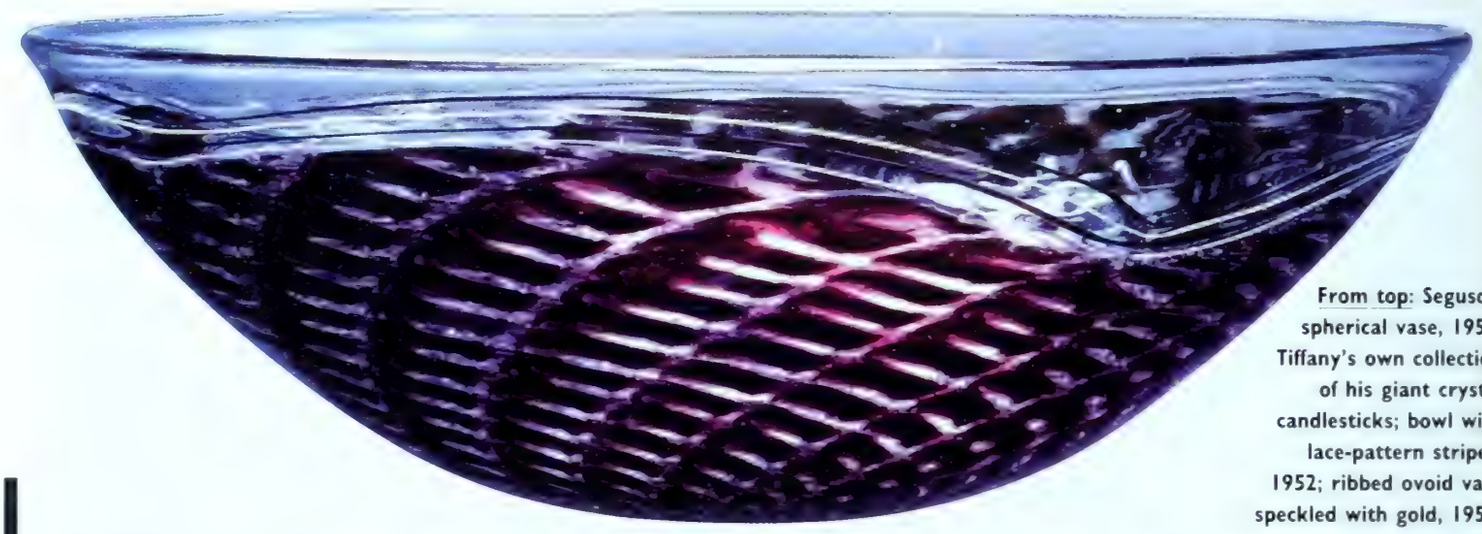


Master of Murano

The light of Venice glows through the art glass of Archimede Seguso

By Alastair Duncan





From top: Seguso's spherical vase, 1951; Tiffany's own collection of his giant crystal candlesticks; bowl with lace-pattern stripes, 1952; ribbed ovoid vase speckled with gold, 1952.

In the vanguard of the design movement that after World War II liberated Italy from the formal rigidity of Fascist rationalism, Archimede Seguso was among such celebrated designers as Carlo Mollino, Gio Ponti, and Ettore Sottsass who were involved in the search for a new decorative vernacular. Exaggerated colors and forms were the common denominators of a style that sought to shock householders out of their humdrum prewar environments.

A taciturn man who finds expression only through his artistry, Seguso was born in 1909 into a dynasty of glassworkers who trace their heritage far beyond his great-grandfather Antonio, who helped pioneer the resurgence of the region's glass industry in the second half of the nineteenth century. The deteriorating façade of the Seguso workshop, on the Venetian island of Murano, encloses the furnaces where for sixty years this *maestro artista* has coaxed his magical confections out of a molten vitreous mass. Seguso's prodigious output is now the focus of a retrospective exhibition, at Tiffany & Co. in New York City, that celebrates his eightieth birthday and more than thirty years of collaboration with the firm's designers, beginning in 1955 with Van Day Truex and continuing with John Loring and Elsa Peretti. Fifty examples of his glassware, spanning the years 1932–72, are on view April 25–May 13.



Seguso has the rare ability to combine the master blower's traditional virtuoso technique with the skills of a Modernist glass designer, but his resourcefulness defies neat categorization. In the 1930s he began to experiment with biomorphic forms and undulating lines, and under the influence of contemporary painting and furniture he extended the conventional limits of the medium. No longer embracing Classicism's formal shapes, Seguso's glassware became soft-edged and organic, the surfaces frequently embellished with random protrusions and sunken planes. The material's fluidity inspired a wide range of sensuous shapes.

Seguso brought a provocative palette to these new shapes by mixing contrasting hues that unerringly engage the eye. His vibrant 1950s Merletto series, for example, with its speckled metallic-gold inclusions was immensely popular. Later models, particularly those of the 1960s, adopt more delicate forms, some enhanced with internal gossamerlike trails or geometric cellular patterns or with colorful applied decorations. Many exquisite pieces incorporate overlapping layers of a single color, while others are candy striped or pulsate with alternating spiral zigzags. Applying an updated version of the classic patterns that have graced the banqueting tables of European palaces and courts from the time of the Renaissance, Archimede Seguso has provided connoisseurs with a rich and diverse body of work that reinterprets the venerated grammar of Venetian glass ornament. ♠

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DEALER'S EYE

Tempted by the Past

Ex-monk Graham Shearing amasses splendid rarities in Pittsburgh

By Jeanne Marie Laskas





Graham Shearing, left, inspects vases posing as 18th century Chinese and pronounces them "made last year but delightful nevertheless." Above: Shearing's prints and oddities, including a rare fragment of 17th-century English wallpaper and a Thai Buddha hand.

Graham Shearing is British. Quite British. His shop, the Golden Calf, is an unexpected find sitting on the east end of Pittsburgh, just in front of a railroad track, well within sniffing distance of a Nabisco cookie and cracker factory. From this spot Shearing displays an exquisite collection of several thousand English and European prints—botanicals, architectural drawings, caricatures, interiors—and a careful selection of artifacts collected from centuries long gone. And from this spot Shearing spends much time sitting, smoking, musing on the meaning of interior decoration.

"It's essentially a game, a fun game," says Shearing, explaining his belief that a room, by its very definition, is never finished. To grasp the concept fully, you'd need to enter the Golden Calf. A visitor won't be immediately drawn to any particular item. Such fleeting attractions are guarded against. Instead the shop works rather like a symphony, the prints and artifacts displayed so carefully as to be orchestrated into themes and movements. In the middle of the room there's a collection of objects put together for no other reason than the fact that they are all colored black; while a table in a corner is a medley of blue and white—a Chinese Kang Xi dish juxtaposed with late eighteenth century English pottery.

You don't go looking for objects at the Golden Calf—you wait until the objects find you. A fourteenth-century pilgrim's badge. An early seventeenth century student's rendition of Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*. A tiny terra-cotta rendition of Astarte, the fertility goddess, from around 3000 B.C. "It looks just like a Picasso," says Shearing, who arranges and constantly rearranges so that the shop is continually in motion, alive.

Interestingly, in Shearing's apartment themes of mortality predominate. "I like things to look slightly run-down—old textiles that are falling to pieces," he explains. Graham Shearing wears his eccentricities proudly. Before coming to this country, he was a Benedictine monk, before that a magazine journalist, and before that he read for the English bar. Collecting pre-nineteenth-century prints had been his earliest passion, and he finally gathered his best examples in suitcases and decided to sell them in America. Shearing chose Pittsburgh, undaunted by its "slightly questionable reputation." In April 1988 he set up shop with his partner, Lea Simonds, and five months later moved into his dream house, a diligently restored former elementary school. Shearing's apartment is down the hall from a door that reads PRINCIPAL.

It is a stark white space with fourteen-foot ceilings broken up into pockets of prints and objects. In one room a mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds looks down on a seventeenth-century ebony cabinet topped by, among other things, an Egyptian scarab and an African shuttle head for weaving. In another room a carousel horse is leaping, while in yet another flowers lie in various stages of decay.

"You know, I rather like dust," Shearing says after a day's work. "I was thinking of importing aerosol sprays of dust, taking the dust from six stately homes so that people can spray it all over their apartments." (The Golden Calf, 5881 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15232; 412-441-1188) ♠



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EDITOR'S PAGE

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In an apartment overlooking Saint Peter's in Rome, Federico Forquet carries on a dialogue I know well. He calls it his "conversation with *collectionismo*." My own possessions, different as they are from Forquet's, also have stories to recall. They talk to me from the tables and walls where they are perched, recounting their private histories and eliciting from me memories of how and where they were acquired. Collectors are of course as diverse as the objects they collect—they range from those who proceed purely on instinct to those who methodically approach their task with a careful eye toward assembling a coherent whole. But for most collectors, I am sure, the pleasures of ownership transcend the obvious visual rewards—there are those small but nourishing bites from Proust's madeleine. One has only to stop by an auction house on the weekend before a big sale or even a small country antiques shop on a Saturday afternoon to see how much the ranks of collectors have swollen. In May, HG visits three residences informed by the collector's urge—Forquet's Roman apartment with its Classical antiquities, Empire furniture, and paintings of Naples; Paul and Pauline Briger's Shingle Style house on the Connecticut shore where the English Aesthetic movement mixes with Gothic Revival; and Howard Hughes's former house (itself a collector's item) in L.A. which now holds a seemingly limitless supply of silver, crystal, and glass that fashion designer Nancy Heller has amassed. To be sure, HG also offers objects of at least some collectors' desires—nineteenth-century American porcelain, Murano glass, Chinese silver. For the true collector, there are always new frontiers.



KAREN RADKAI

A French Neoclassical clock with ormolu fittings, one of the many treasures in decorator Federico Forquet's triplex in Rome.

Editor in Chief

NOBLE ROMAN

The tower apartment of Federico Forquet commemorates a family of collectors

By MICHAEL MEWSHAW
PHOTOGRAPHS by KAREN RADKAI



Using a technique borrowed from Herculaneum, warm wax was applied to the living room walls to achieve delicately gradated color. Forquet tempers the heat of Roman summer with seasonal white cotton slipcovers and curtains. The 1790 caryatid candelabra is the work of Righetti.





"Here are all the things that have followed me from the beginning"





In many ways Federico Forquet's Roman apartment occupies the middle ground between his past and his present. Geographically, it stands halfway between Naples, where he was born and his sense of style was shaped, and Tuscany, where he now spends most of his time working on the celebrated garden that surrounds his restored farmhouse. As Forquet explains, the triplex in the rooftop tower of a building close to the Tiber "provides me with the opportunity to continue my conversation with *collectionismo*. I like antiques, Roman things, Empire furniture, little mosaics, marbles, and paintings of Naples. Here are all the things that have followed me from the beginning, the things I have loved during my life."

Forquet's passion for collecting is part of a familial, as well as a historical, tradition specific to the area around his childhood home. His great-grandfather was a discerning collector deeply impressed by the archaeological discoveries at Pompeii and Herculaneum. As Forquet points out, in the mid eighteenth century the objets d'art removed from these Classical excavations influenced style everywhere: "Neoclassicism started then. And at that moment Naples was the center of style and taste." Much of the decoration and many of the furnishings in Forquet's apartment reflect that taste, which was passed down to him through the generations along with a considerable number of antiques.

A suntanned robust man

Sculpture fragments from the 2nd and 3rd centuries in the stairwell, above. Below: Forquet in his garden at Valle Pinciole in Cetona.



The living room, above, with the dark upholstery of an 1860 sofa and modern chairs revealed for winter. Antique paisley shawls cover the armchair at right. Under the mirror at left are a mahogany console and clock with ormolu fittings, c. 1780, made by Giuseppe Valadier for the Villa Borghese. The sphinx motif recurs on the late 18th century pedestal-mounted urn by Raffaelli. A 2nd-century Roman mosaic emerges from behind the silk curtains.



"My apartment provides me with the opportunity
to continue my conversation with collectionismo"



A 17th-century terra-cotta bas-relief by Algardi crowns an early 19th century porphyry mantelpiece in the living room, above. Magazines are stacked between the colonnettes of a 19th-century Neapolitan mahogany table. The floor is painted parquet. Right: One of Forquet's favorite pieces, a Roman Neoclassical tempietto, c. 1800, enshrining an allegorical figure.



In the petit salon, or dining room, a Neapolitan Reale Fabbrica biscuit equestrian figure by Filippo Tagliolini, 1810, surmounts a 1798 égyptiennerie mahogany and bronze breakfront attributed to Biennais, which once belonged to Napoleon. Forquet commissioned a local artist to paint the Greco-Roman wall decoration on fabric.





A late 18th century Etruscan Revival mantelpiece, above, of marble and scagliola supports Neoclassical bronze candlesticks by Valadier, modeled on Egyptian figures. Each plate in the hand-painted Capodimonte dinner service depicts a different ancient Roman vase. The mahogany dining chairs are Russian Empire, c. 1820. Left: Melon and white striped cotton from Zumsteg covers the bedroom walls and a sofa draped with a chenille shawl. Two 19th-century views of Rome flank Barrigue de Fontainieu's *Bay of Naples*, 1818. Below: An Italian Empire mahogany and leather cartonnier in the library stands below *The Eruption of Vesuvius*, an 18th-century painting by Carlo Bonavia.

Each piece in his collection, no matter how precious, serves a purpose





bristling with energy and ideas, Federico Forquet started his professional life as a fashion designer. In the late 1950s he spent two years in Paris working with Balenciaga before moving to Rome to open his own *maison de couture*. From the living room of his current apartment he can gaze across acres of red tile roofs, past famous domes and cupolas, and describe the course of his career as he discusses the decoration of his previous residences. "I have discovered that it is not fashion that influences the way you decorate the place where you live, it is your state of mind." In the beginning he lived in a seventh-floor walk-up on Via del Babuino with a view of the Pincio and the Villa Medici. It was "very bohemian. That was my *stato d'animo*." He decorated the flat with modern sculpture and paintings, including a large canvas by Cy Twombly, a close friend.

Later, as his business expanded and grew more successful and he started to

A fragment of a 2nd-century marble statue of Jupiter and Ganymede, above, rests on the stair landing below an 18th-century Pietro Fabris landscape. Right: In the library, a 1st-century B.C. southern Italian vase collected by Forquet's great-grandfather holds flowers atop a table covered in 19th-century grosgrain. A painting of Vesuvius by the 18th-century French artist Volaire is a dramatic backdrop to the three Graces supporting a Louis XVI clock.





"In my decorating," says the former couturie



never follow fashion"



"think more grand, more sophisticated," he bought and decorated a sumptuous apartment on the Gianicolo. But his aesthetic interests were also broadening, and with the acquisition of Valle Pinciole in Cetona he began to take a greater interest in landscape gardening. The problem was that his work in haute couture kept him away from Italy for weeks at a stretch, and every spring, just when the flowers were blooming, he had to fly to the United States to sell his new line. To gain more freedom and more time in the country, he switched from fashion to designing home-furnishing fabrics and decor. Eventually, Forquet says, his gardening, an obsession that "started for love," became an added profession. He now writes a regular column on horticulture for *L'Espresso Più* and *Vogue Décoration* and has collaborated with Marella Agnelli, a longtime friend, on a lavish book, *Gardens of the Italian Villas*.

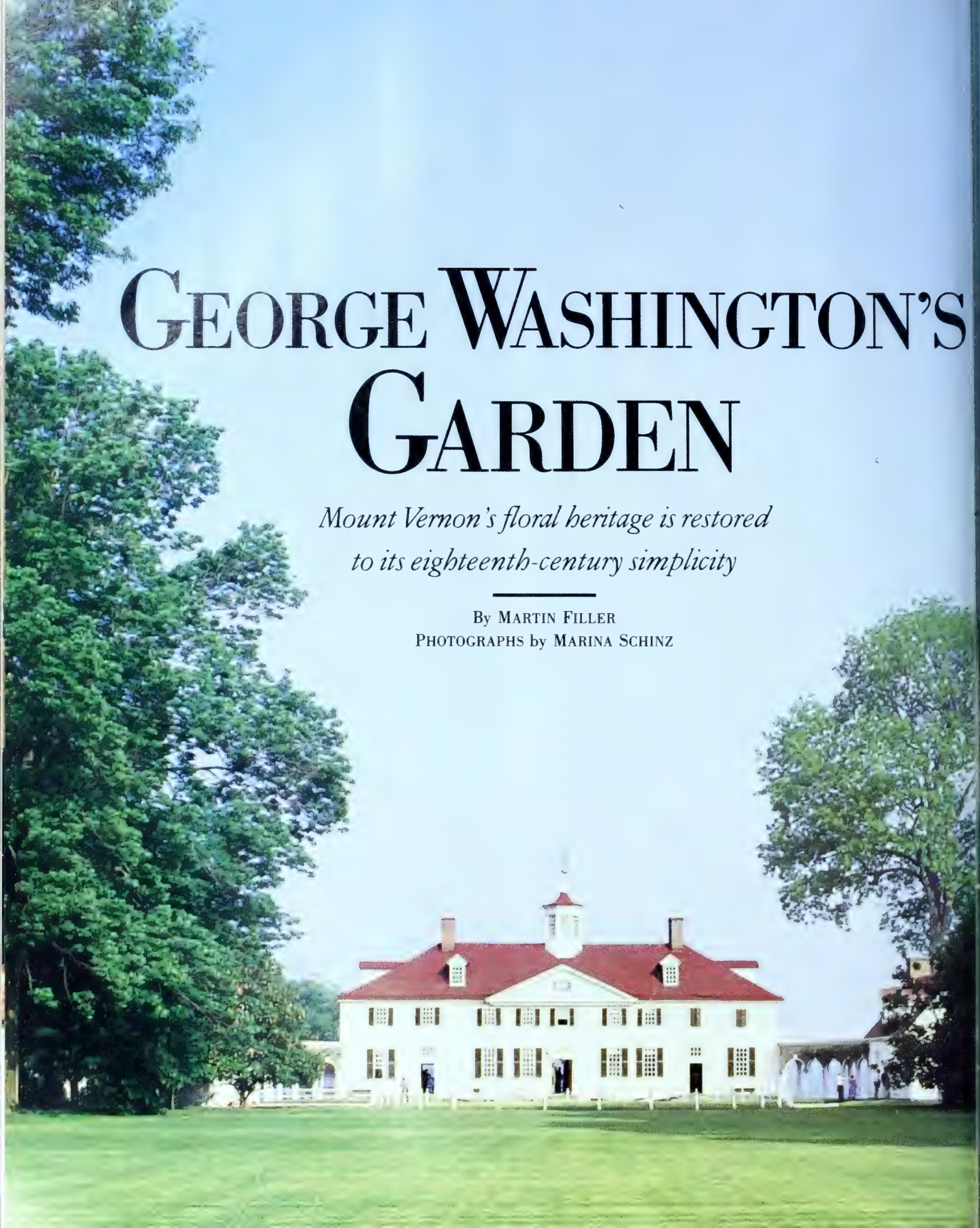
Although he speaks self-deprecatingly of his Roman apartment as a box that contains the objects he has inherited and collected, it would be ludicrous to think of it as no more than a storage space. It certainly has none of the lifeless claustrophobic atmosphere of a museum. With its verdant terraces and splendid views, the triplex is designed to be lived in. Forquet describes it as "really comfortable, really easy. It is less decorated, more practical than what I had before." Each piece, no matter how precious, serves a purpose—whether it is a first-century B.C. southern Italian vase full of flowers, a Roman bust to *(Text continued on page 210)*

A French Neoclassical enamel and ormolu clock, c. 1830, is the central ornament on a mahogany Directoire desk in the master bedroom, left. The painted armchairs are 18th century Neapolitan. Paintings in the alcove and flanking drawings comprise 18th- and 19th-century images of Naples, Forquet's birthplace. Above: Among the rugged timbers of the upstairs music room, an 18th-century Neapolitan oval bas-relief portrait lends a note of refinement. The trompe l'oeil window and foliage were commissioned from contemporary Roman decorative artist Benito Vandilli.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GARDEN

Mount Vernon's floral heritage is restored to its eighteenth-century simplicity

By MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS by MARINA SCHINZ





The oval entry court of Mount Vernon and the bowling green beyond it, seen from the mansion's cupola. Opposite: The slightly asymmetrical entry front faces a sweeping lawn flanked by some of the sixteen surviving trees planted by Washington.

As the face on the one-dollar bill, George Washington is difficult for most Americans to imagine as a flesh and blood individual with feelings and passions like our own. Nowhere does this iconic, even mythic, figure come more vividly alive than at Mount Vernon, his beloved Virginia estate overlooking the Potomac River fifteen miles south of the city that bears his name. Two hundred years after Washington took office as our first president, this classic southern manor house, its grounds, and now once again its pleasure garden are highly evocative and can tell us more about the man who created them than a dozen biographies.

In certain respects, Mount Vernon is much like our general notions of its owner: dignified, imposing, disciplined, and grand. A visit reveals it to be much else: simple, hospitable, and centered on the enjoyment of the natural world in all its variety. Washington had no greater pleasure than improving the landscape of his domain, and in that enthusiasm he was a true product of his century. The rage for gardening that swept Europe during the Enlightenment took root in America as soon as early settlers were able to shift their energies from the rigors of agricultural survival to the cultivation of a more civilized way of life.

Even after the United States broke away from England, the mother country provided the ideal of how a gentleman should live. Yet as often happened in those days of difficult travel and slow communication, styles in overseas outposts lagged well behind fashions at the center of the empire. The vogue for the Romantic "natural" garden was already in full swing in England by 1785 (when Washington undertook his extensive reworking of Mount Vernon after returning from the Revolution), but that new direction was only beginning to be felt in Virginia.

The landscaping of the Mount Vernon estate (which Washington acquired from his half-brother's widow in 1754) is quintessentially Colonial in plan. Washington's later superimposition of curving



Trumpet honeysuckle (*Lonicera sempervirens*) on the wooden colonnade framing a view of the Potomac and connecting the house with the estate office.







Contemporary accounts of the Upper Garden by guests of Washington indicate he followed the advice of Batty Langley, the great English garden theorist, who recommended that flower beds in pleasure gardens such as this be centered with a fruit tree.



The Lower Garden, above, is laid out as a formal English kitchen garden. Designed by Morley Jeffers Williams in the 1930s, it is an excellent example of Colonial Revival planting. Opposite: In the recently restored Upper Garden, brick-edged beds intersected by gravel paths are abloom with varieties of flowers Washington is known to have used or that were available to him.

lines atop that symmetrical axial layout was a response to the emerging taste for a less structured approach. "The curved line is nature's gift" was a precept of the English architect and garden theorist Batty Langley, author of *New Principles of Gardening* published in 1728. Washington took him at his word, but by the end of the century the more widely traveled visitors to Mount Vernon remarked on how dated some of the formal landscaping seemed. The architect Benjamin Latrobe, writing in 1796, noted one vestigial Baroque set piece with surprise: "For the first time again since I left Germany, I saw here a parterre, clipped and trimmed with infinite care into the form of a richly flourished Fleur-de-Lis: The expiring groans I hope of our Grandfather's pedantry."

Except for the Upper Garden's English boxwood, much of which still survives, what else Washington put in is largely a matter of surmise, since no detailed plans of that enclosure have come down to us. But enough is known for some educated guesses. Latrobe mentioned a "neat flower garden laid out in squares and boxed with great precision," and in 1799 the Reverend John Latta recorded that the "garden is very handsomely laid out in squares and flower knots and contains a great variety of trees, flowers and plants of foreign growth collected from almost every part of the world."

In keeping with the spirit of greater historical accuracy, which during the past decade has caused such drastic revisions to the interiors of many museum houses, it was decided that the Upper Garden should more closely resemble Washington's original plantings. Since the late nineteenth century this one-acre pleasure garden to the north of the vast greensward had been dominated by rose bushes in intertwining Victorian patterns—pretty enough but completely anachronistic. Although Washington's Upper Garden did have roses, such single-variety displays were unheard of in his day. The practice was to intersperse many different flowers—including cardinal flower, foxglove, fritillaria, and larkspur cited by Washington—in beds centered by a fruit tree, usually an apple or a pear, advice he also took from Batty Langley.

That was the scheme devised by the husband and wife team of Mount Vernon's landscape historian and designer, Susanne A. Schrage-Norton, and its horticulturist, J. Dean Norton. Following eyewitness accounts of rectangular beds intersected by pathways, they removed the roses and repositioned them throughout the Upper Garden. They also extended the horticultural list to include varieties the first president might have used even though there is no proof of his specific choices. Others that can now be found there include such nostalgic flowers as blue flax, bluebells,





bouncing bet, Canterbury bells, cornflowers, heliotrope, hollyhocks, love-lies-bleeding, nasturtiums, primrose, snow-in-summer, sweet alyssum, verbena, and wallflowers. The exact arrangements of nearly one hundred kinds of flowering plants reflect recent research into eighteenth-century English and American practices, especially at the colonial Virginia capital of Williamsburg, the gardens of which Washington was well acquainted with.

Even less is known about the original layout of the Lower Garden (the twin of the Upper Garden) on the south side of the great lawn leading up to the main entry of the mansion house. The Lower Garden was Mount Vernon's workhorse plot, providing almost all the fruits, vegetables, and herbs used at the Washingtons' bountiful and well-attended table. There are lengthy records of the foods grown, but again the exact placement of plants is now only suppositional. The present arrangement dates from the 1930s, when it was replanted by the landscape architect Morley Jeffers Williams. It is probably a much more elaborate depiction of what existed there in the late eighteenth century. Nevertheless, this fine example of Colonial Revival garden planning will be preserved until—if ever—better documentation appears on how a Virginia kitchen garden of Washington's period looked.

What is so touching about the new Upper Garden at Mount Vernon is its accessibility and simplicity. At a time when many Americans are questioning our nation's goals and values, these gentle pathways speak eloquently of the man who first laid them out. With characteristic understatement George Washington called gardening "my little amusement," but like his personal integrity, it now grows larger in our enduring appreciation of him as an American perennial. ▲

The greenhouse, below, completed in 1787 and rebuilt in 1952, faces the newly restored pleasure garden. At center between hedges of English boxwood (*Buxus sempervirens* 'Suffruticosa') is a sago palm (*Cycas revoluta*), possibly a descendant of one given to Washington. Above left: Cattle graze next to wall of Lower Garden.





The greenhouse's south-facing sash windows and double-hinged shutters allow regulation of heat and light. Between May 21 and September 21 trees and plants are kept outdoors. On ledge above doorway are 18th-century glass forcing bells.







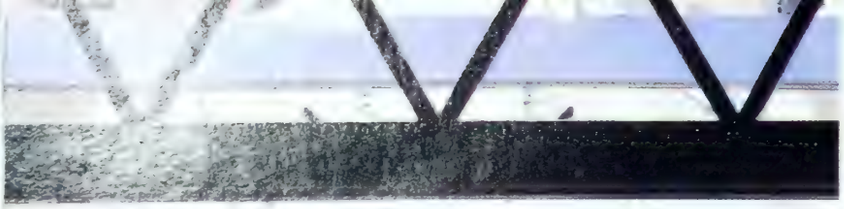
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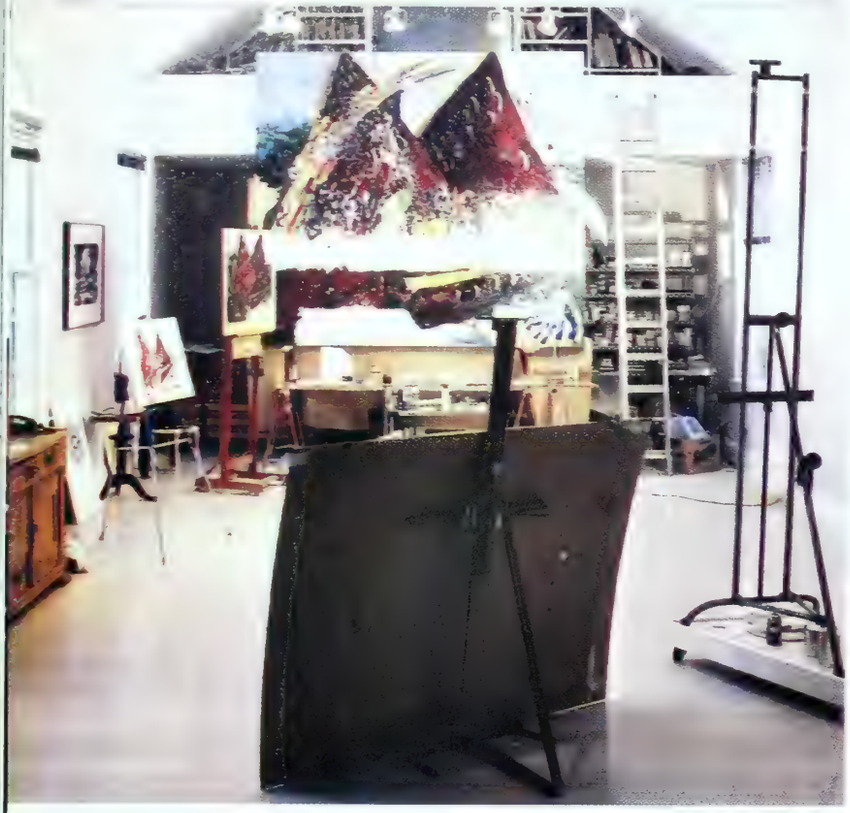
Painter Malcolm Morley's life and work converge in a transformed church

By Dodie Kazanjian
Photographs by Eric Boman



Malcolm Morley, opposite, in his studio. Above: Hans Hollein's Marilyn settee and a Gaudí mirror in the Pink Room, an office/sitting room decorated by architect Joan Sacks. Walls by Beriah Wall. Details see Resources.









Malcolm Morley's cup runneth over. Last December he had his first show at the Pace Gallery, whose owner, Arnold Glimcher, won out in a high-stakes duel with Mary Boone for the high-profile artist. All the paintings, which were priced up to $500,000 apiece, sold out before the show opened. For the first time in his life Morley, who was born in London in 1931 and has lived in a succession of cold-water flats since coming to New York in 1958, is thinking about living well. He now has three places—a converted Methodist church in Bellport, Long Island; a newly designed loft in New York City; a cottage in Maine—and he's negotiating to buy another house in Bellport for his housekeeper. Also, for the first time in his life, he's engaged—a long engagement with plans to get married in June. (He's been married before but never engaged.)

His principal residence is the church, which he's been working on over the past four years with architect Joan Sacks and with help from a number of artists and craftsmen. Calvin Tomkins and I dropped in on him at the church on a recent Sunday afternoon. We found him in his studio—the former place of worship—putting finishing touches on his huge painting *Black Rainbow over Oedipus at Thebes*. After cleaning his hands in a pot of Nivea, which he buys by the gallon, he sat us down in the bright yellow sitting room to talk about his new way of life.

MALCOLM MORLEY: I've never lived right. It's taken me a long time to find a way. Like the dog who turns round and round before he lies down. I've never addressed myself to the problem-solving of making a space to live in with the same amount of concentration that I use to make a painting. Before, I always thought, "I'm renting this place—why bother?" So this is really wonderful because I've discovered the space by doing it the same way I make a painting. I don't make the painting because I know what it is. I make it to find out what it is. And to find out what this church is for me has been a very open, very flexible experience. It's not to do with architecture—it's really just to do with color. The color is energizing, and people become somewhat theatrical here. It's like the stage.

CALVIN TOMKINS: Tell us how you came to settle here.

MM: It was a space to work in outside the city. The idea of "doing" a house was the furthest thing from my mind. I used to come to visit Xavier Fourcade [his former dealer] in Bellport and this was a place down the road. Nobody wanted to buy it. Families didn't like it. Perfect for a painter. I was here for about two minutes, and it was

The church, above. In Morley's studio, his painting *Black Rainbow over Oedipus at Thebes* in progress, above left, and a slop sink, left, from Urban Archaeology, NYC. Morley uses the target when he takes a dart break from painting.

nstantly right. It was a wreck. In the big studio the ceiling was flat, nd it had more of the feeling of a meetinghouse.

)ODIE KAZANJIAN: You took that flat ceiling out and restored the 'aulted roofline?

MM: Yes. In a sense, it's more like a church than it had been.

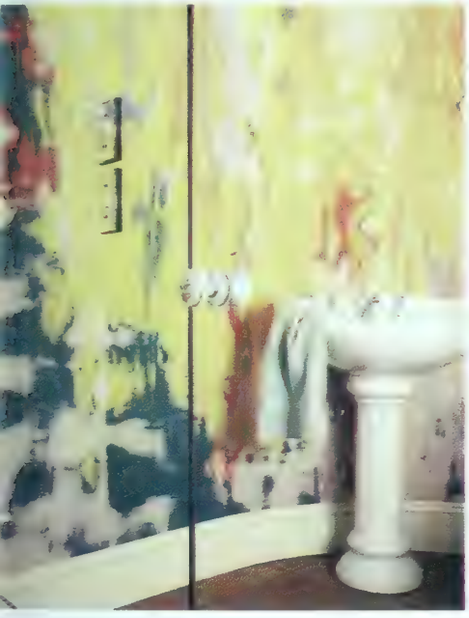
CT: Have you ever owned a house before?

MM: I owned a house on the Bowery once, and I've rented a num-)er of lofts, so I had a little rehearsal here and there. But you never inish them when you do it yourself. Now I've got a very finished oft. And the church is pretty well finished except for the outside. But it's taken four years. I had a blowup with the interior designer who started this place over the direction the bathtub had been put in. felt that aesthetically being in the tub with your back to the door sn't a good idea. She thought I was making a big fuss. Then I had his idea about a greenhouse with wooden sash, but she got a metal monstrosity. I hated it. Anyway, she left, and that's when I started hinking about walls and color. Then I met Joan Sacks, and she be- gan straightening out the work of the first lady.

DK: What are your ideas about walls and color?

MM: I remembered how I had gone to Petra, this town in Jordan carved out of red stone. The cross sectioning was extraordinary, all this rock color going from green to red to purple. That's the feeling I wanted with these walls. You don't have a sense that there's a skin on the wall. You feel that if you were to saw through it, it would all be the same stuff. *(Text continued on page 210)*









Bellport designer/craftsman David Ebner made chairs of curly maple and African wenge wood for Morley's kitchen, below. The table is made of Russian pine. Above: The prototype for the Ebner kitchen chairs, painted by artist Gordon Hart, sits under a Hart painting. Left: Bathroom walls by Beriah Wall. Below left: Morley's fiancée, Lida Kruisheer.



Cuttings of sassafras hanging in David Ebner's storefront gave Joan Sacks the idea for sassafras stair rails in Morley's sitting room. Ebner designed the coffee and end tables. Opposite: Detail of Morley's *Barcelona Cathedral as a Blood Red Orange*, 1986–87, oil and wax on canvas, 80" by 90". Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ovitz; photograph courtesy the Pace Gallery, NYC.







In the living room, right, French majolica medallions face off above a Gothic Revival fruitwood desk. An 18th-century Aubusson provides common ground for a French slipper chair and a Syrian hexagonal table. Opposite: On an heirloom piano a flowery majolica vase holds one of Pauline Briger's bouquets. Details see Resources.



COLLECTIVE SPIRIT

On the Connecticut shore, decorator Georgina Fairholme creates a hospitable setting for unexpected antiques

By STUART GREENSPAN
PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI

From the outside, there is nothing about this sprawling weathered Shingle Style house that would call attention to itself or set it apart from its neighbors in a private summer resort on the Connecticut shore. Here, the old houses lying low against the water are as much a part of the landscape as the rocks on the beach. But appearances to the contrary, this house is not at all like anything else around. For one thing, it is brand-new.

The house was built two years ago by Jonathan Butler of the New York firm of Butler Rogers Baskett for Paul and Pauline Briger and their three children. Butler is married to Pauline Briger's cousin, and in this way and many others the house is very much a family affair. Pauline's uncle's father was one of the founders of the community, and several of its houses have been owned at one time or another by still other relatives. Happy memories of childhood summers prompted Pauline and her husband—an entrepreneurial sort in his forties whose many hats include those of lawyer, businessman, collector, and, most recently, antiques dealer—to rent in the area for several years while waiting for a suitable house to become available for them to buy. When none did, they decided to build.

"A New England version of a seaside Tuscan villa" is how the Brigers describe their house, and that is essentially what they have achieved. Grand yet intimate, domestic yet exotic, the place perfectly reflects the personalities and diverse interests of the people who live inside. On the Saturday that I visited, Pauline Briger was





In the front hall, far left, a Venetian majolica bowl, c. 1920, perches on a French rustic table. Left: Pauline Briger surrounded by her zinnias and roses. Right: The second-floor gallery with 1920s club chairs and a Gothic-style railing overlooks an 1871 painting of a bacchante. Below: In a cozy end of the living room a Brunschwig & Fils chintz-covered sofa is paired with Madeleine Castaing's Edwardian-style coffee table.





The living room, left, with its Della Robbia–style ceramic crowning the doorwa stucco-colored walls, and eclectic furnishings, looks more Continental than Connecticut seaside. Below: A pineapple-toting India maiden serves as an unexpected doorstop Opposite: Glowing w sponged turquoise wa the dining room fram views of the garden and the sound beyond. Styled by Jacques Dehornois.

in the cozy tiled kitchen baking with exquisite seventeenth-century wooden cookie molds. Pretty and blond and, like her husband, too young looking to be the parent of grown children, she pointed out the window to the flowers that she tends and fixes into spectacular still lifes.

Paul Briger is slim and energetic with the expensively rumpled look of a country gentleman and the restless critical eye of a man who is constantly assessing what he has done. They are both enormously proud of their sprawling cottage by the sea.

The true nature of the house is concealed by the somewhat severe façade. But inside, the startling welcoming tableau is of a flower-shaped Venetian majolica bowl—of the sort that my grandmother might have collected—sitting with great dignity atop a brutal-looking bark table. To either side are such unlikely companions as an English Aesthetic chair, a nineteenth-century Japanese embroidered portrait of a tiger, a charming watercolor that may or may not have been painted by Queen Victoria, and a Napoleon III lead doorstop in the shape of an alluring Indian maiden, symbolizing America. All of this is underscored and pulled together by plank floors and a disarmingly sweet striped and flowered wallpaper. "We didn't want to get too fancy," Paul Briger says. It is apparent as one proceeds through the rest of the house that he and his wife have walked a fine line between the desire for a simple casual look and their equally strong instincts as collectors whose idiosyncratic taste runs from high-style Biedermeier to Edwardian flourishes.

The heart of the house is the airy two-story stucco-colored drawing room, with a long row of windows looking out over a broad sitting porch to Long Island Sound beyond. On one side is the master bedroom suite, a succession of rooms painted in subtle tints from the pink of the inside of a shell to a rose in full bloom. On the other is the formal dining room with a trompe l'oeil ceiling of sky and clouds by Robert Jackson and sponge-painted walls of an intense turquoise. The second-story gallery with its Gothic-style railing and more Jackson trompe l'oeil connects a mauve guest room with the Brigers' twelve-year-old daughter's very French bedroom, which has enough pink and gilt to please any fairy princess. (The Brigers' sons sleep in the summer in



A majolica orchid vase, left, blossoms on an early 19th century Continental table textured with simulated bark and lichen. The watercolor hanging above it is attributed to Queen Victoria.







Reflected in the Indian mother-of-pearl inlaid mirror, left, are Directoire painted beds and a Victorian cabinet. The fairy-tale bedroom, opposite and inset, occupied by the Briger's twelve-year-old daughter, Annabel, has a Louis XVI painted bed and gilt baldachin. Bed frame and gilt *dos à dos* (a chair for sitting back-to-back) upholstered in Cathy chintz from Hinson & Co.

detached and as yet unwinterized cabins that form their own compound.)

The Brigers' passion and eye for extraordinary furniture and objects have resulted in the formation of an antiques firm, Briger Fairholme, a partnership between the Brigers and the estimable Georgina Fairholme, a good friend and the Brigers' decorator through four houses over the past fifteen years.

The sense of time and continuity which is the theme of this richly layered house—although spare for all its intriguing contents—has been underlined by Georgina Fairholme's contributions. It is she who has pulled together the Brigers' collections into a comfortable, livable home by means of her special gift for color and pattern, evident in every detail. "I don't think I'm very extreme," says Fairholme a little coyly. "I may be a little bit experimental," she says, finding just the right word.

The success of the house is in the degree to which its owners enjoy it. Although built as a summer place, it has become the Brigers' year-round retreat from city living. "This house totally reflects us, our likes and dislikes," Paul Briger says, mindful of the fact that theirs is not everyone's taste. "The things other people might buy as accents we surround ourselves with completely." That is the Brigers' special gift—combining objects with personalities as strong as their own into strangely beautiful and harmonious ensembles. ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*





Much of the wicker furniture on the porch, above, has been in Pauline Briger's family for generations. Right: The master bedroom, which opens onto the porch, with a bed and corner chairs covered in quilted Brunschwig chintz.

GREAT NAPPERS

HG talks with Fran Lebowitz and others about the simple (and not so simple) pleasures of dozing

PHOTOGRAPHS by GEORGE LANGE



FRAN LEBOWITZ

"For people who don't go to work, napping comes with the territory."



Why do you nap?

FRAN LEBOWITZ: The reason that I nap basically, is because I have insomnia. think it unseemly for a writer to quote him self, but I feel compelled to commit this unseemly act. once wrote a piece about sleep, and I said, "Sleep is deat without the responsibility." I think a nap is sleep withou the responsibility. That's why I can nap. I've always bee able to do things I'm not supposed to do. At five thirty i the afternoon, you never think, "Oh, I should be napping everybody else is napping, I'm being irresponsible by no napping." In fact, you are quite definitely not supposed t be napping. Not at my age. If you're three months ol you're supposed to be napping, if you're eighty-seve you're supposed to be napping. I'm right in the middl Thirty-eight. The middle years are non-nap years.

HG: *How much time do you devote to napping?*

FL: I nap, I would say, at least five days a week, usually for one and a half to two hours, at around six in the evening. It's a wonderful time to sleep. The day isn't so strident then. Even though I live in an extremely dull place and have my phone shut off a great deal of the time, I still sense that outside, people are working. It makes me uneasy, everyone out there in the early morning racing around. At six or seven, some of the people I know may end up going to parties—they're still working—but the normal people have stopped. Also, I live in the middle of a set of construction sites. By this time they're not making noise. So it's a nice time to get to sleep, this soft time of day.

HG: *What are the best conditions for napping?*

FL: I think of my sofa. I have a nap-oriented sofa. I had it made so that the arms were padded enough to lie on without a pillow. Because I don't like sofas that have pillows. They're kind of suffocating. I know some people like down sofas, the ones you sink into. That's too serious for me.

HG: *Do you need darkness?*

FL: Mostly, I tend to stay in dark places. I don't seek out the sunlight. When I find myself in the home of another, I encourage them to drape their windows. And I travel with masking tape to tape hotel curtains together because they always stay a little apart. I don't know if you ever noticed that. The curtains in a hotel are usually not that well made, and also they have been flung open by people who have no proprietary interest in them.

HG: *Do you ever set an alarm?*

FL: I had a very nice clock, but it's broken, so I have a borrowed one at the moment, one of these modern inventions that beeps. Terrible sound. Quite hateful. But there's no good sound to wake up to—even the most hospitable whisper is infuriating.

HG: *Do you have any special nap accoutrements? Do you, for instance, ever use a sleep mask?*

Alessandra Ferri

"The day of a ballet performance I go home after rehearsal, eat a little pasta, and then go right to bed as if it's night. There's nothing odd about my nap—I just put my head under the pillow and get completely away from the world. I sleep really heavily in the afternoon; it's a nervous reaction, I think. Some people, nerves make them awake and alert. They make me tired."

Details see Resources.



Spalding Gray

"I lie down in what is called the yoga death pose. Then I take a little paperback—Beyond the Pleasure Principle *is exactly the right size—and trick my body into believing that I've been reading and now I'm just relaxing. I go out for ten, fifteen minutes at most, and wake up completely refreshed."*





APRILE MILLO

"I always take a nap at one o'clock the day of a performance. I wasn't always secure enough to do it—though once I mastered the operatic craft, I could. The nap, of course, is ideal for renewing the human battery, both physically and mentally."



FL: No, I don't use masks for anything. First of all, they look ridiculous, and the sense that I looked like that would keep me awake. If I had a mask on, I would think that I was in a 747 on an airstrip in the Middle East being held hostage and outside were lots of guys with submachine guns and TV cameras. That's the only circumstance under which I can imagine myself masked.

But a blanket is important. I like the weight of a blanket on me, and I like the air to be cold. I've been known to put on the air conditioning and then a blanket. On my bed I have a down quilt, but I never nap in bed and I'm not energetic enough to carry the quilt to the living room where I nap—the napping area. So I use an old blanket from my years of poverty—it's just a thin regular blanket.

HG: *What's the principle behind never napping in bed?*

FL: I believe that if you nap in bed it's going to be hard for you to sleep at night. You have to understand that, even though I nap regularly, I rarely think I am going to take a nap—because I don't want to set up in myself a rebellion against the notion of sleeping. So what I say is, "I am going to lie down on the sofa and read." And then I fall asleep.

HG: *Do you think you're fooling yourself into napping?*

FL: I feel that I am easing myself into it.

HG: *Then you don't have nap guilt?*

FL: I don't feel guilty about napping. In fact I don't feel guilty about anything I've ever done in my entire life. It's always amazing to me the things people feel guilty about. People say things like, "Oh, I ate so much I feel guilty." I mean, there are murderers who don't feel guilty. Should you feel guilty because you ate two bowls of spaghetti? I don't feel guilty about pleasure, ever.

HG: *Some people fear napping as the beginning of decadence—that it's such a great pleasure it could become addictive.*

FL: Those are people who work. For people who don't go to work, napping comes with the territory. You see quite a few people on the streets napping. Perhaps they feel, "I should get up. Who's watching this corner?" But I don't think napping is decadent. And this word "addictive"—I hate the way it's used now. Addicted, to me, means you like something so much you do it all the time. What's wrong with that? I believe that people should do what they want to do, even things that are bad for them, as long as they're not bad for other people. Drinking and smoking cigarettes and taking drugs—I would rather people do all these things than talk about how they stopped doing them. Really—between a world full of drunks and a world full of people talking about AA—I these are my two choices, I'd take drunks.

HG: *Some people don't like to nap, claiming that it makes them groggy. That doesn't happen to you, we assume. You must wake up refreshed?*

FL: I'm trying to think of when I last felt refreshed. I haven't felt refreshed since maybe, fifth grade. So I don't wake up refreshed. But I don't feel groggy. I feel good after a nap. Normal people, at this time, say "Oh, my day is over." But I have the night to look forward to. Dinner. And that puts me in a good mood. I wake up and think, "What should I have for dinner?" It cheers me up.

HG: *Does the idea of a sleep cure sound appealing to you?*

FL: Someone once offered to take me to Switzerland for a sleep cure, and I was afraid to go. First of all, I had nothing to be cured of. Second of all, I asked how they keep you asleep. Well, they keep you asleep with drugs. I stopped taking drugs when I was a teenager, but if I were going to take them I'd want to be awake to enjoy them. ♠

Editor: Dana Cowi

Famous Nappers

Erich Leinsdorf

"The day when I can no longer nap, I'll know I should give up conducting."

Salvador Dali

Took naps sitting up with a spoon in his hand and a tin plate between his feet. When the spoon clattered onto the plate below, his nap was over.

Harry S. Truman

Was napping when an assassination attempt was made, November 1, 1950.

Thomas Edison

Trained himself to take short naps and work almost around the clock. His employees, whom he dubbed the insomnia squad, shared his sentiments.

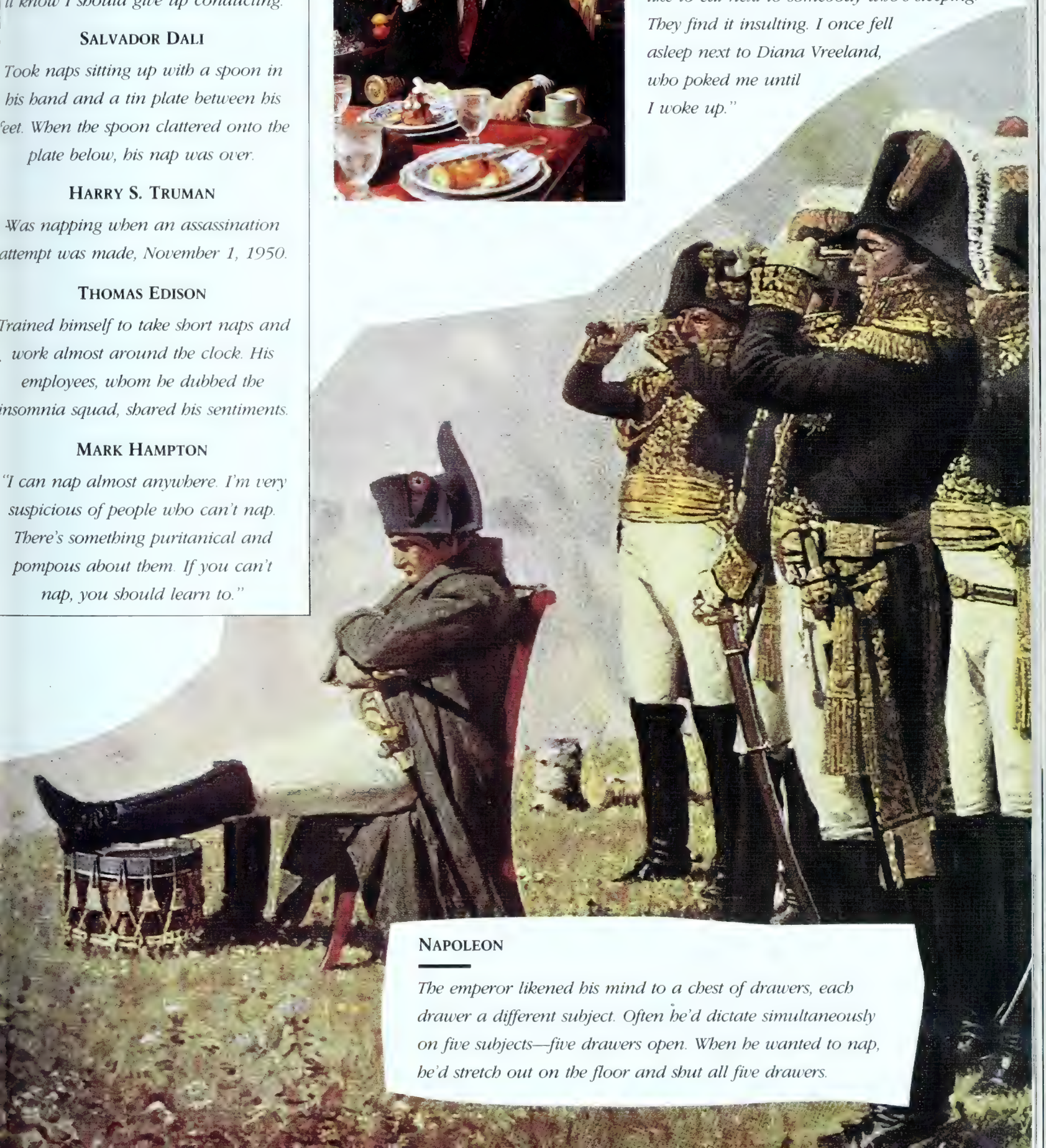
Mark Hampton

"I can nap almost anywhere. I'm very suspicious of people who can't nap. There's something puritanical and pompous about them. If you can't nap, you should learn to."



Robert Denning

"I learned to nap in the years when I ate with people who only spoke French, which I didn't understand. Unfortunately people don't like to eat next to somebody who's sleeping. They find it insulting. I once fell asleep next to Diana Vreeland, who poked me until I woke up."



Napoleon

The emperor likened his mind to a chest of drawers, each drawer a different subject. Often he'd dictate simultaneously on five subjects—five drawers open. When he wanted to nap, he'd stretch out on the floor and shut all five drawers.





Fernanda Niven, left, always on the move. Above: The library walls are covered in Fernanda, one of her first fabrics. (Fernanda Niven fabrics available from Cowtan & Tout.) Chairs in Imberline Caserta from Clarence House. The library's trompe l'oeil bookshelf on the left doubles as a secret entrance to the bar. Details see Resources.



ABLOOM IN THE CITY

The Manhattan apartment of Fernanda and Jamie Niven is a mixed bouquet of her romantic chintz designs

By JENNIFER CONLIN PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI



Hand-stenciled wooden double doors, above, separate the foyer from the living room, right. Fernanda's desk looks out over the caramel, gold, red, and blue room reflected in a Regency mirror found in England. The room is decorated in a combination of antique and contemporary fabrics.

On any given summer Sunday, Fernanda Niven can be seen in the driveway of her house in Southampton loading armfuls of lilies, peonies, roses, and lilacs into every crevice of her station wagon. Fernanda and her husband, Jamie, then drive the mobile greenhouse to Manhattan, where she fills her city apartment with her country garden. But even in the dead of winter the Nivens' New York apartment feels like a cozy bower where overstuffed sofas invite one to sit, and her designs of floral fabrics let the mind turn from the chaos of urban life to the tranquility of the countryside.

"I wanted to make our apartment feel like a house," says Fernanda Niven, who grew up outside of Philadelphia in a house bustling with children and pets. With two teenage daughters and a pair of cats, the Nivens have also seen their share of domestic activity. Two years ago, the couple decided to redecorate the Upper East Side apartment they had lived in for a decade. "Our apartment had always been for children," says Niven, seated in the new library, its walls covered in one of her first fabric designs—a feminine but bold English floral of cranberry red, dusty rose, and dark greens named after her eldest daughter and namesake. "We wanted the apartment to be more elegant but remain comfortable."

She succeeded with the help of decorator Geneviève Faure. From the silver-framed family (*Text continued on page 214*)



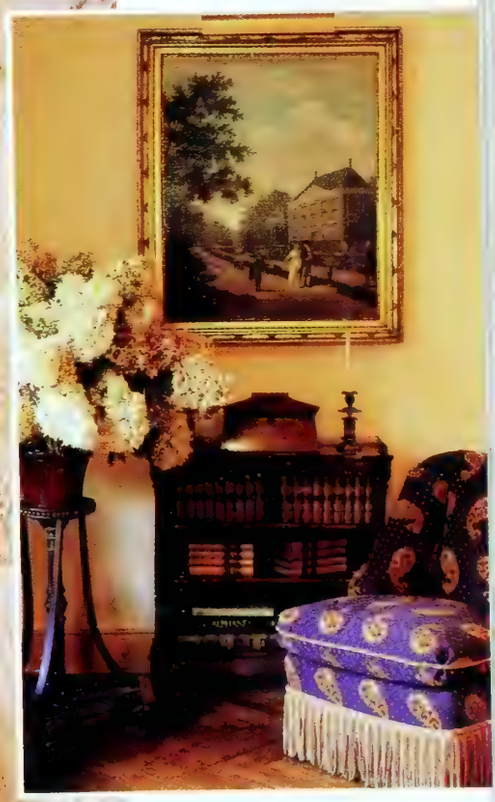
The Nivens' dining room, above, where Fernanda displays her amber glass collection. The chairs are covered in Scalamandré damask. Wallcovering from Bennison Fabrics, London. Right: The urn of Costa Rican wood designed by decorator Geneviève Faure is under a Louis Joseph Pottin painting from Didier Aaron, NYC.





A view of the living room window adorned with Lee Jofa fabric, above, gives the room a European feeling. The embossed velvet love seat was designed by Faure. Left: Niven covered the English library in chintz and stripes. Opposite: Niven's own Eugenie's Ribbon dominates the master bedroom. Inset: A Clarence House paisley enlivens a living room corner.







IN THE AMERICAN MOLD

Pioneering porcelains reflect the exuberance of an emerging nation

By MARGARET CALDWELL
PHOTOGRAPHS by EVELYN HOFER



A bar pitcher, opposite, c. 1876, designed by Karl Müller for the Union Porcelain Works of Brooklyn, illustrates a scene from a Bret Harte poem about a game of cards. This page: A monumental baseball vase made by the Trenton, New Jersey, firm of Ott & Brewer for the 1876 Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.



The secret of making true porcelain, as opposed to stoneware and other less sophisticated ceramics, was discovered more than thirteen centuries ago by the Chinese. It didn't reach Europe until the early eighteenth century when the Meissen manufactory established by Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony, finally mastered the formula. A gritty mixture of clay and ground stone is blended into a thick paste, molded into the desired form, and baked at temperatures exceeding 2,000 degrees. After being glazed, it is baked again, emerging miraculously transformed into the somewhat translucent and surprisingly durable substance called porcelain. The object is then decorated with paint and baked again at a much lower temperature.

It wasn't until the mid to late eighteenth century that Americans made fledgling attempts at commercial porcelain manufacture, two of the earliest of which were in Philadelphia. The Bonnin & Morris factory, founded there in 1770, lasted just two years, and examples of its work are the rarest of all American porcelain—approximately a dozen pieces are known to survive. The William Ellis Tucker factory (1826–1838) also failed to compete with better equipped and financed European rivals. By the mid nineteenth century, however, emerging American companies were a significant factor in the market. And by the 1880s and '90s domestic manufacturers had finally come into their own, producing distinctive American wares that included some of the world's most innovative porcelain.

This spring the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York presents the first comprehensive exhibition devoted to American porcelain, from its beginnings through the art pottery *(Text continued on page 214)*

Emblems of American history adorn a Century Vase, left, which the Union Porcelain Works modeled after ones it produced for the Centennial Exposition. Opposite: Monogrammed griffin-handled vase, 1884–90, is attributed to another Brooklyn manufacturer. This piece epitomizes the lush decoration of late 19th century wares.


JAN 20



BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

Clothing designer Nancy Heller never returns to California empty-handed

By DALE KERN
PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI



Provençal gardens inspired the layout and plantings of Nancy Heller's Los Angeles patio, opposite, seen through the arcade of a terrace used for outdoor dining. Rose and citrus trees and camellias rise above brick-edged flower beds. The Spanish Colonial house once belonged to Howard Hughes. Left: In the living room French antiques flank a George Hurrell photograph of Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.





Judging from her chic sportswear designs, which border on modern classicism, you might expect Nancy Heller's Los Angeles house to reflect a taste for simplicity, a preference for clean modern design, and a natural sense of order. Nothing could be further from the truth. At home Heller surrounds herself with a complex mix of seemingly contradictory styles and periods, aesthetics and motifs, all of which combine to express an intensely personal approach to decorating.

During the thirteen years that Heller has lived in her rambling Spanish Colonial house, it has undergone a series of transmutations. Today both the interiors and the grounds are far removed from their original state in the 1920s, when Howard Hughes, the first inhabitant, moved in. Most of the changes have been direct results of Heller's frequent trips to France and Italy, where, in the early days of her company, she spent several months a year overseeing the production of what was then mostly a T-shirt collection. "I never came home empty-handed," says the designer. "I would always make time to visit antiques shops and flea markets and then ship everything back with my T-shirts."

As Heller's business expanded to include a number of sportswear collections, so did her interest in antiques—inspired not by any desire to re-create a period environment but by a keen appetite for whatever might intrigue her eye and suit her way of life. At first Heller sent back small pieces: a Lalique vase, a set of Art Deco glasses. Later, though, where once she went from shop to shop, she began going from château to château. The shipments now include larger, more diverse items, like a seventeenth-century wooden statue she discovered in Italy, an eighteenth-century silver serving cart found in France, or an alabaster bust from New Mexico.

"I usually shop with something in mind and usually come back with it — and more.

Twin silk-upholstered walnut Empire armchairs, c. 1800, from La Maison Française, Los Angeles, and an 18th-century fauteuil confront African sculptures and contemporary American art across a 1920s Chinese export carpet. Two 18th-century Chinese vases rest on the hearth. The paintings, from left, are by Roger Mensink, Jessica Rice, and Roy Lichtenstein.



A pair of 17th-century blackamoors, right, stand guard under a Louis XV chandelier, c. 1760, from a château in southern France. Opposite: Among the candlesticks atop a mid 18th century Italian chest are a silver chalice and an ormolu-mounted French clock, both 18th century, and two sterling Art Nouveau timepieces. The painting is a picnic scene, dated 1939, by an anonymous Eastern European artist.





My acupuncturist calls me the Hunter. My friends,'' she adds laughingly, ''call me Mrs. Winchester''—after the legendary rifle heiress who kept adding rooms to her house on the advice of a psychic who told her she wouldn't die so long as she kept building. Because Heller's interests are wide-ranging, what she brings home often has little to do thematically with what has come before. ''I don't buy things for investment,'' she asserts. ''I buy for the pleasure they give me now.''

Along with her husband, Art Snyder, principal of his own advertising firm and partner in an architectural practice, and her seventeen-year-old son, Jonas, Heller considers her house a retreat. But they do entertain at home a great deal, usually at dinner. Heller is an inventive cook, who has left her mark on the kitchen, too. Here she joined what had been five rooms to create one 63-foot-long expanse where high-tech modern equipment coexists with mid nineteenth century English cabinetwork and American tableware made in the 1930s and '40s. Guests are served either in a charmingly cluttered dining room or on a veranda where floral scents from a patio garden perfume the air. Heller based the geometric pattern of her courtyard on gardens she admired in Provence, and, whenever possible, she has carried back plans from her travels. Besides the garden, she has a studio where she paints and a gym in the house for workouts with a personal trainer.

Like his wife, Snyder pursues a number of avocations, but unlike her, he leans toward a spartan, architectural aesthetic. Snyder himself collaborated on the design of the couple's 5,000-square-foot Malibu beach house. And when they began the project three years ago, they thought they would keep it sparsely decorated. Now, though, with completion due this summer they're not so sure. But if it becomes too cluttered, not to worry: they are about to build a new house on a ranch they just purchased outside Aspen. Nancy Heller will have another 5,000 square feet of space to fill with whatever else pleases her eye. ▲ *Editor: Paul Sinclaire*

Under a tile counter, above, Heller has installed an assortment of mid 19th century English oak cupboards. To the right of the stove the Victorian table with a carved apron and turned legs once supported a butcher's block. Open shelves above the table display multicolored Bauer pottery, c. 1930s, from Buddy's, Los Angeles. Opposite: A set of clear Manhattan glassware, 1938–42, also from Buddy's, has a showcase all to itself. Below: Second-story rooms open onto a balcony overlooking the garden.



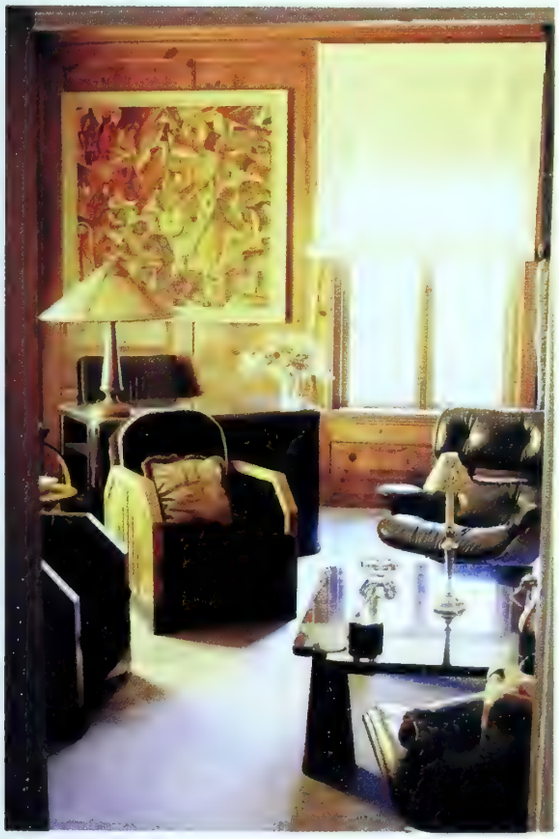




ALICE SPRINGS

You might expect a taste for simplicity. Nothing could be further from the truth

Nancy Heller and Art Snyder, above, have mounted Karsh photographs of Albert Einstein and Jacques Cousteau in the paneled library, opposite. The dressmaker's dummy, a whimsical emblem of Heller's profession, stands before a custom-built dark green marble mantel. Below: The curves of a leather upholstered Eames chair set off the angular frames of Art Deco armchairs. A Jessica Rice painting hangs behind the black-lacquered desk. Right: Hand-hewn beams contrast with modern tilework in the master bathroom.









Victoria Hagan, left, stands guard by a stool designed by Michael Graves. Far left: An antique ivory model of the Taj Mahal is the centerpiece of an eclectic mix of objects on an Art Deco table flanked by a pair of 1940s chairs. Opposite: In the sitting room Hagan added molding to create an elegant architectural frieze. The 20th-century classics are focal points—a Josef Hoffmann love seat and a pair of steel and black-leather chairs by Mies van der Rohe. A touch of whimsy is added by the horn-legged stool. Details see Resources.

VICTORIA'S SECRET

A childhood passion becomes a grown-up profession

By LYNN SNOWDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS by WILLIAM WALDRON



When asked how she describes her apartment, Hagan says, "I don't"



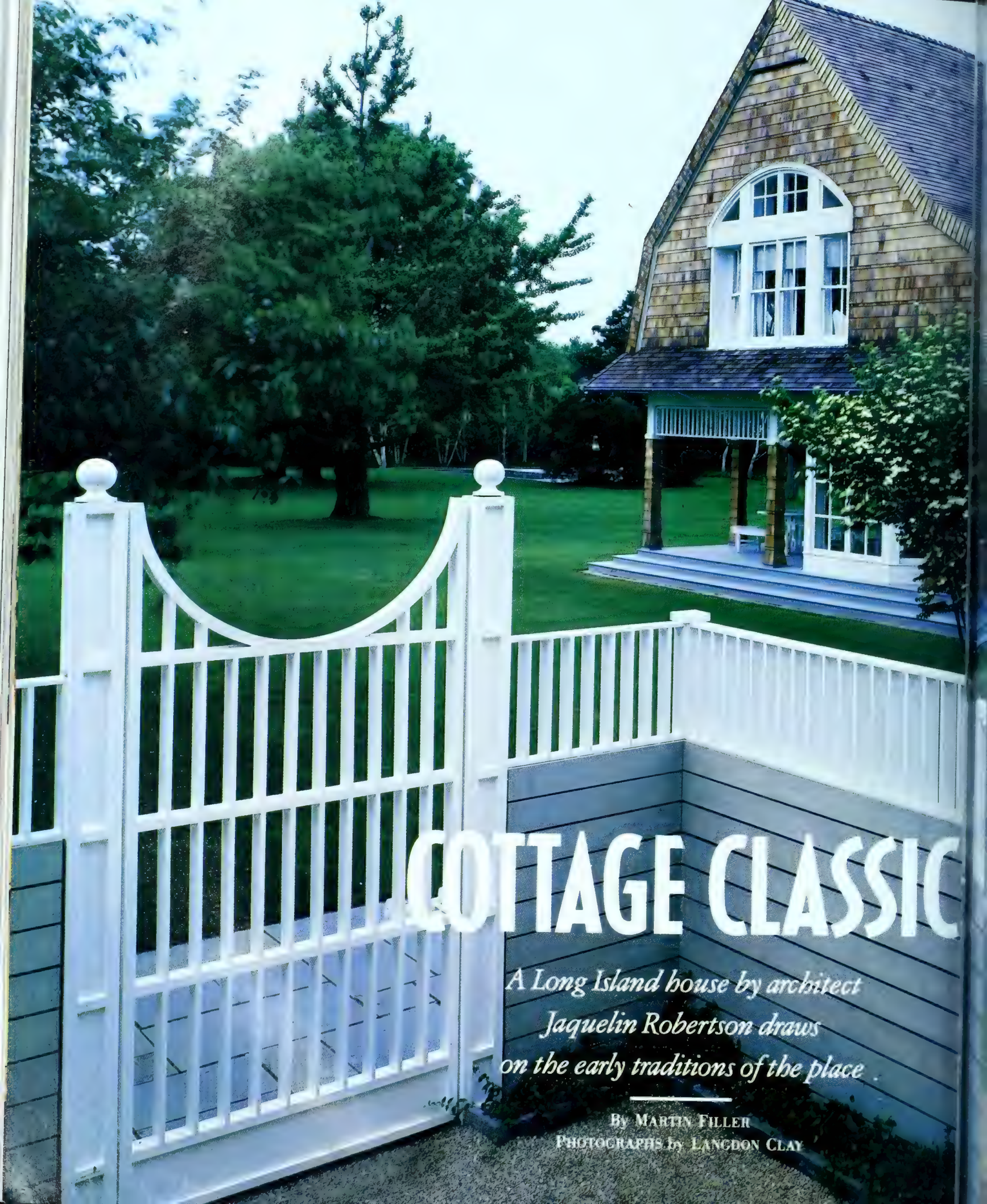


Decorator Victoria Hagan has a quiet confidence that's rare for someone in her late twenties. Her obsession with environment started early. "One of my first memories is crawling out of my crib and seeing my feet on pink linoleum," Hagan says. "I knew I wanted to be an interior designer by the time I was in the eighth grade." As a fifteen-year-old in Westchester County, New York, she was thrilled to discover that noted decorator Albert Hadley lived close by, and before long she was creeping around his house, peeking in the windows, interested less in bedroom antics than in bedroom fabrics. "I told him that at a reception recently, and he looked at me like I was crazy," says the chicly dressed Hagan from a green love seat in her living room.

Hagan's graduation from Parsons School of Design five years ago was followed by an apprenticeship with Simone Feldman, and this turned into the partnership of Feldman-Hagan after only two years. The two work out of an office on East 74th *(Text continued on page 212)*



rly Victorian
air, opposite
left, a pillow
le of antique
ry. Opposite
ove: A sleek
p illuminates
a Regency-
style bedside
table. Right:
A zebra skin
a surprisingly
old contrast
understated
e of Hagan's
om. A 1930s
boudoir-style
one of a pair,
pink leather
ery, c. 1940.



COTTAGE CLASSIC

A Long Island house by architect Jaquelin Robertson draws on the early traditions of the place

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Langdon Clay



Screened from the street by a high fence with a curved gateway, opposite, Jaquelin Robertson's latest design in the Hamptons is boldly defined by a massive Dutch-gable roof. Above: The center entry hall leads from the front door to the lawn.







If the Postmodern moment in architecture contributed one idea worth all the sound and fury of the past ten years, it is the belief that a building should respect a sense of place. One result of late International Style architecture was the homogenization of the world's cities, but even rural and resort areas received their share of insensitive, repetitive designs that ignored local topography, climate, and context. Postmodernism was meant to end all that. Its reintroduction of an indigenous East Coast tradition—the Shingle Style—was deemed more appropriate to the landscape of eastern Long Island than flat-roofed, glass-walled minimalist boxes. That was the theory. But in practice, the Shingle Style revisited often turned out to be just as overwrought and ungainly as the most egregious Modernist experiments.

One recently completed Shingle Style house in the Hamptons designed by Jaquelin Robertson stands apart as a persuasive demonstration of accumulated local wisdom applied with attractive restraint. Robertson's newest work on Long Island places him in the forefront of architects

Flanking the entry hall are the library/dining room, left, and living room, above. Interior designer Victoria Borus mixed rustic antiques with country classics which complement the clean architectural spaces. Details see Resources.

Strong architectural forms expressed in warm materials give this house a solid but inviting presence







The generous west-facing porch, 85 feet long and 12 feet deep, above and right, becomes the focus for family life and entertaining during the warmer months. Further shaded by a valance of wooden slats, it is cooled by breezes from the nearby Atlantic Ocean.




BOTH
READ
THY
NAME



practicing in a historically influenced mode, but this scheme is neither run-of-the-mill revivalism nor an escapist exercise. It is an impeccably executed house that every would-be Hamptons builder ought to examine in detail, not for precise ideas but for the admirable attitudes it embodies.

Robertson knows the area well, having owned a turn-of-the-century house nearby for over twenty years. A partner in the New York firm of Cooper, Robertson & Partners (and also former dean of the University of Virginia School of Architecture), he has moved ever closer toward an informed and authoritative handling of the traditional forms he grew up with in Virginia, though he has never repudiated the best principles of his Modernist architectural education at Yale: geometric simplicity, linear clarity, material forthrightness, spatial logic, and functional ease.

This year-round house is low-key—a quality remarkable these days in its owners' high income bracket—and virtually faultless in the way it occupies its site and fits into the neighborhood. It is an excellent example of that rarest kind of architecture: an unassuming scheme that does not clamor for attention and yet continues to hold our interest well after a less thoughtful design would have exhausted it. Robertson's primary inspirations came from the saltbox and Dutch-gable houses and barns common in this part of Long Island since the colonial period. Very much a village house, it is placed at the street corner of a two-acre lot, preserving most of the land behind. Facing the rear of the property is a capacious porch that harks back to the heyday of the grand Shingle Style "cottage" from 1880 onward. The gracious swath of lawn is shaded by a fine array of specimen trees—among them copper beech, weeping beech, holly, ginkgo, and cedar—planted a century ago by a previous owner of the land, an avid horticulturist. A charmingly laid out flower garden tucked away behind high hedges next to an outbuilding adds to the period atmosphere of the *(Text continued on page 214)*

In the romantic master bedroom, a white-painted four-poster designed by the architect, English country antiques, and a frieze with lines from a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson. On chair and ottoman, Honeysuckle chintz from Brunschwig.

Movable Seats

The best of benches, stools, and ottomans

PHOTOGRAPHS by MICHAEL MUNDY

For a piece of furniture with a relatively low profile, the backless bench—and its near relations the ottoman, hassock, pouf, taboret, and pliant—has an impressive pedigree. The X-shaped pliant, for example, is one of the oldest forms of seating. Originally used by the ancient Egyptians, it has been modified over the centuries. Its outline, in fact, is still visible in the average American campstool. The taboret had its heyday during the reign of Louis XIV when courtiers vied for the distinction of sitting on one—not exactly comfortable but prestigious. In its latest incarnation the bench offers up its sturdy lap not only to the occasional sitter but also to piles of books, well-traveled luggage, dazzling tea services, and all manner of other things in need of a resting place.

Dana Cowin

Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley





A trio of different styles: a Franco-Roman seat, at left, from Michael Shannon, draped with car blanket from Niall Smith; Mark Hampton's Directoire bench, center, for Hickory Chair; Cygnus, right, by Classic Impressions for Woodard, doubles as a luggage rack for suitcase from Duke's. Walking stick, Duke's. Wallpaper on screen from Zuber. A 17th-century stone head, Reymer-Jourdan. Floors by Sara Nesbitt. Styled by Dimitri Levas. Details see Resources.







Norma Kamali's velvet ottoman and tray, above left, from OMO Home, with Baker's Regency-style bench, Stately Homes Collection. Patrick Naggar screen, ARC International. Above: Bill Sullivan's faux marble swagged stool, from Chelsea Custom, crowned with shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Cupid and urn screen, House of Screens. Puiforcat tea service, left, on bench from Nolte. Naggar's sleek perch; screen by Bob Patino & Co. Opposite: Studded leather stool from Karges. Antique mini ottoman, from Trevor Potts. Mario Buatta's fringed ottoman, for John Widdicomb. Slippers, Berk. Wallpaper on screen, Zuber.



SOURCES

SAMPLES

The Stars of Stripes

This spring's fabrics are bright and bold, broad and narrow

By Eric A. Berthold

Stripes are showing off this spring in firecracker colors and a variety of cotton and canvas weaves. At Clarence House, summer-holiday hues come to life in the crisp cotton Martha's Vineyard line. And China Seas, known for a Far Eastern palette, blends exoticism with practicality: Night & Day stripe is richly woven, reversible, and dazzling on both sides. For a more traditional approach, Dek Tillett at Walters Wicker in New York City features a series of cool clean piano and circus stripes which can be custom ordered in any color and width. Through thick and thin, stripes are always dashing. ▲









Stripes and wicker, left, go hand in hand at Walters Wicker, NYC. Background: white on natural from Alan Campbell. Below: Collage of color and design. Right from top: Berber from Quadrille; Samba Stripe from Roger Arlington; Salute, Quadrille; Night & Day stripe from China Seas; Majorca Rose Indienne, Clarence House; Piano Stripe, Dek Tillett at Walters Wicker; Martha's Vineyard Rouge, Clarence House; white on natural, Alan Campbell. Details see Resources.

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SOURCES





SHOPPING

At Home on Madison

Haute couture gives way to
high-style household design
By Anne Foxley

Europeans continue to dominate Madison Avenue, but now it's home couture not haute couture that's all the rage. What follows is a walking tour of twelve exceptional shops that have settled on the avenue in the past year and a half; they feature hand-painted linen tablecloths, not linen suits; 1920s wooden tie presses, not ties; handblown-glass scent bottles, not perfume. Pointing to a new direction in domestic fashion, the merchandise is moving away from a strict Modernist interpretation of functional design. The emphasis now is on luxurious materials and lavish attention to craft. Since shop hours vary, call ahead. (The area code for all numbers is 212.)



SHERIDAN

The bedroom textiles at Sheridan are not run-of-the-mill prints but more like art on cotton. The king of Australian sheets, duvets, and bedspreads furnishes images of the rugged outback (aboriginal patterns by artist Jenny Kee), the motherland (British-style floral prints), and the sunny beachfront. Although the patterns are immensely popular down under, Sheridan hasn't had a store of its own until now—it chose to launch the first Sheridan, decorated with murals of Sydney, in the prestigious Art Deco Fuller Building. (595 Madison Ave. at 57th Street; 308-0120)

BACCARAT

Baccarat has made a short hop from its long-standing 57th Street address to take a place in the Madison Avenue lineup of world-famous home couture shops. Baccarat has its own distinguished French crystal collection—the latest addition is an egg, the first of a new series—but the store also offers Ceralene china, and silver from Christofle and Puiforcat. (625 Madison Ave. between 58th and 59th Sts.; 826-4100)

DAUM CRISTAL FRANCE

Daum's first American boutique is impossible to miss: a posse of prickly six-foot cactus looms in the window behind Hilton McConnico's offbeat cactus-stoppered decanters. McConnico's pâte de verre and crystal work is part of an ongoing series of commissioned



Victorian clutter, top left, at Kogan & Co. Top right: Linen scrim shades frame the window at the LS Collection. Above: Kogan & Co. mezzanine evokes a gentleman's study. Right: The LS Collection's sleek glass and silver wares.

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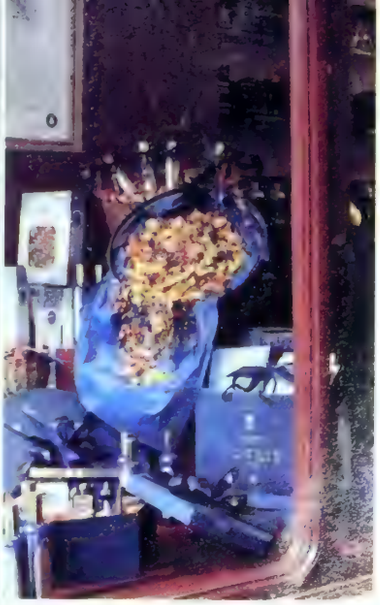
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Flowing potpourri, above, at Floris. Above right: Heather Ramsay's rubber-stamped boxes at Store Next Door. Right: A cozy corner at Grange.

sculptures by such artists as François Lalanne and French hipster Philippe Starck. Daum's Art Deco and Art Nouveau pieces have been bought by museums around the world, and the new collection certainly appears to have posterity in mind. (694 Madison Ave. between 62nd and 63rd Sts.; 355-2060)

THE FLORIS SHOP

This quintessentially British scent shop, purveyors to the queen and the Prince of Wales, is finally in New York. And U.S. owner Jamie Niven is making sure that Americans get the full Floris effect. The walls are paneled with rich mahogany to lend a very English feel, and row after orderly row of toilet waters (fifteen flowery scents in all), potpourri in a bowl, sachets, soaps, and shampoos line the shelves. Following in the wake of less exclusive Crabtree & Evelyn, Floris will soon open stores across the country. (703 Madison Ave. between 62nd and 63rd Sts.; 935-9100)

THE LS COLLECTION

Yoshikazu and Masahiko Kasuga are Japanese entrepreneurs with an American drive for upward mobility. After succeeding with the gift shop Lazy Susan on less posh Third Avenue, the partners traded up. LS, the new venture, is a chic housewares store. The shop carries many extravagant items, from the gracefully tapered silver champagne flutes with sundial bases ($13,500 for twelve, with a matching cooler) to Italian walking sticks, crutches, and crooks—each with something to hide, either a whiskey flask, monocle, or chess set. The serene interior by decorator Bob Patino almost upstages the merchandise but not quite. The floors are crab apple orchard stone. The display

SOURCES

tables, are highly polished mahogany—some with leather inlays—and owe more to Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann than to D. F. Sanders, the grandfather of modern housewares stores. (765 Madison Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.; 472-3355)

PUIFORCAT

Until six months ago, an American fan of Puiforcat's handsome Art Deco designs would have been forced to settle for a few pieces found in different stores around the country—a full complement of its gleaming silver was unavailable. But in December, the 169-year-old firm opened a jewel box of a shop on Madison. The centerpiece is a stunning pair of chalices from the 1920s. Arranged around this are reproductions of Puiforcat's classics, newly minted tea services, sterling and silver-plate flatware, as well as jewelry, leather goods, and Limoges porcelain with shagreen look-alike borders. (811 Madison Ave. at 68th St.; 734-3838)

GRANGE

If one-stop shopping has a Madison Avenue equivalent, this is it. Grange stocks needlepoint rugs for the floors, plaster-cast angels for the walls, and furniture for nearly every room in the house. Owner Joseph Grange, whose taste runs to country French, early American, and sophisticated Directoire, composes real room vignettes that customers can buy as is. A bedroom might be decked out with a cane sleigh bed made up with crisp linen sheets and a Shaker-style bedside table propped with grandmotherly perfume bottles. (831 Madison Ave. between 69th and 70th Sts.; 737-8080)

STORE NEXT DOOR

The Whitney Museum of American Art's Store Next Door (literally one door away) is not just a plain-Jane shop for Grant Wood postcards or books on Robert Mapplethorpe. It showcases a number of American-designed pieces of furniture, jewelry, and collectibles: suede-and-metal handbags by Wendy Stevens, triangular squiggly-legged tables by Will Stone, and Heather Ramsay's boxes rubber-stamped with fish, pencils, or letters. The Whitney's exposure of American artists and manufacturers is heartening, particularly considering the strong presence on Madison. (943 Madison Ave. between 74th and 75th Sts.; 606-0200)

Daum's colorful art glass combines pâte de verre and crystal.



KOGAN & CO.

Regardless of location, Barbara Kogan's stores flourish. She ran a hugely successful china, crystal, and jewelry shop in Puerto Rico and is thriving in a not-quite-prime "mezzanine" spot with an entrance off the avenue at 76th Street. For the opening last November, decorating heavies David Easton, Mario Buatta, and Robert Metzger and architect Peter Marino each designed tables around a different theme. It is the only place in New York



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carrying Colefax & Fowler accessories—special items like carpet balls, chintz umbrellas, and tulipières—and was the first in the city to show Viscount Linley's classical creations—the porcelain dinner service and decanters. Kogan & Co. is permanently cluttered with English antiques and bibelots from wooden tie presses to elaborate inkwells. (971 Madison Ave. at 76th St.; 288-8523)

VILLEROY & BOCH

This is no place for a bull. In a bright white two-story china shop, Villeroy & Boch displays endless examples of its crystal and bone-china dinnerware patterns, including Naïf with village scenes of brides chasing grooms or a couple sitting by the fire with pets. Its latest addition is jewelry designer Paloma Picasso's Bijou collection with semiprecious stones set in plain china bowls, candleholders, vases, and candy boxes. (972 Madison Ave. at 76th St.; 535-2500)

KEESAL & MATHEWS

Susanna Vasillov and David Clarke's new store fits right in on conservative upper Madison. Vasillov and Clarke pamper the customers, helping the traditional-minded through tricky table-setting decisions. Vasillov learned the hands-on approach when she worked in the neighborhood at a service-oriented clothing store—the approach is as effective in arranging a table as it is in accessorizing an outfit. Vasillov and Clarke can dress a table from handmade linen tablecloths to hand-painted French dessert plates. The hot item of the moment: pewter bunny napkin rings. (1244 Madison Ave. between 89th and 90th Sts.; 410-1800)

ADRIEN LINFORD

Gary Yee and Morgan Allard loved shopping for their new apartment, but they came up short in the dining room—they couldn't find the right table settings. So the partners did some research and decided to open their own store. Although they carry the expected Michael Graves tea kettle and other design icons of the 1980s, the shop stands out with pieces by young artists such as porcelain bowls by Marek Cecula and glass tumblers laced with gold leaf by Roger Nachman. Adrien Linford is the perfect place to end a stroll on Madison, as there is complimentary coffee served in the back beyond all the wineglasses and plates. (1320 Madison Ave. between 93rd and 94th Sts.; 289-4427) ♠

Noble Roman

(Continued from page 139) delight the eye, or a neo-Egyptian breakfront where Capodimonte china is stored.

Those walls not covered with cotton fabric from the Swiss firm of Zumsteg have been hand-painted. On the lowest floor, or entrance level, the colors change with the rising and setting sun, turning from Pompeian red to terra-cotta. On the second floor the walls are lighter and, depending on the time of day, appear salmon pink or pumpkin-tinted. The top floor, a tiny tent-shaped space Forquet calls the music room, is lighter yet and has trompe l'oeil windows on the walls and ceiling. The overall effect is a progression from rich earth tones to an airy openness to the sky. Just as the color scheme changes from floor to floor, so does the decor, which Forquet alters with the seasons. "In summer," he says, "the curtains are open twelve hours a day, and Rome is so bright you want something clean and simple that doesn't disturb your eyes. The motion outside is so big you want to be relaxed inside. But in winter, when you have to close the curtains early, you want to have brighter, warmer colors."

In a classic understatement Forquet concludes, "Now I have the life I want." In Tuscany he has his house and magnificent garden. In Rome he not only has a place for his collection, he has a view of Saint Peter's from his bedroom and of Castel Sant'Angelo and the Campidoglio from the living room. Having spent twenty years in the world of fashion, he still sees old friends from that milieu—he remains in touch with Oscar de la Renta, Irene Galitzine, Bill Blass, Givenchy, Galanos, and Valentino—and he keeps busy with new projects. He has just finished redecorating the Italian embassy in Paris and is redoing Palazzo Sacchetti on Via Giulia in Rome. "It's a huge work," he says. "I have only three or four more rooms to do, but each of them is larger than my whole flat." Meanwhile he is also working on a reception center for Martini & Rossi, continues to design home-furnishing fabrics, and does some landscape gardening "out of love and real friendship." The key to his protean imagination and the common denominator of all his endeavors, he explains, is that "I have never followed fashion. I follow the promptings of my spirit." ♠

Sanctuary for Art

(Continued from page 153)

CT: But how did you get that effect?

MM: It's achieved by mixing dry pigment into Spackle. For a clear wall you mix it thoroughly, but you can just throw in powder in different colors and not mix it so it comes out in marblelike swirls. Then after a while, like Jackson Pollock, you can anticipate a particular mood if you put in a certain amount of pigment and mix it to a certain degree.

CT: You worked this out with professional painters?

MM: The guy who did the walls is a potter. His name, if you can believe it, is Beriah Wall. I found him through [SoHo dealer] Tony Shafrazi. The moment he said Beriah Wall, I said, "Oh, but of course. Why haven't I called Beriah Wall?" He lived out here with his team for four months, and after this Joan Sacks used him to do the walls in a nightclub and then something else. So it's like William Morris's crafts at my church. Everybody working here is an artisan, and they go on to apply what they learn to whatever else they do. Much of the furniture was designed by David Ebner. I call him the Chippendale of our time.

CT: You've flung a lot of money into this. Does this make you uneasy?

MM: No, I think it's the best thing you can do. I'd rather have it all in the way I live than in some stock. I don't want to live uncomfortably just to leave a lot of money.

CT: Live fast, die handsome.

MM: Got it. It's inspiration.

CT: But you demolished that expensive greenhouse completely.

MM: I swapped the greenhouse, this $16,000 mistake, for a few thousand dollars' worth of welding to build a retaining wall. We're going to build a wall outside with tiles the first decorator ordered that were too rough for the shower. I'm doing this like a bird, building a nest out of bits and pieces it finds.

CT: Does this nest building have anything to do with your decision to get married?

MM: The only thing I had left that was new was an engagement—getting the ring and having it made. It's a wonderful state.

CT: What do you think made you want to live with style, after years of—

MM: Living in cold-water apartments? I have a thing about the word style. Style is



I gave up chocolates. I gave up espresso.

I gave up the Count (that naughty man).

And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

The Waterman, however, is not negotiable.

I must have something thrilling with
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WATERMAN

PARIS

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Sanctuary for Art

simply the result of the instrument that you're using. The instrument has become an aesthetic problem.
DK: In doing this house what were some of the specific problems or ideas that came up?
MM: Not only the idea of what is a wall but ideas about what is a door. How do you want it to feel? Is it alive? Is it dead? Is it binding you in? Is it keeping you out? You go into this whole process of thinking. It can apply to anything.
CT: It sounds like you have for the first time applied the kind of process that you apply in your painting to your living arrangements.
MM: Absolutely. Or to wanting to learn to play the piano. Or taking the same approach to Ping-Pong. What is a Ping-Pong ball?
DK: What is a house?
MM: Exactly. A house is an extension of body. It has eyes—windows and doors. It has a front and a back door, as all living things do. It also has an umbilical cord. If that isn't there, it was never born. And if it was never born, it was never a work of art. It's a great test in all architectural objects: where's the belly button?
DK: Where's the belly button here?
MM: Here it's the color. The birth of the house is in its color.
DK: Is that why you preferred a woman architect?
MM: Women design from another space than men—a form of sheltering or nurturing. And Joan Sacks is a great nurturer. She midwives her staff. True intellect is really organic. From head to toe. I think of the intellect as being emotional if it's integrated.
CT: Something perplexes me. You say you don't want the walls to look like a skin, but with the analogy of the house as an extension of the body, what is the objection to skin?
MM: I think of this space as being inside the body, and the skin would be the outside. We're inside the body itself. In the organs.
CT: Has the work that you've been doing on this house affected your painting in any way? I would think that becoming so involved in this process, which is analogous to the painting process, would almost have taken all of that energy and all of that imagination.
MM: Somehow it leads back into the painting. I can imagine myself painting interiors in the future. I can see having this in reserve and getting my money back.
DK: There's not only this place—all of a sudden there are three places in your life.
MM: The newest is the little house in Maine. It has a studio, a fisherman's shack, with water running underneath.
DK: Sounds romantic.
MM: I like the idea of living romantically. I don't mean looking at the blue moon every night. But in the real sense. The classicist knows what he wants and then designs it. The romantic has a feeling, an intuition, and then makes his dreams come true.
DK: Did you dream of the Caribbean for your bathroom?
MM: Oh, you mean the Caribbean flash? That was a little thing Beriah Wall did. Everybody here was working like a jazz band. You know, Miles Davis wouldn't tell Thelonius Monk how to play the piano—they'd start grooving together. Beriah and I were on that level. I'd say, "Beriah, think of the Caribbean every time you're taking a shower. That's what I want." And he did that.
DK: And it worked?
MM: Yes. Method decorating. Stanislavsky. That's the key. ♠

Victoria's Secret

(Continued from page 190) Street, so clients rarely see Hagan's apartment, which is her preference. "I don't want them to think what's right for me is something I'd want for them," she explains, while admitting that her rooms clearly reflect her personal taste. She acknowledges the apartment's flaws: "The space is very limited and the kitchen is minute, but I chose this apartment because it had great light and higher ceilings than most places." Her immediate goal at the start was "to give the apartment character," rather than focus on a specific period or style.

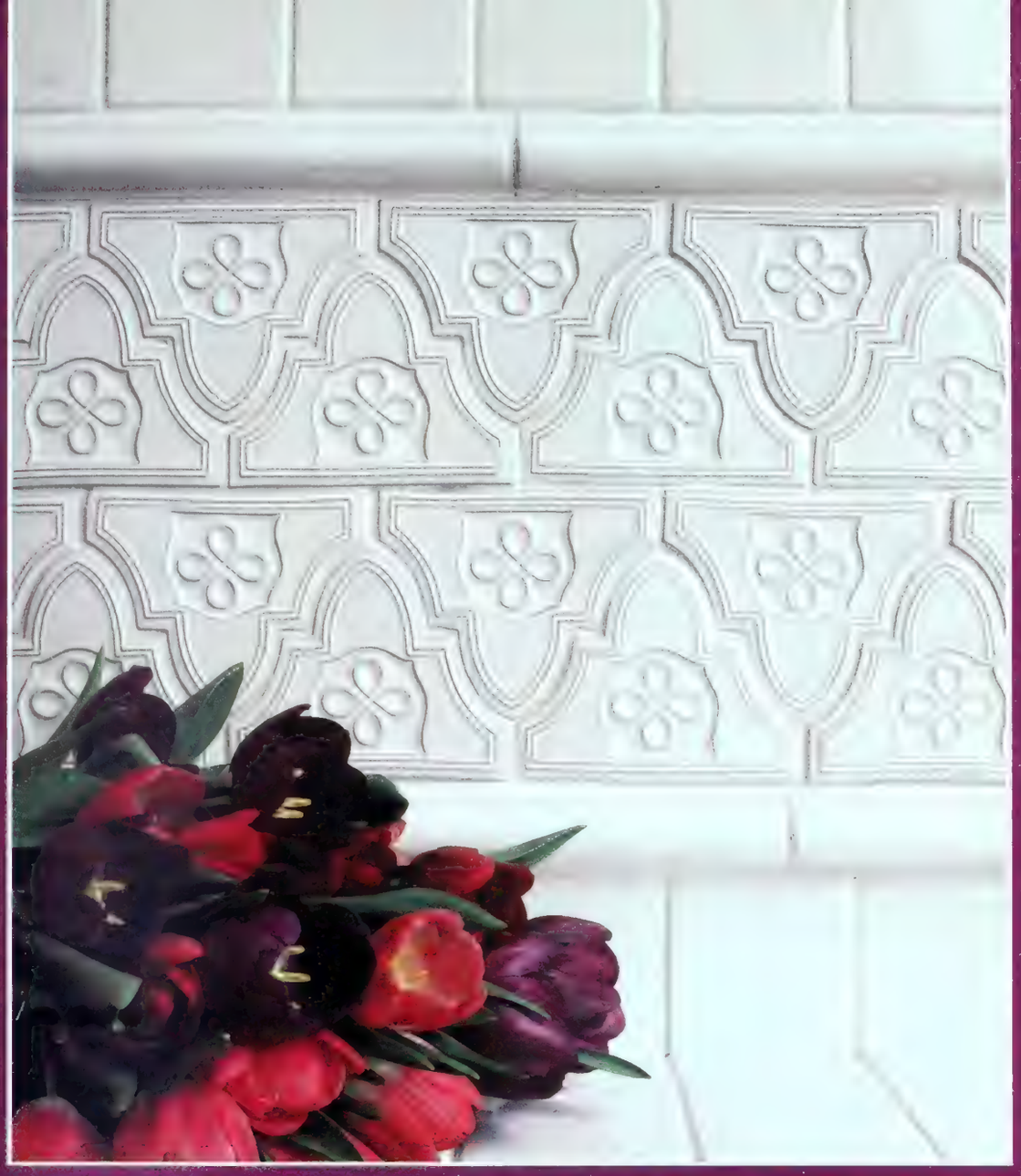
The floors were bleached, architectural moldings were added to the walls, and the kitchen was redone. The refrigerator was moved into a new niche that juts into the living room, allowing for counter space and a spot for a dishwasher. Paint colors were chosen to help create the illusion that the apartment fills with light as you move through it and that there's always more space just around the corner. The nonworking fireplace was left in "because I liked having a mantel," and the rest of the apartment's considerable charm is in the furnishings. Although Hagan lives alone, hers is not the cliché "woman's apartment" with fussy elements like bows and pots of potpourri. The apartment is comfortable without frills and elegant without looking too stark.

Despite the small rooms, the furniture doesn't cramp movement or overwhelm the space. "The scale of furniture is really important in a small apartment," says Hagan, who found most of hers in flea markets and antiques shops. As a rule, Hagan stays away from oversized furniture, even when working with very large spaces. "Oversized furniture doesn't make people feel comfortable. They feel overwhelmed. I don't know why people always think they need huge sofas and chairs in large spaces. In the Renaissance, the furniture was not overscale even in castles. People filled the space with several small seating areas."

A few necessary elements frustrate Hagan: for instance, her window air conditioner ("I hate it, but it's the nicest one I can find. I'd love to design an air conditioner"), as well as the high-tech telephone answering machine ("I think old phones look great, but I won't give up the technology"). And there is the placement of the television set: "Mine's in the bedroom, which I always argue against doing, but I have such a tiny television no one could possibly see it from any distance! I don't know why architects aren't designing places for televisions in interiors, when most households have one or two. I mean, there weren't closets at one point in time; now there are closets."

Feldman and Hagan have kept busy this year from former clients' good word of mouth, "although that only goes so far," says Hagan, which is why Feldman-Hagan designed rooms in two show houses open to the public. Twenty-thousand people walked through one of them, and the exposure led to numerous jobs, including a project for Olympia Dukakis in New Jersey, Hagan mentions modestly. She is fascinated with set design in film and would love to design a restaurant someday. "People really appreciate the small details, the way the silverware looks or the way the chair feels, and these are so often overlooked." She cites as another example of attention to detail the changing postcards as wall decorations in Manhattan's refurbished Royalton Hotel. "It's a tiny thing and so simple. But it makes people smile."

When asked how she describes her apartment, Hagan says, "I don't." She adds, "I like to find the relationships between periods, and I love what happens when you abstract elements and mix them. The approach is modern, perhaps," she admits. "It's hard to pinpoint a particular style, it's all so personal. Nothing in this apartment is terribly expensive, and nothing is perfect, and I love that. We all strive for perfection, but life isn't perfect." ♠ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*



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Abloom in the City

(Continued from page 171) photos displaying pictures of Jamie's late father, the actor David Niven, to the brocade pillows and thickly cushioned dining room chairs, each room has an at-ease feel to it. Most unusual is the living room, which doubles as Fernanda Niven's office. "People are always surprised that I have my desk in the living room," says Niven, who daily works on her fabric business at the Regency desk in the corner of the room. "But I love to look out over the room, and it makes sense to me to use it as much as possible."

Until this project, Niven had never hired a decorator. But after redoing the family's house in Southampton solo, Niven swore she'd never decorate again. To decorate the New York apartment, she selected Faure after admiring a bedroom she had done for the Southampton Designer Show House.

Like Niven, Faure believes in searching out items in the most unlikely spots. Behind almost every piece of furniture and art in the Nivens' apartment there is a tale. "I have found wonderful things in the junkiest junk shops," says Niven, who has mastered the art of scavenging for unusual antiques and collectibles. Niven readily admits that she also haunts some of the more prestigious shops and auction houses in New York and London—but again, she usually finds deals like the enormous painting in her living room she fell upon in a neglected corner at Sotheby's. Niven also peruses stores looking for, among other things, nineteenth-century English Nailsea bells, which she has collected for years.

Niven and Faure, however, did more than just redecorate. Faure made the apartment "architecturally right," according to Niven. She suggested giving an illusion of height to the rooms by enlarging the ceiling beams. They encased the beams in the library with molding and painted them to resemble burled walnut. In the living room an extra beam was added in the middle to run the length of the room. The living room beams were then stenciled with Victorian designs.

Over the past year Niven has been occupied with more than just the apartment, which was completed in September. She has been busy introducing her second line of fabrics in the Fernanda Niven collection. She now has ten fabric designs in forty colorways available through Cowtan & Tout. In January one of her newest designs was highlighted at New York's Winter Antiques Show: her blu and white floral Jamesington linen decorate a room at the armory where tea was served t benefactors previewing the show. Another o her newest fabrics is a peach, apricot, an dusty rose floral, which covers the couple' bedroom. Eugenie's Ribbon, named afte her younger daughter, makes up the curtain as well and hangs like a canopy from abov the headboard, which is covered with th same material.

Some five times a year, the Nivens trave to London, where her fabrics are printed. H recently bought the American rights t Floris, the British perfume and soap compa ny started in 1730. In November he opene the first American Floris store on Madiso Avenue. Niven began her design busines with the idea of combining what she like best of American and English fabric designs "The American fabrics are often made i such lively colors, and the English fabrics ar too often muted," she says. "I wanted to cre ate something with a soft strength to it." He inspiration comes from old fabrics she find during her travels. She then adapts design from these fabrics to today's printing meth ods—and chooses colors that are uniquel Fernanda. ▲ *Editors: Jacqueline Gonne and Jacques Dehornoi*

Cottage Classic

(Continued from page 199) grounds, which complement the character of the house to a degree impossible when Shingle Style extravaganzas sprout on barren potato fields.

Similarly effective is the decorating by New York interior designer Victoria Borus, which offers a harmonious response to the architectural framework. The decorative elements are not meekly recessive nor do they distract from the well-proportioned spaces and superb detailing. A case in point is the handsome fireplace surround by Robertson in the living room, made of green Alberene soapstone from the same Virginia quarry that supplied Thomas Jefferson. Borus's choice of fabrics, carpets, and seating has a softening effect so that the stone does not dominate. Neither is there any question that this is the architectural center around which the furnishings are organized, though again the deference is reciprocal and absolutely fitting.

Throughout, Robertson has done a deft job in concealing such mundane necessities as porch drainage, air conditioning, heating vents, and lighting, but the uncluttered surfaces are anything but stark. Floorboards, chair rails, and moldings are quietly deployed to give each room strong definition, but never do the details become a display o snazzy custom woodwork for mere show.

A significant difference between thi structure and old Shingle Style houses is th vast amount of daylight that enters here thanks to the orientation: the west-facing ground-floor window wall, the seven large dormer windows carved into the massive roof above it, and the huge arched south window in the master bedroom. Jaqueli Robertson's comprehensive knowledge o American domestic design in general an that of the Hamptons in particular makes hi liberties a welcome continuation of what i obviously still very much a living tradi tion. ▲ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaa*

The American Mold

(Continued from page 176) made until 1920. According to associate curator Alice Cooney Frelinghuysen, the objects on view (through June 25) include several previously unknown examples and a number of pieces never exhibited before. Some of the most spectacular were made especially for the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, which provided an opportunity for American companies to demonstrate their ability to manufacture porcelain equal to the best made in Europe. (Fittingly, the Metropolitan exhibition is sponsored by Lenox China of New Jersey, now celebrating its own centennial.)

A famous pair of Century vases produced in Brooklyn was among the most conspicuously patriotic artifacts exhibited in Philadelphia—the handles of the nearly two-foot-high vessels are modeled as North American bison heads, and their sides are decorate with profile portraits of George Washingto and a variety of scenes from American his tory. The quintessentially American game o baseball inspired a second pair of extraordi nary vases, manufactured by a New Jerse firm. Figures of pitchers, batters, and catch ers surround each three-foot-tall shaft, an the cover is designed to look like a giant base ball. Above it all sits a defiant American ea gle, as much a symbol of national honor as is a token of the maker's pride.

Resources

DESIGN

Page 44 Bertrand sideboard, by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Memphis/Milano, $18,895, at Urban Architecture, Detroit; Giles & Co., NYC; OLC, Philadelphia; Inside, San Diego; Limn, San Francisco; Current, Seattle; to the trade at Illuminations, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Stilnovo, Coral Gables; Artemide, Culver City, Long Island City. Curva chrome-plated steel and polyurethane-foam chair on second floor, from $417 in fabric to $585 in leather, designed by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso, at Palazzetti, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles; Repertoire, Boston; Leitmotif, New Orleans; Knepper-Sweeney, Philadelphia; Limn, San Francisco; to the trade at Edelson, Atlanta; Modern Living, Los Angeles; Counterpoint, Miami; Business Interiors, Norfolk; Interiors Unlimited, St. Louis. Guizzo chrome-plated stool, from $262 in fabric to $315 in leather, and Balzo V wood and chrome-plated-steel chair, from $1,510 in fabric to $2,595 in leather, designed by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso (see above).

SANCTUARY FOR ART

Pages 150–55 Marilyn settee, to the trade from Poltronova International, Long Island City (718) 482-7660. Pigmented plaster walls, approx $10 sq ft, by Beriah Wall, NYC (212) 431-6162. J. L. Mott's Eureka kitchen sink, c. 1880, approx $3,500, from the collection at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Custom-made furniture, approx $1,000–$12,000, to order from David Ebner, Bellport (516) 286-4523.

COLLECTIVE SPIRIT

Page 156 Dorval fabric edging the armless chair, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Latour Bouclé fabric on two back chairs, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. **158–59** Ardentes Cotton Print, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **160** Persano fabric on ottoman, 51" wide, 63/10, Gotha striped fabric on sofa, 53½" wide, 75/10, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle. Rayures Mousseline wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **161** Albi Plain Glazed Chintz on shade (two colorways pieced together), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Lorraine chintz on chair, 51" wide, 93/10, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). **162** Daffodil & Vine Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **163** Cathy chintz on bed and seat, 50" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designer Showroom, Seattle. Shadow Stripe fabric crowning bed, to the trade at Henry Cassen at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Nash Edging fringe on bed and seat, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Marquee Stripe wallpaper, by Twigs, 27" wide, $30 roll, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle.

GREAT NAPPERS

Page 165 Malachite Fard queen-size duvet cover, $87.50, queen-size flat sheet, $53, pillowcase, $32, designed by Primrose Bordier, at Descamps, NYC, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Silk taffeta pillow, $75, ecru lace pillow, $44, lace square pillow, $65, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Kilim rug (stock #64705), $1,499, kilim pillow (stock #67396), 20"x20", $65, kilim pillow (stock #65112), 14"x14", $40, kilim pillow (stock #65113), 14"x14", $40, at Central Carpet, NYC (212) 787-8813. **166** Chinese needlepoint rug,

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$3,995, at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Pink silk pillow, $500, at E. Braun & Co., NYC (212) 838-0650. Empire-style récamier and screen, $18,000 ea, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970.

ABLOOM IN THE CITY

Pages 168–69 Fernanda chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 156). Imberline Caserta fabric, 51" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Velours Uni silk on pillows, 26½" wide, $369 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Mahogany lamp, designed by Faure, approx $500, to the trade from Geneviève Faure, NYC (212) 288-2946. **170** Faux wood-grain doors at top, painted by Gail Leddy, available through Geneviève Faure (see above). Damask Carrare fabric on chair at top, 51" wide, $85.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **171** Hepplewhite Damask, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman, Seattle. India linen and cotton, 120 cm wide, £48 m, India Stripe linen and cotton used as border, 121.8 cm wide, £42 m, from Geoffrey Bennison Fabrics, London 1-730-8076. Late 19th century oil paintings—*The Connoisseur*, by Charles Hermans, at left, and *Interior of a Studio*, by Louis Joseph Pottin, at right—from Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. **172** Hasketon Damask curtain fabric, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Giubileo Rigato wool and silk fabric on pillow at left, 60" wide, $270 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Kashmir cotton on library armchairs, by Groundworks division of Lee Jofa, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Castello Aragonese fabric on pillow by library window, 51" wide, $187.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **173** Eugenie's Ribbon, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 156). Elysée fringe, to the trade at Houlès, NYC, Los Angeles. Courtnay Strié wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). Taj fabric lining crown of bed, 48" wide, $21 yd, at Christian Schlumberger, NYC; to the trade at Hines & Co., Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Marion Kent, High Point; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Todd Wiggins, Miami. Padua Moiré Stripe fabric edging on headboard to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Rothschild Paisley, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Byblos fringe, $27 yd, at Christian Schlumberger (see above).

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

Pages 180–81 Empire armchairs, at La Maison Française, Los Angeles (213) 653-6540. **184–85** Bauer pottery and Manhattan glassware, at Buddy's, Los Angeles (213) 939-2419. **186** Eames lounge chair (and ottoman), at authorized Herman Miller dealers, call (800) 851-1196.

VICTORIA'S SECRET

Page 189 Villa Gallia love seat, designed in 1913 by Josef Hoffmann, $3,346 in mohair plush, to the trade at ICF, for nearest showroom call (914) 365-2500. Brno armchairs in steel and black leather, designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1930, $2,373 ea, to the trade from KnollStudio at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

COTTAGE CLASSIC

Page 193 Area rug, $68 sq ft, by Elizabeth Eakins, NYC, (212) 628-1950. **194–95** Area rug, $68 sq ft, by Elizabeth Eakins (see above). Borghese Stripe cotton on Swope sofa, 51" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Donghia, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Swope sofa, to the trade from Thomas De Angelis & Co., NYC (212) 620-0191. **197** Weatherend table, 60" wide, $3,700, benches, $2,800 ea, rocking chairs, $1,860 ea, swing, $2,468, from Weatherend Estate Furniture, Rockland (207) 596-6483. Bernadino Stripe cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **198–99** Honeysuckle Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). Frieze text, painted by muralist Michael Thornton-Smith (212) 619-5338. Custom-made bed linens and curtains, to the trade at N.K.A., NYC (212) 929-8684. Early American Wool Braid carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 163).

MOVABLE SEATS

Pages 200–03 Faux marble floor, hand-painted by Sara Nesbitt, Hoboken (201) 792-3127. **200–01** Gothique wallpaper on screen, $450 per panel, to the trade at Zuber, NYC (212) 486-9226. Backless Franco-Roman seat, by Michael Shannon, $750, at Howard Kaplan, NYC (212) 674-1000; to the trade at Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mitchell Ryan, Dania; Blake House, Denver; Showroom Mé-

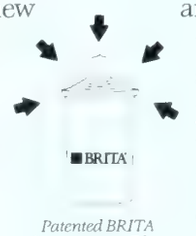
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age, Los Angeles; Dunkirk, San Francisco; Michael Folks, Seattle. English leopard-patterned blanket, at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-560. Directoire-style bench (#5015-88), by Mark Hampton for Hickory Chair, $484 (COM), for nearest store call customer service at (704) 328-301. Stone head at Reymer-Jourdan, NYC (212) 74-4470. Cygnus swans-headed bench, $500 as shown, optional cushion extra, from Classic Impressions collection, by Woodard, for nearest store call customer service at (517) 723-7881. Leather suitcase, $350, walking stick, $300, at Duke's, NYC (212) 966-2946. **202** Three-panel screen, $2,800, to the trade at Bob Patino & Co., NYC (212) 355-6581. Black-lacquer taboret, by Patrick Naggar, $390, at ARC International, NYC (212) 727-3340. P bench, $3,200, by David Palleschuk, at Nolte, NYC (212) 431-0162. Jean Puiforcat teapot, $950, creamer and sugar, $625 ea, tray, $800, at Puiforcat, NYC (212) 734-3838. Goldleaf-papered screen, by Naggar, $2,400 as shown (or $800 per panel), at ARC International (see above). Regency-style bench (style #5118-), from Stately Homes Collection, by Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. Black velvet ottoman, by Norma Kamali, $1,080, antique tray from collection ($75–$550 ea) at SOMO Home, NYC (212) 334-9696. Faux marble bench, by Bill Sullivan, $4,200 unfinished, to order at Chelsea Custom, NYC (212) 242-5252. Sunny shoes, $410 pr, at Manolo Blahnik, NYC (212) 582-3007. French three-panel screen, $1,500, at House of Screens, NYC (212) 534-8773. **203** Hand-painted Médiévale wallpaper on screen, $450 per panel, to the trade at Zuber (see above). Belvedere stool (style #4977) in black leather, $1,380, by Targes Furniture, for nearest store call (800) 252-1437. Blue silk stool, $675, at Trevor Potts Antiques, NYC (212) 737-0909. Yellow ottoman, by Mario Buatta, NYC, reproduced as the James ottoman, $975 (COM), by John Widdicomb, for nearest store call (616) 459-7173. Black velvet slippers, $145 pr, at Berk, NYC (212) 570-0285.

SAMPLES

Page 204 Wicker chair, $560, cushions, $350 for two, to the trade at Walters Wicker, for nearest showroom call (212) 758-0472. Upholstered in Pino Stripe canvas, 48" wide, $51 yd, by Dek Tillett, to the trade at Dek Tillett, Sheffield; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mimi London, Los Angeles; Decorators Walk, Miami; Walters Wicker, NYC; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Billi Born, Troy. White-on-natural cotton and linen stripe, 48" wide, $47 yd, to the trade at Alan Campbell, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nesen, Dania; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. From top right: Berber, 54" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Hugh Cochran, Dania; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Baker Knapp & Tubbs, Minneapolis; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Samba Stripe Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland; McQuiston-Riggs & Thomas, Seattle. Salute, 54" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). Night & Day: Stripe, 51" wide, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Majorca Rose Indienne, 51" wide, $22.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Piano Stripe polished cotton fabric, 48" wide, $45 yd, by Dek Tillett (see above). Martha's Vineyard Rouge, 55" wide, $45 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). White-on-natural cotton and linen stripe by Alan Campbell (see above).



Key to fabric collage: **1.** Dancer Stripe, 48" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett (see above). **2.** Gaspard Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **3.** Biedermeier Stripe, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). **4.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **5.** Coochie Coochie Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington (see above). **6.** Bergame, 51" wide, $193.50 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 160). **7.** Salute, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). **8.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **9.** Windsor, 51" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Donghia (see above for pgs 194–95). **10, 11.** Martha's Vineyard Vert and Jaune, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). **12.** Piano Stripe polished cotton, by Dek Tillett (see above). **13.** Michelle, 51" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 160). **14, 15.** Night & Day: Stripe, to the trade at China Seas (see above). **16.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **17.** Sorbetto Cotton Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **18.** Circus Stripe, 48" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett (see above). **19.** Carioca Stripe Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington (see above).

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Gandee AT LARGE

There's a new Nancye in Ronald Reagan's life



When I asked Nancye Green if she had any reservations about accepting the commission to design the public exhibition spaces of the forthcoming Ronald Reagan Presidential Library and Center for Public Affairs in Ventura County, California, she leaned over and hit the stop button on my tape recorder. When the tape was rolling again, the 41-year-old designer cum marketing-communications expert said: "Communicating an eight-year presidency is a fascinating project. We don't find that we're in a compromised position. We're doing it because we think it's interesting."

The Reagan library is scheduled to open on February 6, 1991, the fortieth president's eightieth birthday. Donovan & Green, the New York–based firm Green heads with her husband, Michael Donovan, was tapped for the job less than four weeks after the partners, along with their collaborator, Stuart Silver, were summoned to Washington to present their portfolio, which currently contains an advertising campaign for Lees Commercial Carpet, a total image—"including the food"—for a new chain of Japanese fast-food restaurants, and a traveling exhibition entitled "Hollywood: Legend and Reality."

The task now before Green, as she sees it, is "to convey the true essence of what this presidency was about, to capture the sense of Reagan in the space." I asked her what she had come up with so far—in the way of Reagan's true essence. "We wrote a concept which was that this presidency was about restoring the stature of the office of president, about restoring the country, about restoring America to a certain level in the community of nations. Reagan was the consummate father figure, so we decided that was going to be an important theme. Secondly, we decided that the library was going to have a lot of media in it, because you must deal with Reagan's aura."

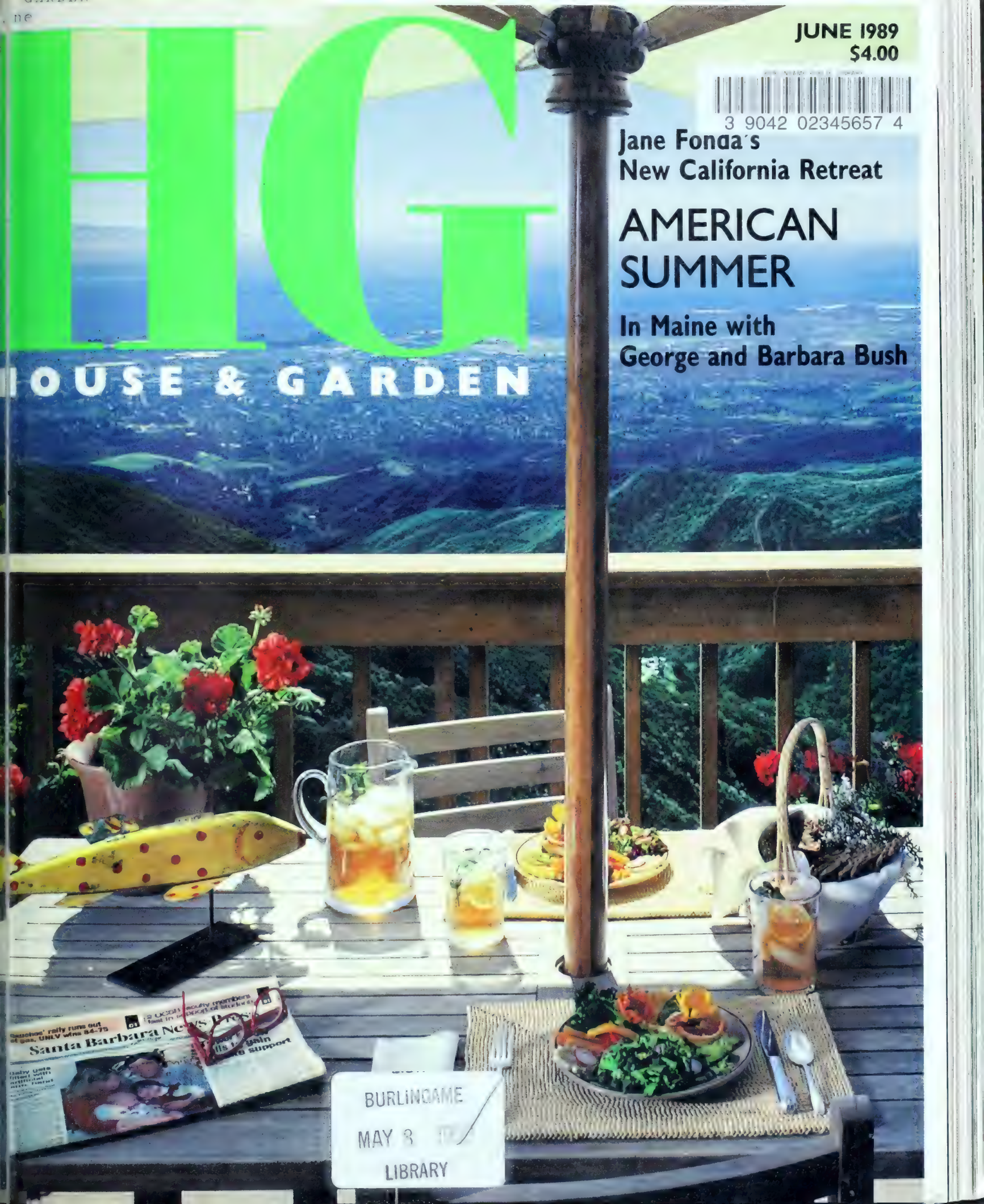
To make the point about President Reagan's enormous popularity, Green plans to welcome library visitors into a gallery filled with selections from the "tens of thousands of gifts" he received while in office, which "range from live animals to objects that run the gamut from funky to wonderful." The gift chamber will serve as an anteroom to a theater that will show a film on the Ronald Reagan presidency by Phil Dusenberry, an advertising mogul who also coauthored the screenplay for *The Natural*, which starred Robert Redford. After the movie, Green has planned an approximately 75-minute chronological walk through Reagan's life. About fifty percent of the exhibition will be devoted to the various stages of Reagan's career: the "early years, to what made the man, his ascendance to positions of leadership, the substantive issues—domestic achievements, international achievements." There will also be a section devoted to the White House, including a full-scale mock-up of the Oval Office and, possibly, a state dinner. A separate gallery will be devoted to Nancy Reagan.

To animate the exhibition, Green plans to make extensive use of media. "Instead of walking up to a gavel, a photograph, a document, we're going to have a lot of very stimulating, highly active monitors—media walls—which means Reagan talking, people talking, crosscuts of things that were going on at the time." Green is also planning an interactive press conference that will offer visitors a chance to get President Reagan's televised response to a series of predetermined questions.

According to Green, "It's not a piece of hype"

The building Green plans to outfit with such high-tech wizardry is being designed by Boston architect Hugh Stubbins, the man who gave Manhattan the Citicorp building in 1978, a shiny aluminum office tower in midtown with an odd wedge-shaped top. I telephoned Stubbins at his weekend retreat outside West Palm Beach, Florida, but he wouldn't talk about the project. "I'll call you back this afternoon after I've checked with California," he said. But this afternoon never came. Green was more forthcoming about Stubbins's building, which she describes as "Western vernacular architecture—tile roof, sort of Mission style and very classic. Most of the time architects leave you with really garbagey spaces to work with, but Hugh left us with a really thoughtful space, clean, basically a shoe box."

I asked Green what she thought visitors to the library would walk away with in the end—what image of Ronald Reagan would she be creating for posterity. "A balanced view," she said. "It's not a piece of hype." At long last our chance to meet the real Ronald Reagan—the man behind the photo opportunity. And just what kind of man is that? "Amazing, charismatic, elegant, articulate, comfortable, secure, loved," according to Nancye Green. "A man who really believes in what he really believes in." **Charles Gandee**


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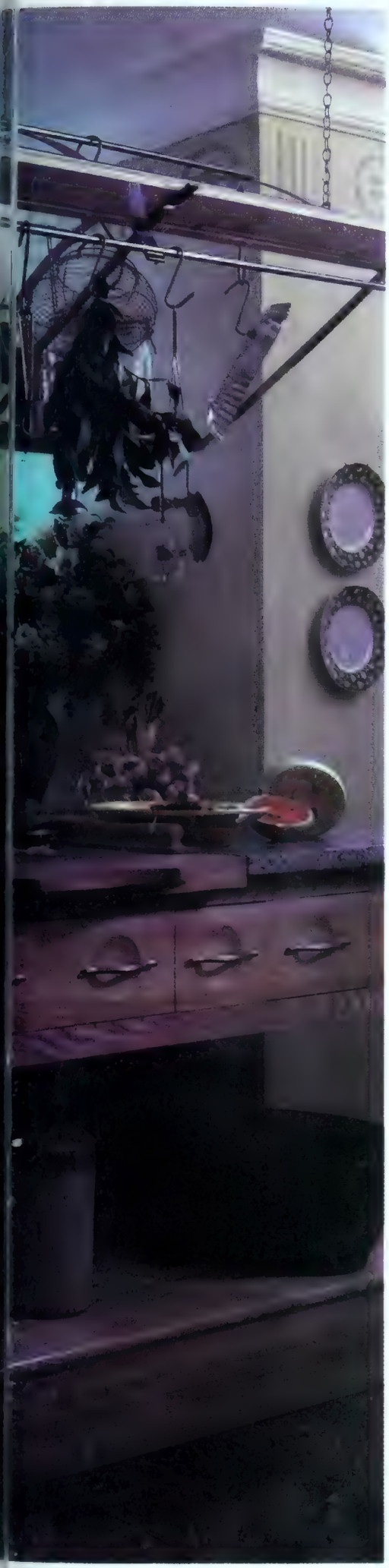


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HOUSE & GARDEN
JUNE 1989
Volume 161, Number 6

COVER *At Jane Fonda's new Santa Barbara spa, a spectacular view refreshes guests after a vigorous workout. Page 92. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.*



Three examples of craftsman Marie Zimmermann's work in precious metals. Page 146. Photograph by Andrew Garn.

Block Island Light The year-round house of a creative couple is a polished essay in simplicity. By James Kaplan **84**

Jane Fonda's Spa The energetic star works it all out in Santa Barbara. By Pilar Viladas **92**

Yankee Preserve Mark Hampton puts his signature on a New England house. By Eric A. Berthold **98**

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Precious Metals The work of Marie Zimmermann is rediscovered. By Doris Saatchi **146**

Above It All A glamorous Manhattan triplex is a study in superlatives. By James Reginato **152**



Barbara Bush, above, with grandson Pierce. Page 140. Photograph by David Valdez/ The White House. Below left: A New England dining room by Mark Hampton. Page 98. Photograph by William Waldron.



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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Doris Saatchi, an HG contributing editor and collector of contemporary art, uncovers the metalwork of Marie Zimmermann in this month's issue. "I was intrigued instantly," she says of the artist's use of varied materials and astonishing forms, from massive iron garden gates to flower-form copper bowls brushed with colored patinas.



LENA BERTUCCI



ERIC BOMAN

Liz Logan helped start up *7 Days* before coming to HG as features editor. She describes her vision of the magazine: "There is a character in John Cheever's *Bullet Park* who has a terrible *cafard*. Then he sees a beautiful yellow room where he thinks he could be content. He travels around the world searching for a house with such a room. HG lets you look for your own version of the yellow room."



TOM MILLER

Deborah Solomon, author of *Jackson Pollock: A Biography* and a regular contributor on art for *The New York Times Magazine* and *The New Criterion,* wrote this month's feature on Pollock's influential teacher, Thomas Hart Benton. "When they finish a book, some people are done with the subject forever," she says. "Not me. I just can't let go."

Stephen Calloway, a curator of paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum and author, most recently, of *Twentieth-Century Decoration,* reports on the restoration of American Colonial and English Georgian houses. "I've always been fascinated by period houses because of the way the artifacts and surviving decoration reflect the life of the past. I'm an old-fashioned connoisseur, constantly handling these objects."



LENA BERTUCCI

Brian Noyes, joining HG as design director, brings a journalistic sensibility from his years as art director of *The Washington Post Magazine*. "HG is informational and news-oriented—we concentrate on decorating trends and cutting-edge designers. My challenge is to report this in an elegant, yet energetic, manner."



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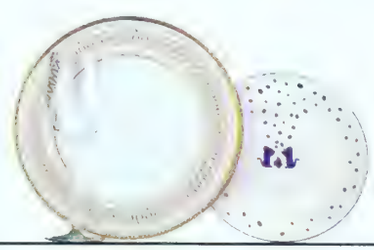
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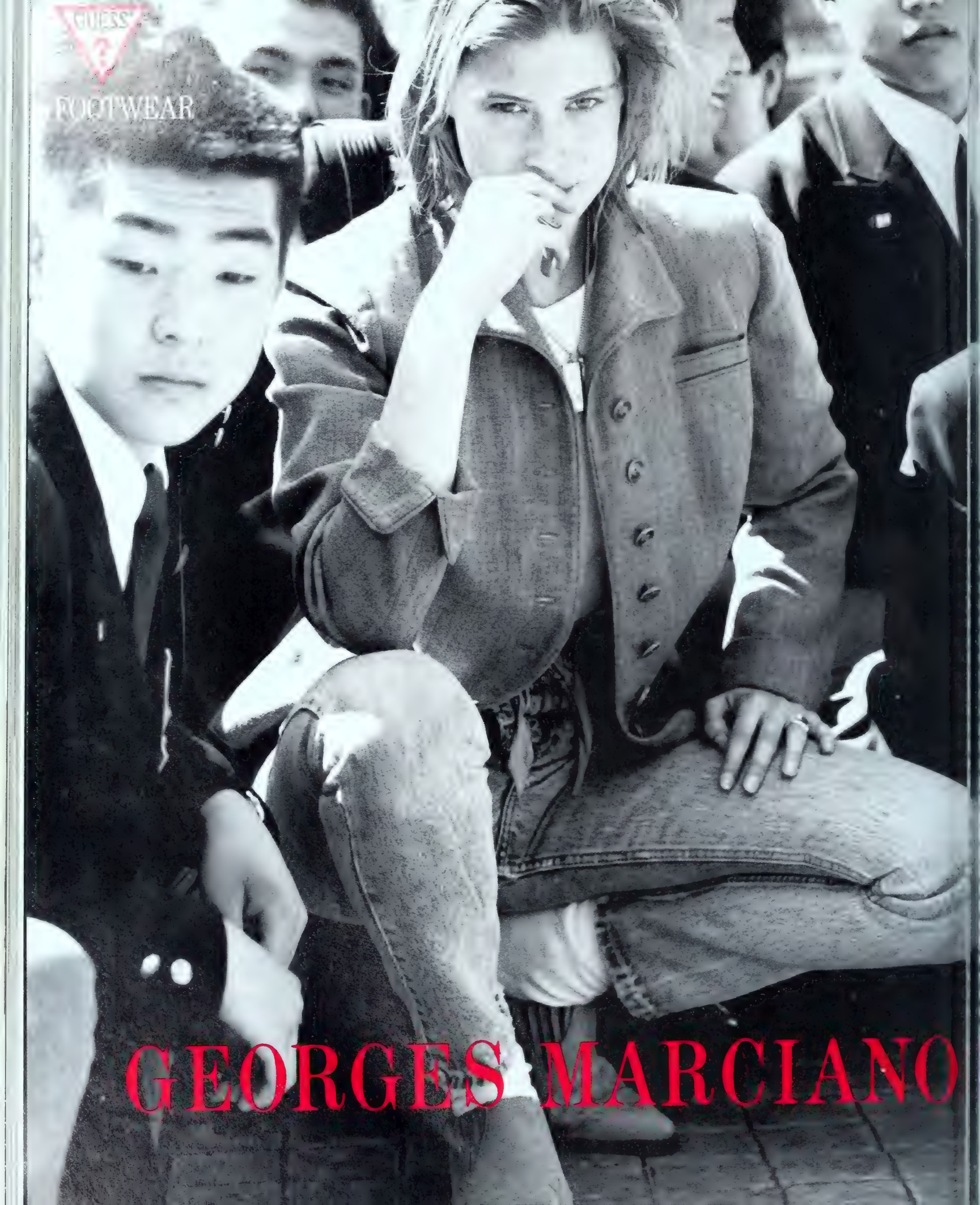
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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy



om top, left to Design for an ll, c. 1925–30, ncis Jourdain; ze chandelier, 20; tabletop of l gilded wood, Christian Dior le, 1947; gold , 1883; design smoking set, 86–38, by Jean cat; design for room, c. 1835; stic disposable cnic set, 1977; teel armchair, –88, by Pascal gue; mid 19th ury wallpaper; es plate, 1814; eonic souvenir ox; chinoiserie clock, c. 1860; n-style bronze abra, c. 1800– k velvet, 1869; al table, 1988, hilippe Starck.

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CELEBRATING FRENCH STYLE

New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum salutes the bicentennial of the French Revolution with "L'Art de Vivre: Decorative Arts and Design in France, 1789–1989," featuring over 500 examples of furniture, silver, glass, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper, couture, and jewelry. On view through July 16. The stylistic effects of Japonisme and various revival movements will be examined at "A Taste for History: Fashion and Furnishings in 19th-Century France," a seminar sponsored by HG, the Comité Colbert, and the Cooper-Hewitt. At the Alliance Française, NYC, June 15, 10 A.M.–4 P.M. To register, call (212) 860-6868.

NOTES

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CARNATIONS FOR CANOVAS

In a competition involving twenty member firms of the Comité Colbert, selected students at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology designed everything from sheets for Porthault to silver flatware for Ercuis. The winning fabric pattern (right) *is by Susan Pollack for Manuel Canovas.*



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In his Art Deco sculpture, Paul Manship borrowed subjects, as well as graceful silhouettes, from Classical culture. His 1927 Standing Nude #1 (left) *is one of 120 works in "The Art of Paul Manship," at Washington's National Museum of American Art through July 23.*



COUNTRY ROADS

With tin ceilings and painted wood floors reminiscent of a dry goods emporium (right), *the Polo Country Store at 33 Main St., East Hampton, N.Y., features Ralph Lauren's weekend clothes, home furnishings, and folk art. Opens early June.*



NATIVE SPIRIT

The feathered Pomo basket (below) *is one of 2,000 artifacts and works of art donated by Harrison Eiteljorg to form the foundation of the Eiteljorg Museum of American Indian and Western Art. Opening June 24 in Indianapolis.*



BEAU SÈVRES

Invited by the French Ministry of Culture to work at La Manufacture Nationale de Sèvres, ceramic artist Betty Woodman has produced exotic porcelain pieces (right) *using traditional materials, $2,000–$6,000. Available through the Max Protetch Gallery, 560 Broadway, NYC; (212) 966-5454.*

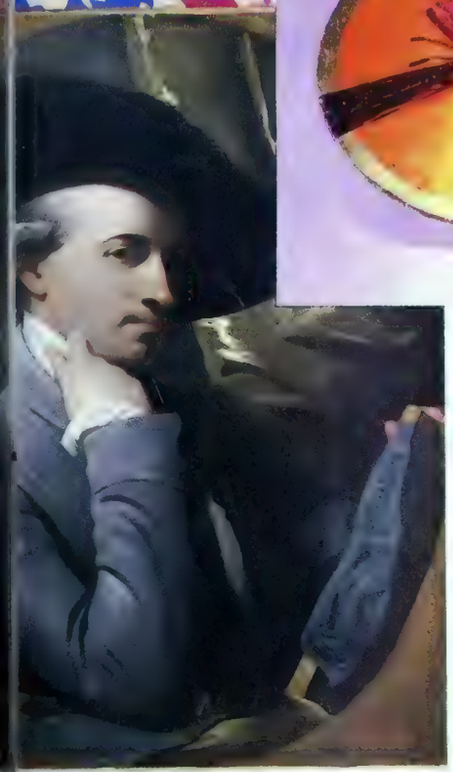
CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: EITELJORG MUSEUM OF AMERICAN INDIAN AND



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NEOCLASSICAL NOVELTY
The decorative spirit of Robert Adam resurfaces in one of a series of antique reproduction gilt and mirrored sconces (right), *c. 1740, $750, from Christopher Hyland, which were inspired by the great manor houses of the 18th century. To the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC, and George Wallach, Los Angeles.*



COURT FAVORITE
"Benjamin West: American Painter at the English Court" pays tribute to the darling of 18th-century British society, depicted in a self-portrait (left), *c. 1776. At the Baltimore Museum of Art, June 4–Aug. 20.*



TALLYHO!
Merry-go-round animals, festively carved and painted (below), *are on view at the American Carousel Museum, San Francisco. Just opened is the New England Carousel Museum in Bristol, Conn.*



CLEAR LINEUP
Artist Kerry Feldman's handblown tumblers (above) *are textured with surreal molded-glass appliqués, approx. $30. To the trade from Fineline Studios, (213) 827-8692.*



SUN'S UP
The majolica sunflower plate (right), *produced at the height of the Aesthetic movement, is re-created by New York's Metropolitan Museum. At the museum shop, $11.50; to order (800) 635-5355.*

OM TOP RIGHT: MONICA STEVENSON, ED KASHI




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DESIGN

Newman's Own

The movie star's camp for kids is built for hands-on fun

By Joseph Giovannini

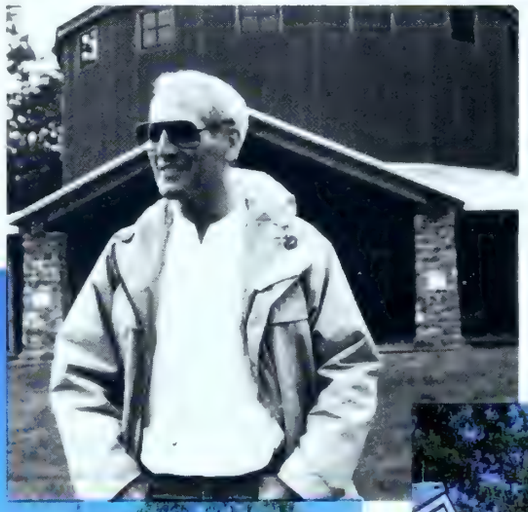
The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, in the hills of northeast Connecticut, was finished barely a year ago, and already young campers, seven to seventeen years old, have carved their initials into its stout wooden tables and heavy timber beams. Paul Newman, founder of the camp, couldn't be more pleased.

When Newman asked Thomas Beeby, dean of Yale's School of Architecture, and his Chicago-based firm, Hammond Beeby & Babka, to design a retreat for children with cancer and serious blood diseases, he talked about logging camps and mining and mill towns out West and insisted that nothing look clinical. Even though the camp would have up-to-date medical facilities, including chemotherapy equipment, only natural materials could be used in the buildings and furniture—no stainless steel, no plastic. The camp was to be a "normal" place where more than one hundred youngsters could comfortably and unselfconsciously during two-week sessions do what children without life-threatening diseases do: hike, canoe, fish, and, in Newman's words, "raise a little hell." Tuition is free: Newman's Own, the food company founded by Newman and writer A. E. Hotchner, has financed $8.5 million of the project, a sum matched by other private donors, including King Fahd of Saudia Arabia who gave $5 million.

For the designers, the real issue was character. "It has to do with everything you touch, smell, and experience," says Tannys Langdon, who started as project architect while with the Chicago firm and continued as its interior designer after establishing her own practice. Langdon found that even though she could have new tables fabricated out of plywood and veneers to look like pieces of solid



The Wild West "street" of arts and crafts studios, in front of the barrel-roof gym, at right.



Paul Newman, left, wanted a rough-and-tumble place where kids could "raise a little hell." Below left: The red barnlike dining hall. Below: The tall clapboard tower of a staff residence rises above the administration building portico.





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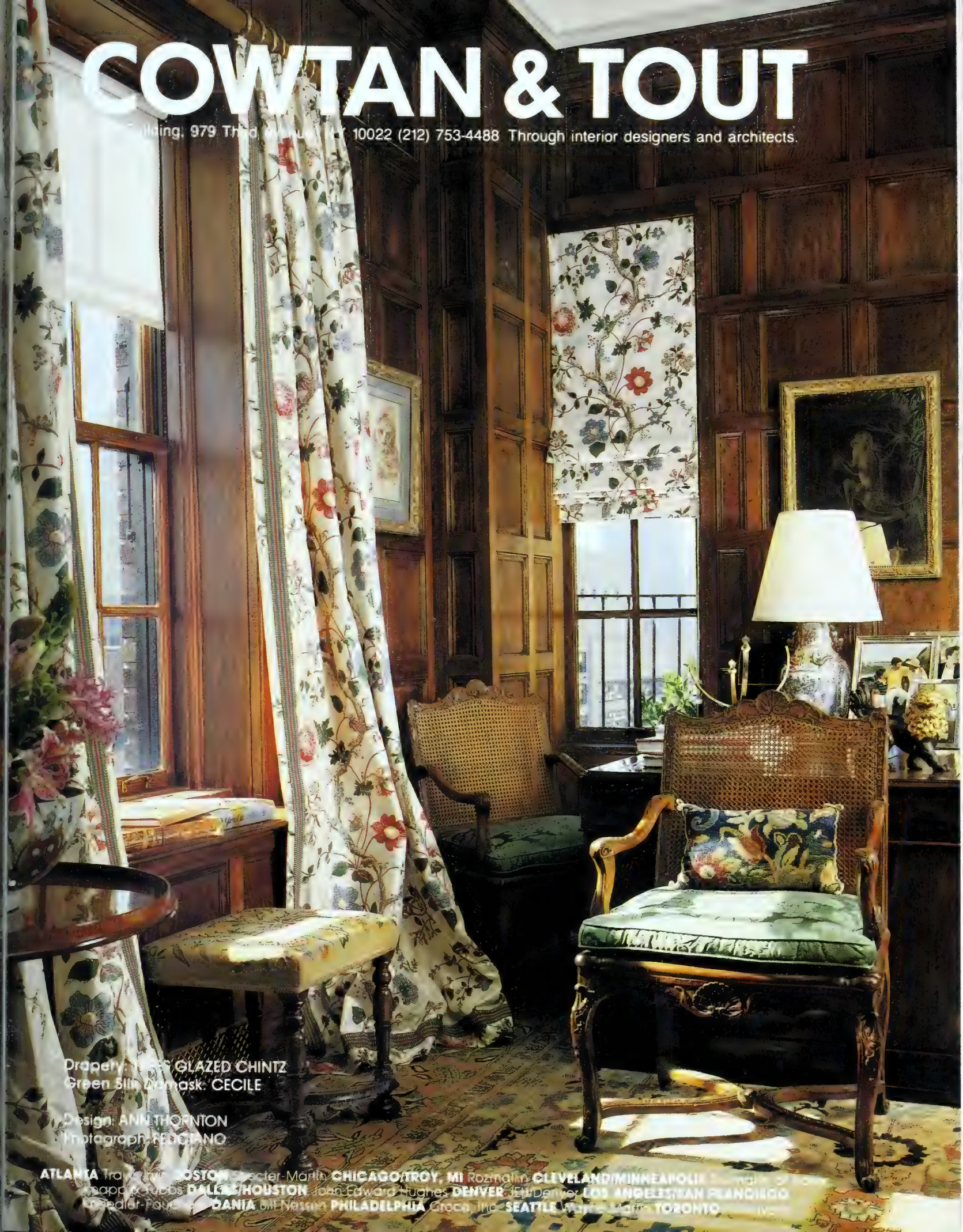


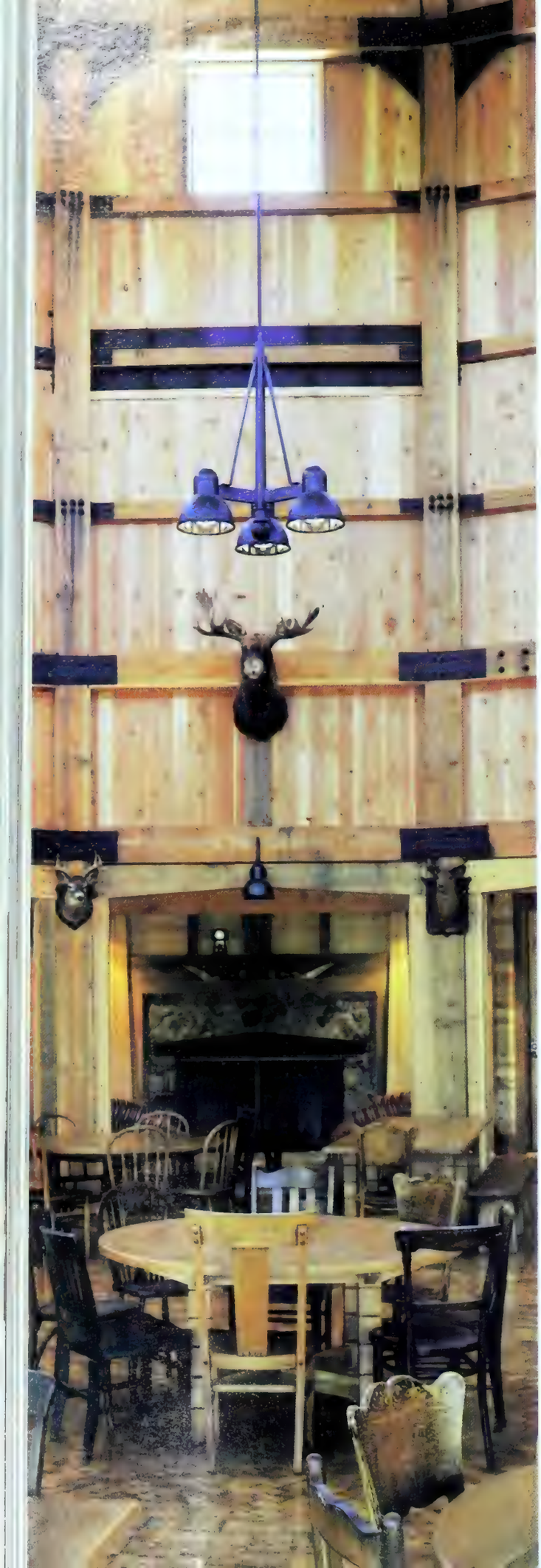
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In the dining hall, left, stylistic mix of antique chairs—from country Windsor to bentwood and pressed golden oak—reflects the scope of Tannys Langdon's nationwide search for furniture.

wood, it was difficult to find manufacturers willing or able to build solid wood tables.

She finally located a firm in New Mexico which could construct solid custom-designed tables and benches. But that left nearly 4,000 other pieces of furniture to acquire. Emissaries from her office went shopping at flea markets across America. Langdon explains, "We wanted pieces with an overt personality—nothing middle ground. And we wanted pieces that implied who had used them and how." One chair might look as though it had rocked for generations on a front porch, another as though it had served the same postmaster for thirty years. "It made sense to buy cheap pieces that had lasted," Langdon says. "I wanted the kids to be able to trash the furniture." Healthy abuse is just part of the ongoing history of the place.

The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp is sited on its 300-acre lakefront property like a small Western town, though the inspiration for this image lies less in any actual American countryside than in the eye of an actor accustomed to movie sets. The camp's name comes from the outlaw band in Newman's film *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. "We expanded the Butch Cassidy idea and created something based on rural and frontier architecture," says Beeby. Much like the furniture, each building tells its own story. The tall clapboard residences for staff look like garrison houses in a frontier fort, and the log cabins are grouped in circles, wagon-train style. The red barnlike dining hall and the gym face a village green, and arts and crafts takes place behind storefront façades. The porticoed administration building exudes authority like an old-fashioned bank.





Folk art–style stencils brighten staff office walls, top. Above: Rough-hewn logs and mismatched bed frames in a bunkhouse.

Perhaps the best evidence that the plan to create a knockabout environment has succeeded comes on the long gravel drive into camp. From there, approaching visitors can hear a great din through the trees, as though children were bouncing on the furniture and off the cabin walls. For adults the buildings may be resonant in their stylish use of history. But for kids, the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp is not a design. It is simply the kind of place where you can wake up to a bugle call and hang your hat on a moose head at lights-out. ▲


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ARCHITECTURE

California Modern

Los Angeles architect Frank Israel is attracting national attention

By Pilar Viladas

"I really haven't developed a signature style," says architect Franklin D. Israel. "I'm more interested in the backs of buildings than in the fronts." Such candid admissions may help to explain why the 43-year-old adopted Angeleno has remained one of the West Coast's better-kept secrets over the past decade. Granted, Israel's ratio of built to unbuilt designs hasn't been as high as he would like it to be, but it has recently taken a definite upward turn with completed projects such as a house addition for fashion designer Michele Lamy and filmmaker Richard Newton, offices for Propaganda Films, and a beach house for director Robert Altman, in addition to earlier commissions for Rita Moreno, Joel Grey, Jo Wilder, and hair and makeup artist Rick Gillette.

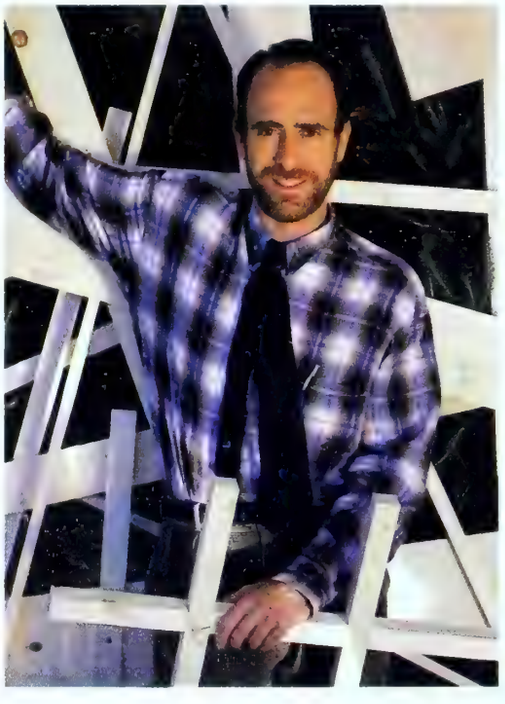
And, as if to confirm that his star is on the rise, Israel was recently the subject of a one-man exhibition organized by the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis—the first of six shows in the Walker's "Architecture Tomorrow" series, which focuses on America's most with-it young firms. Design curator Mildred Friedman says that she chose Israel because "we wanted people who had new ideas. While all these architects are influenced by history, their work isn't Postmodern. It's what's happening now."

The six wood and concrete pavilions that Israel designed for his show contain everything from models and drawings to live trees (a reference to lumber's increasing scarcity). He attributes the inspiration for the show's themes of transcendent lightness, obscurity, and violated symmetry to the works of writers Italo Calvino and Milan Kundera. But if Israel's spoken architectural philosophy sometimes veers off into the arcane, his buildings remain rooted in the here and now. "I'm attempting to apply a Modern approach to design without sacrificing the regional character of a place," he explains, espousing a goal he shares today with Frank Gehry and historically with such architects as Frank Lloyd Wright, R. M. Schindler, and Charles Eames, all of whom translated Modernist architecture into a uniquely southern Californian vernacular.

The New York–born Israel arrived in California by a circuitous route: Yale and Columbia; a few years in Europe on the Prix de Rome; urban planning in New York; and finally a teaching job at UCLA, where he is now a tenured professor. Los Angeles also



Frank Israel, below left, in one of his structures at the Walker Art Center. Below and below right: Other aspects of the Walker installation. Right: Propaganda Films.





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The addition, above, Israel designed for Michele Lamy and Richard Newton. Right: A balcony off the master bedroom overlooks the interior of the new pavilion.





Table and armchairs with pillows, above, from Paul Fortune. Right: Seen from the lap pool, the Lamy-Newton addition combines wood, glass, and pigmented stucco to evoke regional character through Modern architecture. Yellow walls were inspired by a color in Lamy's fashion designs. Details see Resources.

provided Israel entrée into the film industry, where he briefly tried his hand at art direction on Roger Vadim's film *Night Games*: "There I was in the jungles of Tahiti, peeling leeches off my legs." Ultimately, the call of architecture proved too strong. "Film is illusion transcribed onto celluloid," says Israel. "Architecture is illusion translated into reality." Still, his ties to film and fashion have provided him with clients willing to take risks. "People like Michele Lamy and Rick Gillette bring out the best in me."

Israel's best is impressive. In the addition he completed last year for Lamy and Newton, a two-story pavilion clad in yellow pigmented stucco is punctuated by red-painted windows and held up by an exposed steel structure. All the rooms at what used to be the back of the house now open onto this space, which also includes the new kitchen—with cabinets and tile patterns designed by Newton, who worked with Israel on materials and finishes for the pavilion and pool. The pavilion reminds Lamy of the loft where she and Newton used to live: "I find industrial spaces very romantic."

At Propaganda Films the industrial space was already there in the form of a bow-trussed Hollywood warehouse. Rather than divide the space into conventional offices, Israel opted for a design better suited to the company's avant-garde image—Propaganda has produced music videos for Sting and is at work on a new film by David Lynch. A large boat-shaped structure houses the executive offices, while smaller buildings shelter other offices, a conference room, and a café. Designer Paul Fortune supplied updated 1940s and '50s office furniture.

Israel's upcoming projects include the interiors of a Frank Gehry–designed house in Malibu; a collaboration with light-and-space artist James Turrell; two L.A. cafés; and a drive-in restaurant in Newport Beach. But when asked what he would really like to do, Israel replies unhesitatingly, "A gritty urban project." Given the architect's rather glossy client list, that hardly seems likely, though his answer, like his architecture, reminds us that Frank Israel values substance as much as he does style. ▲ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*



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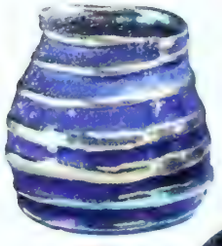


Jean-Baptiste Regnault's 1815 *La Toilette de Venus* ($300,000–$500,000).

Driven to Collect

Walter Chrysler's astonishing art collection lands on the auction block

By Stuart Greenspan





From Chrysler's glass cache: Lava vase, above, by Tiffany (estimate $20,000–$30,000) and, right, Tiffany Cabinet vase ($3,000–$5,000) up for bidding this month at Sotheby's.



Chrysler, above, in 1986. Right: A Tiffany Reactive glass vase ($8,000–$12,000).





Lorenzo Costa's 1490 painting, right, *The Martyrdom of Felice and Naborre* ($200,000–$300,000). Above: Lucas Cranach's 1529 *Lucretia* ($500,000–$700,000).



Walter P. Chrysler Jr. was the Peck's Bad Boy of American collectors. For more than half a century, right up until his death last summer at age 79, he bought, sold, traded, and gave away art on a royal scale. To say his taste was eclectic would be to vastly understate the scope of his energies and activities. He bought everything and, whenever he could, he bought in bulk. Much of what he bought was very good indeed; some things were not. A few were outright fakes, and it is that fact which is responsible for the cloud that hangs over the Chrysler name to this day—a cloud that may follow the chunk of Chrysler's collection being sold at Sotheby's this month (fine arts on June 1; decorative arts on June 17).

Chrysler was born in 1909 with a name that would soon be famous across America. His father, the senior Walter P., was the founder of the Chrysler Corporation, an individualist, a capitalist, and a self-made man. Walter Jr.'s cloth was cut differently. The elder Chrysler tried to bring his son into the family business; the interest, however, was not there and his efforts met with little success. Instead Walter Jr. dabbled at different things, including producing Broadway plays, but none exactly developed into a career.

Walter Chrysler's real career was collecting, and at that he showed remarkable and precocious ability. It is said that his first art purchase came while he was still a schoolboy. This prescient splurge—a little Renoir watercolor of a nude for which he paid $350—was confiscated by his dorm master and destroyed as indecent. Still, it was not a bad beginning. After he completed his education, a tour of Europe brought him into contact with the advanced art movements of the day and the leading artists, many of whose finest works he was to own. (Picasso's *The Charnal House* and Matisse's *The Dance*, both now in the Museum of Modern Art, once belonged to Chrysler.)

Chrysler's most *(Continued on page 41)*



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remarkable characteristic as a collector was his ability to buy outside of fashion and usually well ahead of it. "When other collectors bought large canvases," he said, "I would buy small pictures. Later, when small paintings were more readily hung, I acquired large ones. When interest lagged in English, Dutch, and Flemish schools, I added them." In this way Chrysler acquired many of the Baroque and nineteenth-century Salon paintings which are frequently associated with his name and taste. Nor did he collect only paintings, far from it. He also collected stamps and rare books and 8,000 examples of American and European glass, including one of the most encyclopedic groupings of glass by Louis Comfort Tiffany, his neighbor on Long Island when Chrysler was a child.

By 1959 Walter Chrysler was looking for a permanent home for his burgeoning collections. He settled on a ninety-year-old Methodist church in Provincetown on Cape Cod, where he and his wife spent their summers. Not one to take a merely proprietary interest, this millionaire could often be found just inside his museum's front door collecting quarters for admission tickets and catalogues.

It was for the museum in Provincetown that Chrysler organized "The Controversial Century: 1850–1950," an exhibit that included seventy paintings attributed to such artists as Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, and Degas, all purchased from two New York dealers within two years. The title proved to be prophetic because by the time the pictures arrived in Ottawa's National Gallery, the show's second venue, word was out that half were fakes. This peculiar situation was debated in Canada's parliament in 1962, and several U.S. government agencies also started to look into Chrysler's doings. He was urged to remove the offending works but remained steadfast in the face of the aesthetic storm, saying, "I'm satisfied. We can't look at masterpieces all the time. I think that would be rather dull."

The controversy simmered, and Ralph F. Colin, a founder of the Art Dealers Association of America, remarked at the time, "Any collector can make a few mistakes, but to make that many mistakes innocently . . . is unthinkable." Chrysler nevertheless remained tight-lipped, and the mystery persists to this day—did he buy and exhibit the "controversial" paintings knowing that a good many were fake, indeed likely produced by his dealer's son? Although the works in question were eventually weeded from the collection, the doubts followed it to the Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences in Virginia where it was transferred in 1971. The museum was renamed in Chrysler's honor, and he was appointed director.

Weeks after Walter Chrysler's death, the art world—and the Chrysler Museum's administration—was stunned to learn the museum didn't legally own all of the 15,000 works of art Chrysler had ostensibly donated over the years. Some of the $100 million holdings were still held in Walter Chrysler's name. Although the museum was in the last stages of a major building program, 130 old-master and nineteenth-century paintings and 500 pieces of early twentieth century glass, lamps, and furniture, jointly valued at $15 million, were removed to be sold by Sotheby's.

"There are no fakes in the art to be sold," says Sotheby's George Wachter of the paintings by such artists as Lucas Cranach, Bernardo Bellotto, Géricault, Ingres, and Gérôme. "There are a number of paintings," he continues, "that due to recent scholarship are going to be reattributed to other artists." Still, the Chrysler name, tainted or not, should provide the magic that auctions thrive on. ♠

The Biggest Little Museum

It's a tribute to Walter Chrysler's collecting acumen—and excesses—that 630 works could be auctioned without significantly diminishing the prestige of the museum in Norfolk, Virginia, that bears his name. One of this country's smallest major museums, the Chrysler is fondly referred to by locals as the Metropolitan of the South. The Beaux-Arts structure, respectfully renovated and expanded by the architecture firm of Hartman-Cox, now boasts palatial windowed galleries, colonnades, and a skylit central courtyard. The collection is organized chronologically, grouping fine and decorative arts of the same period. Starting with Egyptian antiquities, the museum gains momentum in Italian Baroque and academic French painting and winds up with Pop icons by Andy Warhol and James Rosenquist. Downstairs from the old masters is the Chrysler Institute of Glass, one of the most comprehensive in the world. The many passions of Walter Chrysler have given rise to a formidable temple of art. **Dana Cowin**







Hand-tinted daguerreotype, far left, by an unknown photographer, c. 1855. Left: Paolo Veronese's *Virgin and Child with Angels*, 1562. Below: A view of the Chrysler's newly renovated central courtyard and windowed galleries.

LEFT, CHRYSLER MUSEUM, NORFOLK. CENTER, CHRYSLER MUSEUM. GIFT OF WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR. IN MEMORY OF DELLA VIOLA FORKER CHRYSLER

Rethinking the Past

How 18th-century simplicity became our ideal of good taste

By Stephen Calloway

I was recently reminded of the story about an American arbiter of fashion and her attempts to get an exact shade of green she had described as something like that of the cloth on a billiard table. As shade after shade just failed to hit the right note, she finally, in exasperation, cried: "I want the green that won America!"

Now, of course, we all know what that means. We have seen it in nearly every historic house and museum shop, and it has become an almost inevitable element in any interior that sets out to evoke a colonial period feel. But why is it that, even subconsciously, we read so much into the simple interiors associated with this color? One answer to this provocative question lies in the way we in the twentieth century look at the styles of the past, adapting them to suit our needs and express our own cultural and social ideas. We no longer simply romanticize the past; we make it work for us.

Since the beginning of this century, when Edith Wharton and Elsie de Wolfe first led taste and fashion away from clutter and showed how simplicity could be chic, the colonial interior increasingly came to be appreciated for its style as well as its historic charm. Surviving eighteenth-century houses and rooms were photographed and published, and the influence of the austere architectural woodwork and dense paint finishes of the period began to appear in ordinary domestic decoration. Nancy Lancaster, the doyenne of the Anglo-American decorating tradition, for example, recalls how, shortly after the First World War when redecorating her exquisite old Virginia house, Mirador, she had bought plain antiques and shunned bright overhead illumination in favor of wall lights made from old candle sconces. She also developed techniques for applying flat paint in more than one tint to achieve a mellow effect.

Throughout the early 1900s, as in the decades immediately before, nearly all the grandest and the most sophisticated American decoration was carried out in period style, and in these schemes the French and English tastes predominated. Much of the work was done by firms from London or Paris which imported through their New York offices not only fine pieces of furniture but also entire paneled rooms from England and boiseries from France. Against this background of "safe taste" we can, however, detect a growing awareness of national identity shared by both established American families and more recent arrivals—an awareness fostered by the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876 and later reinforced by the decisive role the United States played on the world stage in 1917–18. In visual terms the major expression of this new feeling was the creation at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1924, in the context of the greatest collection of art in the New World, of a section including the decorative arts and traditions of the original colonies.

Restored Morris-Jumel dining room, New York, c. 1790, below. Bottom: An interior at Colonial Williamsburg.



This American Wing drew together and, for the first time on this scale, gave status to specifically American antiques. New types of furniture were thus drawn into the canons of good taste, and in particular the simpler, rustic styles began to be admired by collectors and




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decorators with the sort of enthusiasm previously reserved for early English pieces or the work of the French master ébénistes. On an even more lavish scale, and certainly fired by similar aspirations, was the reconstruction of many of the public buildings and private dwellings of Colonial Williamsburg, of which the most important were the Governor's Palace, on which work was begun in 1931, and the Capitol, completed by 1934. Although many alterations have been made since, in their time these restorations set a benchmark for the reinterpretation of the past. Almost all subsequent attempts to re-create period style, including the refined research-based work in room settings at Winterthur, owe something to their inspiration.

Today a distinct "historic house style" has grown up on both sides of the Atlantic in which careful attention to color treatment, the bold reprinting of original wallpapers and textiles, and a love of little still-life groups of everyday objects all contribute to a freshly painted, spic-and-span look. The restored dining room in the Morris-Jumel Mansion in New York City, one of America's least-known and yet most delightful historic houses, is an excellent example of the style. Here a yellowish wallpaper is set off by not quite the green that won America but by its jolly duck-egg variety. I suspect that this is probably an accurate reflection of how eighteenth-century people liked their houses to look, but what is fascinating is the degree to which it also embodies the way many people like their surroundings to look now. They achieve this appearance by buying either old furniture or reproductions and hiding away the more obvious and unavoidable trappings of modern life.

In England much the same story is true, with a growing interest in the decoration of the more modest sort of old houses affecting contemporary taste rather more than an admiration for the unattainable splendors of the grandest historic interiors. The crucial figure in the development of English attitudes to historic period style in the postwar period was John Fowler, who, working in partnership with Nancy Lancaster, formulated what many now think of as the classic country-house look. Though he was capable, when it seemed appropriate, of pulling out all the stops, Fowler's great contribution to the world of decoration was a vision of "humble elegance" perfectly expressed in much of his work with Britain's National Trust.



A neo-Georgian vignette in the 18th-century London house of Dennis Severs.

For many years the way in which the National Trust has restored and shown houses has been a subtle influence on us all, not least because as much emphasis seems to be placed on the servants' quarters "downstairs" as on the grand "upstairs" rooms. This factor seems to be reflected widely in the kind of bathrooms and kitchens people choose for their own houses, installing "country house style" cupboards and work surfaces even in the tiniest city apartments. In 1985, Sir Terence Conran introduced furniture based on Shaker pieces, a style which to English eyes always seems reminiscent of the best downstairs fittings of grand eighteenth-century houses.

In London, as in other cities as diverse as Dublin and Washington, a new and admirably enthusiastic attitude to living in and preserving eighteenth-century houses has emerged, inspired to some degree no doubt by the "livable" image projected by some of the smaller historic houses, particularly in America. Among the New Georgians in London two enthusiasts exemplify different approaches to how a house can be restored and decorated. Both have taken on houses in Spitalfields, an old quarter on the eastern edge of the City, where a few streets of row houses built in the 1720s have miraculously escaped the grasp of insatiable developers.

Dan Cruickshank, the owner of one of these houses, is the architectural historian who perhaps knows more about this kind of building than anyone else in the world. The decoration of his own interiors is deliberately low-key, emphasis having been placed on salvaging period chimneypieces and reconstructing carefully proportioned paneling. Even some of the paintwork is meticulously archaeological, with pigment in one room mixed in the eighteenth-century manner to a milk-base formula. This gives rise to hilariously shouted warnings: "Don't slam the door; it makes the paint fall off the walls!" Rather in contrast to the Cruickshank house is that of Dennis Severs, a Californian transplanted to Spitalfields who over the past decade has created one of the most remarkable, highly theatrical historic interiors in England. His house, which he opens for guided tours given at night by candlelight, is in a sense a series of richly conceived and wittily executed still lifes. Everything is based on images from paintings or other sources, but it is all made up like set design from a glorious mixture of genuine antiques, blatant fakes, and any odds and ends that came to hand during the creative process.

An amusing question springs to mind about these two London houses: which would the American visitor familiar with eighteenth-century interiors in the States consider to be most English and which would he find the most accurate evocation of the period? (Curiously, and perhaps not entirely by coincidence, both houses have rooms painted in versions of the green that won America.) The simple, if paradoxical, answer to the question is that most people find Dennis Severs's highly personal interiors very English in their theatricality and eccentricity, while in Dan Cruickshank's reticence and attention to detail they recognize an attitude towards restoration that seems to owe a great deal to what is being done in American historic houses.

In essence, though, the question is a much wider one, for it concerns the very reason why we love old houses so much and why we are intrigued by what we can read of the past in their decoration. The fact that we can talk of that green that won America—and allude to far more than a paint color—suggests not only that we have grown increasingly sophisticated in our understanding of period style but also that it has become one of the subtlest and most potent influences on the way we live now. ♠

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Call of the Wild

Tim Zagat scouts out luxury lodges in the wilderness

By Nancy Marx Better

Back in the 1920s and '30s, in the heyday of great Adirondack camps and grand southwestern ranches, people knew how to summer properly. Some favored the active life, spending their days hiking, fishing, hunting, and canoeing. Others whiled away the time sipping iced tea on a veranda or curled up with a novel in a wicker rocking chair. When it grew cold, guests gathered around a fire to drink brandy and play cards. A jacket was de rigueur for tea and black tie for dinner; amid pristine nature, civility reigned.

"Staying at a rustic lodge today can take you back to that era," says Tim Zagat, publisher with his wife, Nina, of the *Zagat United States Hotel Survey*. Research for the book confirmed that civilized resorts in the wilderness, far from being an endangered species, are more popular than ever—and that many have improved with age. Best known for a series of restaurant guides, the Zagats relied on thousands of amateur reviewers who filled out detailed questionnaires—a strategy that the publishers advocate for its thoroughness and candid criticism. Their hotel survey drew upon reports from 4,000 respondents, for the first time including 500 travel professionals, who collectively covered 850 sites.



When it comes to rustic lodges, Tim Zagat has definite guidelines: "A true rustic lodge has to be way out in nature, close to mountains, lakes, forests, streams, with very few people nearby." And the best lodges not only offer scenic views, they are also picturesque in their own right. Zagat's favorites are built of rough-hewn logs and native stone; inside, hand-carved furniture and handwoven rugs mix with animal skins and trophy heads. But within these aesthetic boundaries there is still plenty of leeway for style. "Some lodges are simple and unpretentious," says Zagat. "Some are formal in an old-fashioned way." Unlike a spa, "the rustic lodge is about enjoying nature at your own pace," he explains. "You can be as solitary or social, as active or relaxed as you like." Many lodges offer golf courses, tennis courts, and heated swimming pools as well as guided fishing tours, hunting expeditions, and other time-honored ways to heed the call of the wild. Herewith, Tim Zagat's suggestions for roughing it in high style.

THE POINT

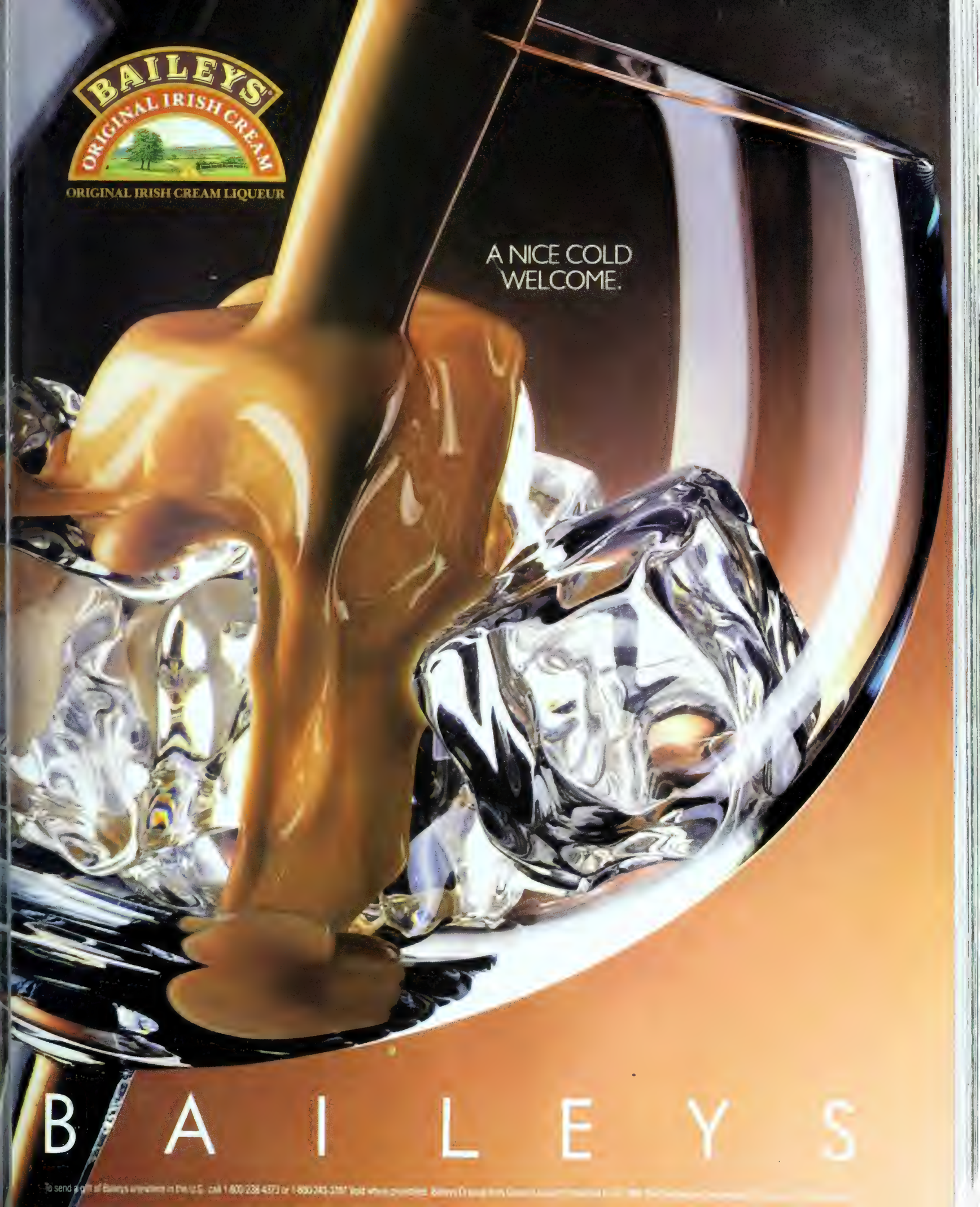
Staying at the Point, says Zagat, "is like being a Rockefeller for a few days." That's because this waterfront retreat was built by William A. Rockefeller in 1931 as what turned out to be the last and most lavish of the great Adirondack camps. Set among balsam-scented woods on a ten-acre peninsula, the Point has just ten rooms, with one suite, all overlooking Upper Saranac Lake. "People may be walking around in sneakers," Zagat observes, "but there is an atmosphere of studied elegance." By day, after breakfast in bed, guests may hike, fish, water-ski, or canoe; two nights a week they dine in formal attire. Game and fish are staples of the exceptional cuisine served by firelight. For a luxurious weekend Zagat suggests renting out the entire inn: "Take your nine best friends and re-create the feeling of being a tycoon in the 1930s." (Star Rte., Saranac Lake, NY 12983; 518-891-5674. Rates: Double $475–$650/night includes meals and alcohol; 2-night minimum)

JENNY LAKE LODGE

Even before William Rockefeller built the Point, John D. Rockefeller Jr. was surveying a piece of land in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which he eventually donated to the government to enlarge the Grand Teton National Park. Jenny Lake Lodge, built in the early 1920s on the Rockefeller tract, offers thirty well-appointed cabins, some with fireplaces. Zagat's reviewers give Jenny Lake top ratings for good, simple food; picnics from the lodge kitchen are especially recommended. The chief



The Point, in upstate New York, above and right. All guest rooms have views of Upper Saranac Lake.


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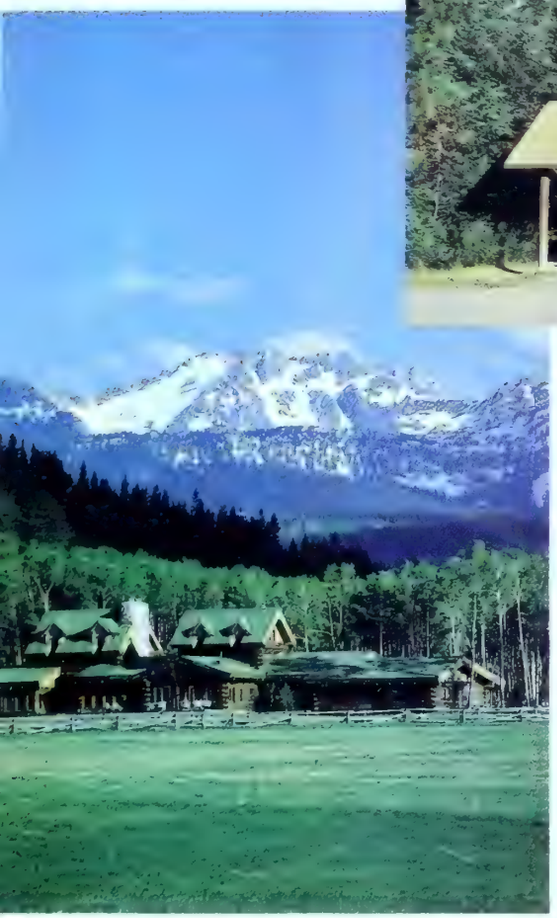
allure, of course, is the scenery, whether enjoyed on hiking or riding trails. Since the lodge is open only from early June through mid September, reservations should be made far in advance. (c/o Grand Teton Lodge Company, Box 240, Moran, WY 83013; 307-733-4647. Rates: Double $245–$355/night includes two meals)

STEIN ERIKSEN LODGE

Designed to suggest a Norwegian country house amid the mountains of Utah, Stein Eriksen Lodge "makes skiing as comfortable as possible," according to Zagat. Guests can ski directly from the inn to the slopes of Deer Valley Resort. Sleighing, skating, snowshoeing, and snowmobiling are also available nearby. Zagat thinks Stein Eriksen is just as much fun off-season when the hillsides are covered with wildflowers, the lodge is less crowded, and the main activities are riding, bicycling, hiking, and windsurfing. (Box 3177, Park City, UT 84060; 801-649-3700. Rates: Double $260–$355/night)



Colorado's Home Ranch, below. Right: A cabin at Jenny Lake Lodge, Wyoming.



ELK LAKE LODGE

Zagat admits to a bias about Elk Lake Lodge—his family has been going there since the turn of the century, and the place is now run by his first cousin. Surrounded by high peaks, Elk Lake is the centerpiece of a 12,000-acre forest preserve. The lodge, at the site of a former lumber camp, is unquestionably rustic, from the bearskin rugs in the main building to the seven simple but handsomely decorated lakeside cottages. Elk Lake caters to serious eaters ("breakfast is the *big* meal"), anglers, and bird-watchers: "Motorboats are strictly forbidden, and people don't get dressed up to fish as they do at the Point." Zagat cautions against visiting in June, when the blackflies descend, but encourages coming for the fall foliage. (Blue Ridge Rd., North Hudson, NY 12855; 518-532-7616. Rates: Double $180–$200/night includes meals; 2-night minimum)

THE AHWAHNEE

Despite its location in the High Sierras at the heart of Yosemite National Park, the Ahwahnee has a genteel aura, perhaps because its grounds were landscaped by the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of New York City's Central Park. A six-story structure of local granite built in 1927, this is the "grandest of the grand old park hotels." The interiors, including a baronial dining room with 24-foot ceilings, are decorated with Native American motifs. Afternoon tea, when guests return from mountain climbing, rafting, tennis, or guided nature walks, is a cherished ritual. (5410 East Home Ave., Fresno, CA 93727; 209-252-4848. Rates: Double $144–$160/night)

EL TOVAR HOTEL

El Tovar, says Zagat, is the place to stay in the Grand Canyon. Although the canyon is the obvious reason for a visit here, the architecture of the hotel is a major draw in itself. Completed in 1905, four years after the Santa Fe Railroad finally reached the canyon, and still under the same management, El Tovar has been designated a National Historic Landmark. Built of native boulders and Oregon pine, with hunting trophies indoors, it might be called a monument to the Teddy Roosevelt aesthetic. Fortunately, it is also a "culinary oasis" in a splendid but rugged landscape. (Box 699, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023; 602-638-2401. Rates: Double $90–$222/night)

TALL TIMBER

Tall Timber, Zagat warns, is not for the timid. Located in Colorado's San Juan National Forest, it's accessible only by narrow-gauge railroad or helicopter: "You have to fly out to eat out." In addition to hiking and fishing, Tall Timber offers swimming, tennis, golf, and riding. To preserve the sylvan tranquillity, there are no TVs or radios. But such relaxation in the wilderness doesn't come cheap; rooms run $2,500 a week, including meals and transfers to and from the Durango airport. (Box 90, Silverton Star Rte., Durango, CO 81301; 303-259-4813. Rates: Double $2,120–$2,580/week includes meals, transfers)

WATERFALL RESORT

Waterfall Resort, on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, is almost as hard to get to as Tall Timber. Visitors must fly to Ketchikan and take a floatplane over to the former salmon cannery. Guests angle for giant salmon from guided cabin cruisers, and every night the staff cleans, vacuum packs, and freezes the day's catch; at the end of your stay the fish travel home in special wet-lock boxes. You can also sight black bears, bald eagles, or scan the horizon for humpback whales. Waterfall is open from June 1 through September 15. (Box 6440, Ketchikan, AK 99901; 800-544-5125. Rates: Double $3,350/3-night minimum includes floatplane transportation, meals, fishing gear, packing)

THE HOME RANCH

"The Home Ranch is what everyone thinks a rustic lodge should look like," says Zagat. "It's picture-postcard photogenic." The main building and cabins are built of logs, with tin roofs, and they are surrounded by meadows dotted with aspens beyond which rise Hahn's Peak and Sand Mountain. During the winter, guests ski cross-country on the ranch or downhill at nearby Steamboat Springs. In the summer there is riding, fly-fishing, and—a new twist on tradition—llama day hikes. Zagat reports that appetites whetted by all this outdoor activity are satisfied by "one of the best kitchens in lodgedom." (Box 822, Clark, CO 80428; 800-223-7094. Rates: Double $265–$325/night includes meals; 3-night minimum in June) ▲



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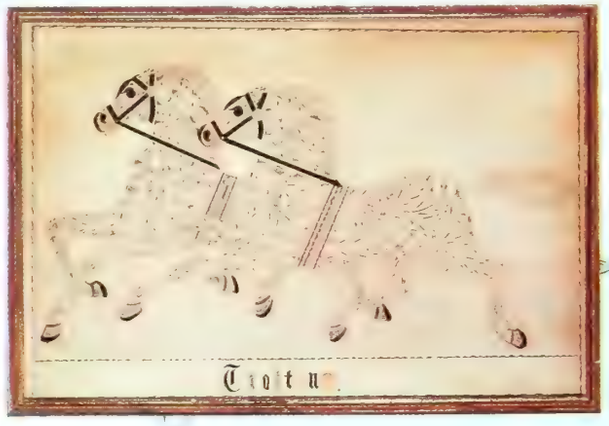
Fine Lines

Classic American calligraphy drawings transform writing into art

By Margot Guralnick

When I was twelve and collecting everything from old bottles to hatboxes discovered on trash day, my mother hooked me up with one of her friends who was an ardent—and more important, a discriminating—antiques enthusiast. She invited me along on her weekend flea market forays and, over the years, gently added some focus to my helter-skelter collections by presenting me with Victorian schoolgirls' autograph books. These crimson-bound albums were filled with gracefully penned sentiments, both conventional (''Remember me'') and ghoulish (''May we meet in heaven''). The most captivating volumes also contained renderings of doves and ships and feathers in swooping ribbonlike flourishes that were my introduction to calligraphy drawings.

Autograph books, however, were only one by-product of a veritable craze for penmanship in the nineteenth century. By the 1830s a fluent and elegant ''command of the hand'' had become a necessity for men hoping to succeed in business and for women with social aspirations. Writing teachers, writing schools, and writing manuals proliferated throughout the cities of the Northeast and Midwest. Starting at the age of eight, boys practiced their cursive script with the same diligence that their sisters applied to needlework. Itinerant penmanship masters (in some cases former farmhands self-taught from *Why Not Learn to Write* books) traveled the countryside conducting handwriting classes in private houses and inns. And penmanship contests and exhibitions were major attractions at state fairs.



Calligraphy drawings—or flourishings, as they were known—evolved in this country as a way for enterprising instructors to show off their skills and entice new pupils. Wielding quills or newly invented steel-point pens and using the same techniques that went into forming shapely letters, professional penmen created lyrical images of trotting horses, well-coiffed lions, and boys bouncing on the backs of pigs. Students also tried their hand at calligraphy drawings, either as an alternative to practicing their p's and q's or as a graduation exercise. Their jaunty steeds and patriotic eagles clutching bundles of arrows—frequently copied, sometimes traced, from instruction books—have a decorative charm. Rarely, however, do they measure up to their masters' virtuoso pieces, which like the best Chinese calligraphy make ink dance on the paper.

Tucked into albums and writing tablets or proudly framed, calligraphy drawings





This c. 1855 por
of a writing te
from Hirschl
Folk, is attri
to itinerant
Sturtevant
Hamblin.

Trotting horses, above, 1883, from the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Center, Williamsburg. Right: Lion, c. 1860, from Hirschl & Adler Folk.







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Shown clockwise, left to right:

A fine oak writing desk by the firm of Gustav Stickley, c. 1902.
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A fine copper and mica table lamp by Dirk Van Erp, c. 1912,
height 22¼ in., diameter of shade 19½ in. Estimate: $30,000–$50,000

An earthenware sculpture of a pig by Carl Walters, c. 1930.
Estimate: $5,000–$8,000

CHRISTIE'S
NEW YORK



Washington, top, c. 1850, from America Hurrah. Above: *Porky with Rider Up*, c. 1875, from Hirschl & Adler Folk.

have survived in considerable quantities. But because these flourishes have yet to inspire the same kind of following as primitive paintings, weather vanes, and quilts, fine calligraphy remains one of the least appreciated and most affordable areas of nineteenth-century American folk art. Happily, though, calligraphy also has its champions—among them the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Center in Williamsburg, Virginia, the Cherishables gallery in Washington, D.C., and Hirschl & Adler Folk in New York, which recently mounted a landmark exhibition. Although prices have yet to skyrocket, clearly the writing is on the wall.

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FOOD

The Ubiquitous Picnic

A sunny sky is an optional ingredient
for the classic alfresco feast
By Gene Hovis



A not so traditional picnic menu combines fried chicken and coconut cake with champagne. Details see Resources

Most of us think of picnics as outdoor events, especially in June, when summer is at its best, but they are also enjoyable—and unexpected—indoors. An act of nature was responsible for my first indoor picnic: a downpour that was quickly turning the park into a swamp. With a refrigerator bulging with food, I was not about to postpone the event. Some telephone calls changed the picnic site to my apartment, where the environment was more dependable. Everyone came in their picnic duds, relaxed and at ease, and a fine time was had by all.

Encouraged by the success of this effort, I planned a picnic wedding reception for my friends Brooke Hayward and Peter Duchin. The weeks preceding their Christmastime wedding were crammed with elaborate parties, and it seemed that something different and a bit offbeat was in order. The picnic was held in the couple's spacious loft, which Brooke had decorated lavishly with pine boughs, holly, and tubs of poinsettias. About fifty guests attended, in clothes that ran the gamut from dressy casual to jeans—not a sequin, lace ruffle, or black tie in sight. It was a high-spirited occasion that everyone enjoyed enormously. What did we eat?

MENU

Cheese Straws
**Fried Buttermilk Chicken*
**Savory Meat Loaf*
Bourbon Baked Ham
**Mustard-Dill Potato Salad*
Baby String Beans and
Cherry Tomatoes
Cauliflowerets and
Bibb Lettuce Vinaigrette
Yeast Rolls
Chow-Chow and Corn Relish
**Fresh Coconut Cake*
Hot Mulled Cider
Champagne, Red and White Wine, Beer

**Recipes for starred dishes follow*

FRIED BUTTERMILK CHICKEN

2 3-pound chickens
cut into serving pieces
2 cups buttermilk
1 tablespoon paprika
Few dashes Tabasco sauce
½ teaspoon sage
½ cup shallots
finely chopped
Salt and freshly ground pepper
½ cup whole wheat flour
½ cup all-purpose flour
1 cup Crisco

Wash chicken pieces, remove and discard skin, and trim all fat. Pat dry. Mix together buttermilk, paprika, Tabasco sauce, sage, shallots, and salt and pepper in a shallow bowl. Dip both sides of chicken into mixture. Combine flours and spread on a sheet of waxed paper. Coat chicken with flour and place in a single layer on waxed paper. Let stand at room temperature 1–2 hours. In a large skillet heat fat to 365 degrees Fahrenheit on a frying thermometer. Submerge chicken pieces in hot fat, one at a time, without crowding. Cook 10–12 minutes on each side until brown and done, turning with kitchen tongs. Continue until all are done. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve at room temperature. Serves 4–6.

SAVORY MEAT LOAF

3 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup onions, finely chopped
1 cup celery, finely chopped
2 pounds ground sirloin steak
1½ cups Herb-Flavored Pepperidge
Farm stuffing, finely ground
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 teaspoon powdered sage
1 teaspoon dried thyme
¼ cup chopped fresh parsley
½ cup seltzer water
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Sauce
1 cup tomato sauce
2 tablespoons dark brown sugar
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 medium onion, thinly sliced and
separated into rings

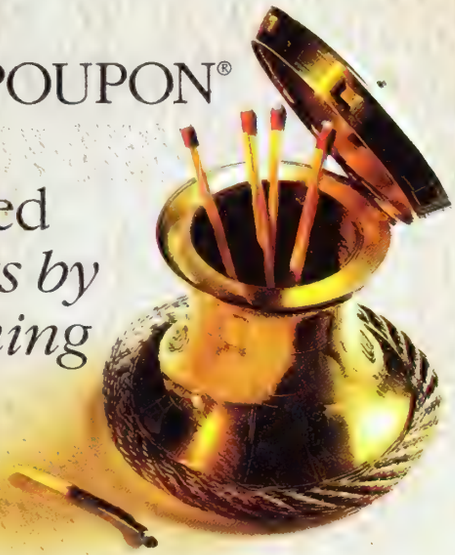
Preheat oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. In a medium-size skillet heat oil. Add onions and celery, and cook until softened but not brown, 7–8 minutes. Remove from heat and let cool. In

RECIPE #2: Rainy Day Brunch



"Eggs Newport au Dijon"

1 rainy Sunday
2 freshly baked brioche
4 whole eggs
4 Tbsp. GREY POUPON® Dijon Mustard
1 cup butter, melted
1 first edition Sonnets by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
1 Tbsp. lemon juice
3 egg yolks
1 roaring fire
¼ cup pre-cooked shrimp
1 recording "Scheherazade"





Sleep late. Poach whole eggs. *Build fire to chase away the gloom.* Mix egg yolks, lemon juice and Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard in blender at low speed. Add melted butter until sauce is thickened. *Put on "Scheherazade."* Heat shrimp and slice brioche. *Open Browning's Sonnets to "How do I Love Thee?" and mark place with long-stemmed rose.* Place two poached eggs and warmed shrimp on each brioche. As the final touch, pour Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce over top. *After dining, curl up with sonnets, gaze out at the rain and hope it never ends.*





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In large bowl combine ground beef, stuffing crumbs, eggs, sage, thyme, parsley, seltzer, and cooked onions and celery. Mix thoroughly with your hands until all ingredients are blended and mixture is light and spongy. Add salt and pepper to taste. Mound into a loaf on a lightly oiled shallow baking pan.

Sauce. Mix together tomato sauce, brown sugar, and soy sauce. Spread half the sauce over entire surface of meat loaf, and arrange onion rings over all. Bake for 30 minutes. Remove from oven, cover loaf with remaining sauce, and return to oven. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake 30 minutes longer. Serve hot, warm, or at room temperature. Serves 6–8.

MUSTARD-DILL POTATO SALAD

2 pounds new red potatoes, unpeeled
½ cup finely chopped celery
⅓ cup finely chopped red onion
3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
½ cup chopped fresh dill
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon white vinegar
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Lettuce
Cherry tomatoes

Scrub potatoes and cut into large chunks. Place in a saucepan and cover with salted water. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cook until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and transfer to a bowl. Cool. Add celery, onion, hard-boiled eggs, and dill to potatoes, and toss. Combine mayonnaise, vinegar, and mustard. Add to potatoes, and toss. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve on a bed of lettuce in a bowl and garnish with cherry tomatoes. Serves 6.

FRESH COCONUT CAKE

1 cup (2 sticks) lightly salted butter
2 cups granulated sugar
3 cups cake flour (not self-rising)
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
6 egg whites

Coconut Milk Syrup
Fresh coconut, including milk
½ cup sugar

Lemon Filling
6 egg yolks
¾ cup superfine sugar
½ cup fresh lemon juice
¼ cup water
½ cup all-purpose flour
⅓ cup grated lemon rind

Seven-Minute Boiled Icing
2 unbeaten egg whites
1½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
5 tablespoons cold water

Preheat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease two 10-inch round cake pans. Line bottoms with circles of waxed paper, and grease paper. Set aside. Place baking rack in the center of the oven. In a large bowl cream butter and 1½ cups of sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and baking powder together, and add, alternately with the milk, to the butter-sugar mixture in three steps, ending with the flour. Beat after each addition until smooth. Beat in vanilla and lemon juice and rind. Beat egg whites with remaining ½ cup of sugar until stiff but not dry. Gently fold into batter, incorporating well. Divide batter evenly between the two cake pans, and bake 30–35 minutes or until tops spring back when lightly touched. Cool pans on wire racks for 10 minutes, and remove cakes from pans. Peel off waxed paper, and turn layers right side up. Brush cake tops with coconut syrup while they are still warm.

Coconut Milk Syrup. To prepare the coconut syrup, pierce the eyes of the coconut with a sharp instrument and strain the milk into a small saucepan through a fine strainer or a few thicknesses of cheesecloth. Add ½ cup of sugar, and cook until the liquid becomes a light syrup. Tap the coconut all over with a hammer, and break it open. Slide a knife between the shell and the meat to extract it. The dark skin coating the white meat can be removed with a vegetable peeler. The coconut may be grated by hand or chopped in a blender or a food processor.

Lemon Filling. In a medium-size bowl combine egg yolks, sugar, lemon juice, water, flour, and lemon rind, and beat vigorously with a wire whisk until thoroughly smooth. Transfer to the top of a double boiler and cook over simmering—not boiling—water, beating constantly until thickened, 15–18 minutes. Cover top with plastic wrap to prevent formation of a skin and let cool. (You won't need all the filling; use the balance to spread over thin buttered toast triangles as a dessert or a teatime treat.)

Seven-Minute Boiled Icing. Combine all ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Over simmering—not boiling—water, beat with a rotary beater or portable electric mixer until mixture triples in volume and stands in high peaks when beater is withdrawn. Use at once.

To assemble cake, place one layer on a large round cake plate and cover generously with cooled lemon filling. Set second layer over filling, and cover sides and top heavily with boiled white icing. Cover all thickly with shredded coconut. Serves 10–12.

The picnic format is a comfortable and easy way to entertain before or after theater, for a children's party, or on a lazy Sunday afternoon. Almost anything goes, and you can be as creative or as practical as you wish. Recently some friends observed an Academy Awards evening with an indoor picnic. To match the elegance of the ladies and gents on the TV screen, champagne was served throughout the evening. ♠

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Home Ports

The high demand for boat slips is spawning creative solutions

By Robert J. Adamson

Two hundred and ten years ago the only people living on the water around New York City were wretched prisoners crammed into the rotting hulks of British prison ships. Today thousands are lining up for the chance to float about these same crowded waters, creating a bicoastal shortage of urban slips. What space is available has become so pricey that many find they cannot afford both the boat and a place to keep it. In New York, Boston, Fort Lauderdale, and Los Angeles it is commonplace to be charged $400–$700 a month for a forty-foot slip.

City-based marina operators point to insurance and regulatory burdens that have forced them to hike up rents during the past decade. In addition, environmental concerns have prevented new marinas from being built in already congested and fragile coastal areas, and the high demand for waterfront housing in popular vacation spots such as Cape Cod and the New Jersey shore has led to the loss of a number of smaller marinas in favor of new development.

While the owners of smaller boats can store them on trailers or in dry-stack facilities, the owners of larger ones, particularly those over forty feet, are distressed. One option is to treat boats as real vacation homes by installing them in smaller, indeed quainter, marinas in backwaters along the eastern seaboard and the northwestern coast. Prices can be almost half those of urban marinas. Often a quarter of the price of rental slips, harbor moorings are another alternative, although rowing a loaded dinghy into a fresh breeze on a dark night may dampen more than one's enthusiasm.

Buying a slip—a dockominium—may be the best way to beat escalating rental charges and assure yourself a permanent spot at the marina. In the early 1980s, several years after apartment owners and developers became enamored with the idea of selling off real estate as condominiums, marina owners and marine developers decided to see if the idea would float. Dockominium developers, with the opportunity to see a timely return on investment, have been able to upgrade older facilities and offer slip owners such amenities as cable TV and dockside telephone service.

Although dockominiums have sprung up across the country, the Florida coasts, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Northeast have seen the most dramatic development. Initially, dockominiums, like their condo cousins, were the result of conversion. The Anchorage Marina in Lindenhurst, Long Island, was the first of this kind in the New York area. Sloan Marine Associates purchased the property in 1983, invested a considerable sum to improve the conditions at the marina, and in 1985 began selling aquaminiums, as they called them. Since then the value of the slips, which originally sold for $15,000–$25,000, has risen 200 percent. Sloan is presently selling slips at the Lincoln Harbor Yacht Club, a new marina, in Weehawken, New Jersey, which will accommodate boats up to 120 feet in length. With its dramatic views of the Manhattan skyline, Lincoln Harbor will certainly attract the owners of larger boats who are searching for a place to tie up near New York City.

On the Chesapeake Bay about a dozen dockominiums have been developed over the past five years. Nautical Properties, the largest developer there, reports that half of the slips they have sold have been purchased as investments to be rented out to other boaters. On the New Jersey coast several new dockominiums are under construction; the largest, Seaview Harbor Marina in Longport, even runs shuttle buses to the nearby casinos in Atlantic City.



Although only 4 percent of the 10,000 marinas in the U.S. are dockominiums, they represent a trend the prudent boater should not overlook. Their slips, which typically sell from under $1,000 to over $2,000 a foot, could prove to be an intelligent investment for the person who wants a first-class home for his boat at a price that will not blow him out of the water altogether. ▲



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DEALER'S EYE

Cultivated Pleasures

A new shop in Manhattan offers practical and fanciful items for gardeners
By William Bryant Logan







The dried-flower topiary trees, above left, are "used to rusticate city interiors." Left: Antique Victorian wire birdcages adorn a reproduction country French console table. Above: Proprietors Susan Colley and John Humpstone.

A new species of garden shop has sprung up on Manhattan's East Side. A simple storefront with a dark blue awning and a cast-aluminum Gothic fret-backed bench framing the single show window, Lexington Gardens brings inside out and outside in. There are practical items for the dirty fingernailed: spades, garden forks, a gorgeous new watering can, and a selection of Wilkinson Sword shears with bright plastic handles that make them look somehow semiautomatic. The garden designer will discover everything from a pair of authentic eighteenth-century gritstone finials of spheroids in crossed bands to an excellent selection of English and American cast-aluminum and wooden garden furnishings. Together with these, however, are several whole collections of flora-form decorative arts to rusticate city interiors: topiary trees of dried flowers, prints and engravings, antique rose-shaped grave markers, and reproduction ceramic footbaths to fill with mounds of potpourri.

The twin inspirations of partners Susan Colley and John Humpstone define the shop's point of view. Susan, an erstwhile Wall Street bond seller, traveled in Europe and fell in love with the window box gardens of Venice, making color in a place that would otherwise be gray stone. John, an interior decorator, found his way into the garden via the architectural landscape settings he saw on visits to Italian villas. So Susan adds green to architecture, and John adds architecture to green.

When the two friends conceived the idea for the shop, they thought how people who wanted really fine, unique pieces for the garden or home had to travel to London and beyond to find what they desired. The solution was for the partners to spend two years traveling through Europe themselves—from London to Ischia and Portofino—assembling a collection as wide-ranging and eye-catching as a careful individual might find for herself. Some of the finds are true antiques—like a tall Regency jardinière whose supports are formed by three sinuously twining snakes with heads like dogs from hell. Others were modern copies, like some of the finials, dishware, and the two lovely mirrors framed in painted garlands. Other pieces—like a swirled gadroon urn—they bought as originals and had custom-reproduced, making it possible for customers to select the original or a fine, and cheaper, copy.

Their searches were not without a beginner's faux pas. One gray drizzly morning, for example, they set out for a great open market in Bermondsey hoping to arrive before the show opened. Sure enough, they

were there by four, in plenty of time for the five-thirty opening—but sad to say, they had forgotten one indispensable item. "When the show opened," Susan recalls, "it suddenly dawned on us. The sky was still pitch black, and everyone but us had flashlights!" Nevertheless, they were able to come away with a pair of tortoiseshell glass vases and a nineteenth-century amethyst swirl glass bowl.

Both are impulsive buyers, collecting what strikes their eye. Among the garden engravings—of Renaissance water features, shed-roofed arbors, garden tools, chinoiserie, garden follies—is a fine series of virtually grotesque botanical illustrations of root crops. One may be a Jerusalem artichoke, but it looks quite a bit like the knobbly mountains in the background of Flemish paintings. "I bought it because it was peculiar," says John. "I got so sick of seeing pink and green tulips." Susan, by the same token, lovingly pats her monkey figurines, one of which wears a green jacket as it grinningly holds out a shallow bowl suitable for potpourri.

Lexington Gardens has all around it a look of well-conceived disarray

The cluttered shop is awash in their collecting obsessions. Aside from the shelves full of flower and fruit plates—including a beautiful blossom-form plate with pomegranates painted on it—there are assemblages of baskets, birdhouses, and birdcages. On a recent visit two of the most striking baskets were a spherical one the size of a bowling ball made entirely of dried fern fronds and an oblong one made of some strange wood—possibly cocoa—so full of knobs that it appeared to be buttoned. The birdhouses and birdcages—most of them piled on a reproduction settee from Jefferson's Monticello—included cedar-shingled cupolas made by an old couple in North Carolina, a new white birdhouse in the shape of a slope-roofed saltbox, several antique wire cages, and a group of unusual Chinese-style cages recreated from antique parts. An even more uncommon item may be on the way: "I got a call yesterday from a woman who makes bat houses," says John dryly.

Perhaps the most intriguing reproductions in the place are the dried-flower topiary trees created in a style reminiscent of the work of Kenneth Turner. A quilted pattern of textures and colors is composed of dried sprays of hydrangea, roses, yarrow, celosia, amaranth, thistle, and more. Most of the plant materials are imported from England, but the topiary is made in the United States.

Lexington Gardens has all around it a look of well-conceived disarray—something like a perennial border itself. Themes are grouped here and there, and no spot in the store is bare. Still, every object has its own perfection for the eye—and sometimes for the nose. A whiff of lavender drifts around the space, and the persistent shopper at last discovers its source in two exquisite sheafs of equal lavender stalks, each tied neatly with a parchment ribbon. The effect is at once studied and simple, like that of the store itself. (Lexington Gardens, 1008 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021; 212-861-4390) ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer



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Consider the Daylilies

Hybrids bring new glamour to the plain Jane of American flowers

By Ann Lovejoy

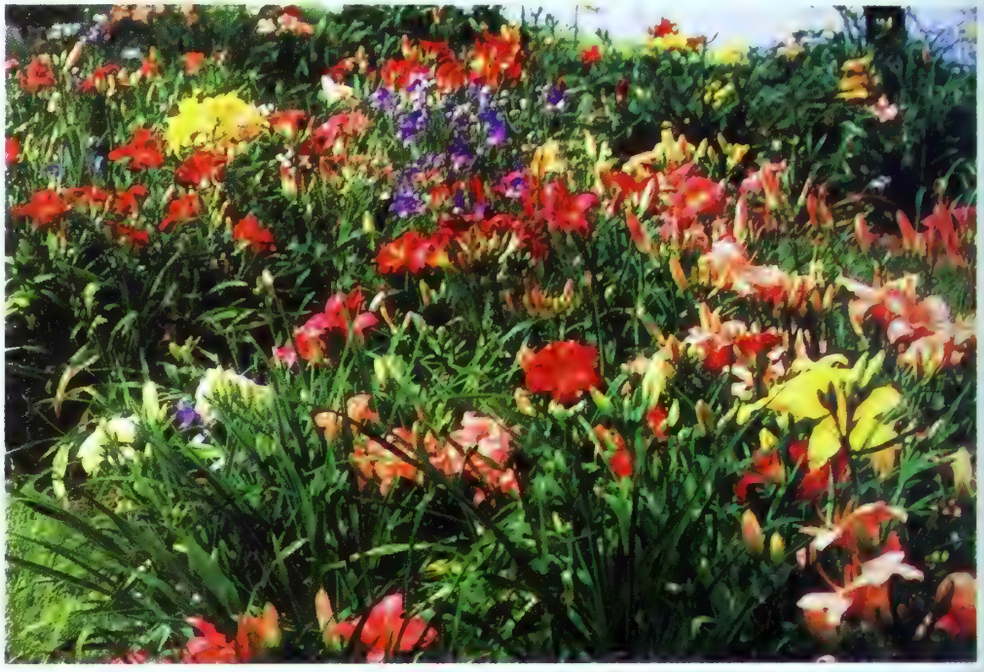
As spring swings into summer, the garden's earliest beauties give way to the lively but fleeting charms of June. Iris and peonies effervesce—for just a few short weeks. Oriental poppies open flagrant cups, then relapse into what looks like the scene of a cat fight. Many gardens are almost emptied after this first lush rush, with only a handful of flowers left to linger through the dog days. Happily, gardeners who want more than this can create marvelous, almost effortless effects for high summer.

Any border will benefit from the addition of foliage plants, particularly those that offer interesting textures. But since flower lovers will never be content with mere leaves, we must add perennials that bloom late and long, require little fussing, and repay every kindness tenfold. Nothing fills the bill like the American daylily. Pity European gardeners, who, owing to limited imports and different climates, must make do with a handful of older cultivars, muddy and indelicate. Here, dedicated plant tinkerers have elevated the invasive tawny species *Hemerocallis fulva* light-years past the first hybrids, which offered excitingly new, if rather sullied and impure, colors to an expectant gardening world. Rust and brick, buff and chamois, the lumpish early cultivars were diamonds in the rough. From them have been coaxed an enormous race of new American beauties.



True pink daylilies were once a pipe dream, but now you can choose from baby ribbon and sugar-candy pinks, mauves and flesh pinks, and azalea and fuchsia pinks. There are clean yellows of every intensity. Reds run from smoldering near-black to clear scarlet. Strong tints of violet, plum, and grape have been perfected, the newest ones tending closer to true blues with shadings of gray. The classic daylily form, a narrow trumpet, has also been altered. Some have spidery slim-fingered petals, others are elegantly reflexed like orchids. Blossoms as flat as a sugar cookie may have petals crimped like piecrust. Ruffled daylilies display deeply fluted edges or petals trimmed with little pleats. One consistent aim of hybridizers has been to improve the substance of the petals—what in fabric is called hand. Modern daylilies are textured like slubbed silk, have a thick velvety nap, or are as glossy as old lacquerware. Diamond-dusted petals glitter when they catch the light.

Most daylilies are mid-size perennials, two- or three-footers that fit nicely in between the shrubby border backbones and the spreaders and sprawlers of the front ranks. Some of the strongest and most persistent bloomers are small-flowered dwarfs. (An intermediate range of slightly larger but still-compact daylilies are called ponies.)





'Bitsy', top left. Center: Mixed daylilies. Above: 'Siloam Virginia Henson'. Left: 'Hope Diamond'.

At first considered just another oddity, dwarf daylilies have proven their worth to aficionados and nursery people alike. And who has not heard about 'Stella de Oro', a slight grassy-leaved miniature a foot tall which blooms nonstop from May through September? Stella's tiny golden trumpets are found in gardens all over the country, but few gardeners are aware that there are a lot more just like her back home.

'Little Grapette', the color of Concord grape juice, is generally considered one of the half dozen best dwarfs, those that bloom from summer into fall. 'Little Wine Cup', a rich burgundy, blooms lavishly, rests a bit, then begins again. A diminutive lavender dwarf, 'Little Lassie', is a reliable and consistent bloomer over a long season. Hundreds of new daylilies are introduced each year, of which few are outstanding. One of the nicest is 'Siloam Ribbon Candy', a heavy bloomer in deep

'Little Lassie' has a long season of bloom.




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satiny pink with a darker raspberry eye. 'Siloam Virginia Henson', a pretty pink pony with a ruby red halo, is yet another fairly recent arrival. The many 'Siloam' dwarfs and ponies were hybridized by the Henrys, a family famous in daylily circles for the quality and beauty of their introductions.

'Bitsy' is stalwart, always covered with tiny yellow blossoms. It looks wonderful in a pot, with the silvery lace of lotus vine and a tumble of blue clematis. More subtle toned, 'Terracotta Baby' glows amid apricot pansies, gray woolly thyme, and buttery achillea. 'Water Witch' is a late and heavy bloomer. The open blossoms are shaded with creamy lavender and pink, banded halfway down each petal with a dusky plum watermark above a lime green throat. Such throats are a highly prized attribute. The blossoms begin in July and continue through September; in regions with mild winters they last as late as Thanksgiving. A few daylilies, 'Water Witch' included, may be tender in northern gardens, requiring winter protection. All daylilies really deserve a winter mulch to protect them from frost heaves and desiccation. Famous for their easygoing ways, daylilies still perform best in good garden soil. Their greatest need is for water before and during their bloom period; here too, mulch helps keep the soil moist in heat and drought.

Although many plants are saddled with dreadful names, those of the dwarf daylilies are especially cloying; indeed, this is their only serious flaw. If you can't face asking for 'Buffys Doll' or 'Dancing Pixie' in person, consider the delights of mail order.

Daylily Sources

Caprice Farm Nursery
15425 Southwest Pleasant Hill Rd.
Sherwood, Oregon 97140
(503) 625-7241

Cordon Bleu Farms
Box 2033
San Marcos, CA 92069

Meadowlake Gardens
Rte. 4, Box 709
Walterboro, SC 29488
(803) 844-2359

Patrick Stamile
11 Shipyard Lane
Setauket, NY 11733
(516) 751-1806

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Box 338
Sarcoxie, Missouri 64862
(417) 548-3514



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Fresh Air Antiques

Savvy collectors are making their best finds at monthly outdoor antiques markets
By Jonathan Lerner







Illustrator Dale Sizer, above, acquired much of his collection of advertising signs, left, vintage appliances, far left, and fifties ceramics, below, at Pasadena's fast-paced Rose Bowl Fleamarket.

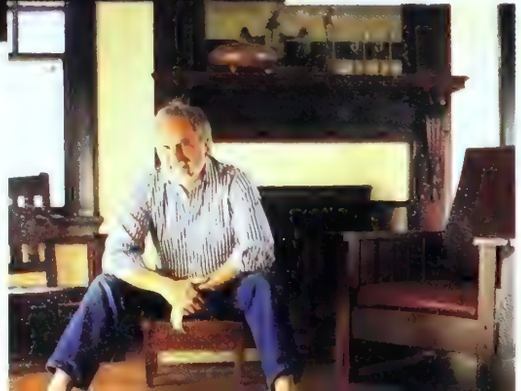


Three times a year, tiny Brimfield, Massachusetts, erupts with commerce. Antiques dealers whose specialties range from art glass to advertising memorabilia spread their wares in virtually every open space, transforming this town, east of Springfield near the Connecticut border, into America's uncontested champion flea market. There's even brisk trading going on in Brimfield's parking spots, bathroom facilities, and at church suppers. You've missed this year's May 5–13 event, but you can still make the market in the first week of July or the second week of September (information 413-245-7479). Just get to town and find a place to park. Sellers are everywhere and they unpack all week long, so no matter which days you arrive, you've got a chance of finding something wonderful.

I've made my living as an antiques dealer for a dozen years, and next to Brimfield my favorite places to go collecting are the monthly antiques markets around the country. None are as enormous, but at their best they emulate Brimfield's bounty. Dealers have time to dig up new merchandise and turn over what's already been shown, so there's a freshness to what they bring that gives these shows an edge over antiques shops and weekly flea markets. The fact that a sleeper may be lurking among even the most motley array of goods charges these markets with the thrill of the hunt, and people eagerly travel hundreds of miles to attend. Some even camp out at the gates so that they can be among the first to arrive. What follows is a sampling of the most worthwhile monthly markets. The first three are my favorite haunts.







Architect Roy Frangiamore, right, frequents the Atlanta Fairgrounds Market, where he discovered his Kalo bowl and spoons, above, and Roycroft vase, above right.

ROSE BOWL

Crazed buyers gladly pay $10 to get into the Rose Bowl market in Pasadena, California, at six in the morning along with the sellers. The truly obsessed come earlier than that. Wielding flashlights, they wake up the dealers who are sleeping in their vans waiting in line for a space to unpack. Half of the 1,500 vendors at the Rose Bowl sell antiques and collectibles; the rest purvey everything from airbrushed T-shirts to jumper cables. The early crowd customarily includes the owners of Melrose Avenue's trendy antiques shops in pursuit of the choicest booty before it is snapped up by the retail-buying populace. (Daryl Hannah, Diane Keaton, and James Woods have also been spotted amid the Rose Bowl's crack-of-dawn throng.)

The history of California's settlement being what it is, there is less very early merchandise at the Rose Bowl than in markets farther east. But what does show up is impressive for both its range and quality. Vintage clothing, textiles, and rugs are Rose Bowl staples. There is also a great deal of furniture, especially the mid-century modern variety that's so hot now. Dale Sizer, a Hollywood-based



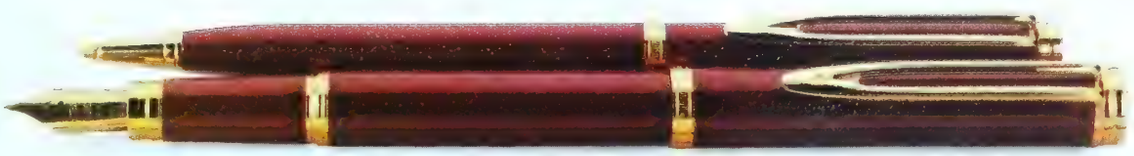
I was born the second son.

I graduated second in my law school class.

And finished second in the Cannes-Marrakesh Rally (twice).

Recently, however, I acquired a Waterman.

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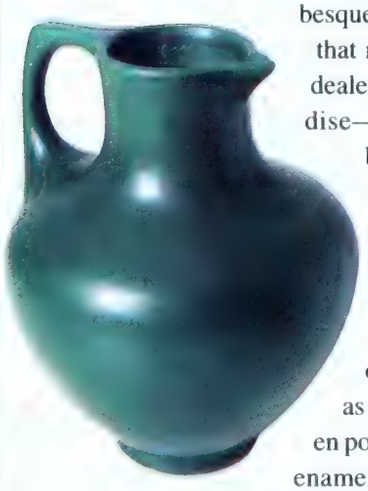
© 1988 Waterman Pen Company

illustrator with a passion for the exuberant flotsam of the fifties, says that his best Rose Bowl discovery is his kitchen stove. "It's a 1956 pink enamel Kenmore Maid-O-Matic with chrome and fins just like a vintage Cadillac."

Rose Bowl dealers tend to have an aesthetic as well as a mercantile involvement with their stock, and it is a pleasure to view their displays, whether of haunting Native American relics or wacky Jetsons-style lamps. (Rose Bowl Fleamarket, off Freeway 210; antiques section to the left. Second Sun., every month. Admission $10, 6–7:30 A.M.; $4, 9 A.M.–3 P.M. Information 213-588-4411)

LAKEWOOD FAIRGROUNDS

The monthly casbah at the Lakewood Fairgrounds in Atlanta, Georgia, gets off to a slower start than the Rose Bowl, but it's a three-day show and the pace suits its languid setting. Though located well within the city, the fairground sits in a piney, kudzu-draped bowl in the hills, and the ramshackle exhibition halls have an ersatz Arabesque style, like a pack of Camel cigarettes. The fact that much of the show takes place indoors attracts dealers who are reluctant to expose their merchandise—fragile porcelain, cut glass, antiquarian books, fine paintings—to the elements. And since Atlanta is the hub of a large long-populated region, its antiques market is the natural destination for a lot of wonderful loot.



Dark carved Victorian mantels, pine corner cupboards, stained-glass windows, and other architectural pieces show up in quantity, as do commercial furnishings like wooden post office pigeonholes and chrome and enamel barbershop fixtures. There's also more furniture, both country and high-style, than in virtually any other monthly market.

Roy Frangiamore, an Atlanta architect and advanced collector of Arts and Crafts furniture, has acquired a significant part of his collection at the fairground, including a Newcomb College pottery candleholder and one of Gustav Stickley's most sought after flat-armed recliners. "It's a relief that my collection is so narrowly focused," says Frangiamore. "I'm spared the emotional pangs of seeing so many things I just might not be able to live without." (Atlanta Fairgrounds Antique Market, Lakewood Freeway, east off I-75. Second weekend, every month. Fri. 12–6 P.M.; Sat.–Sun. 9 A.M.–6 P.M. Admission $2. Information 614-569-4912; during show 404-622-8350)

CANTON MARKET

Over the course of seven decades, farmer Alf Foster has watched as a traditional livestock sale and market day in Canton, Texas, evolved into the largest monthly antiques market in the country. Foster collects handmade tools, and after all those First Monday Trade Days, he has acquired dozens of hoes, rakes, broadaxes, and 150 examples of something called a well grab (an instrument used to retrieve buckets after the well rope breaks).

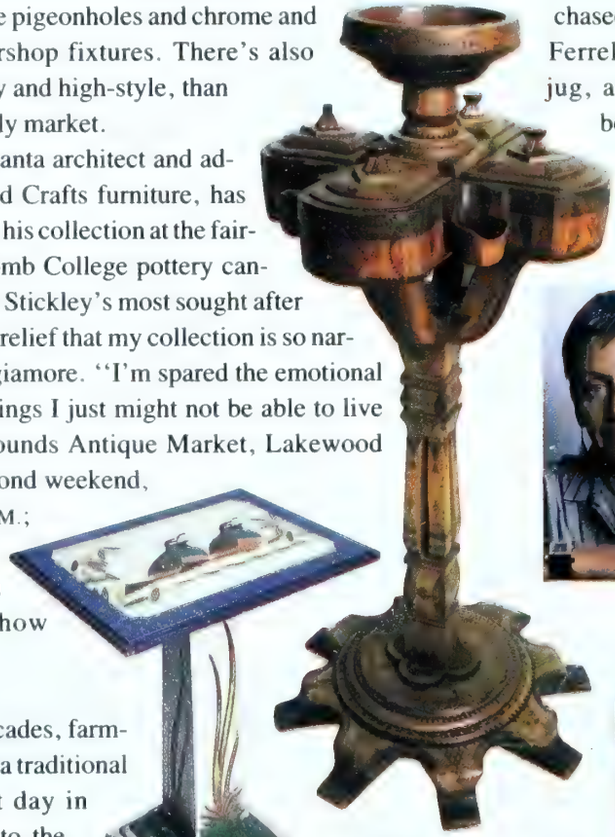
Trade days were common in the South a century ago, but Canton's survival was an accident. When farm families began to unload their pie safes and old crockery at the market, Canton, an hour east of Dallas, became a regular stop for savvy antiques buyers. Sellers originally set up near the courthouse square, but in 1965, in an attempt to contain the mob scene, the city established a six-acre trading ground. Order, however, has only encouraged growth. In the summer, 2,500 dealers occupy a market area that now sprawls—a metropolis of the collectible—across 100 acres of prairie.

Some of the best of what turns up at Canton is still country antiques, like quilts, baskets, and primitive furniture. Dealers here tend to bring things in lots. One might have a dozen brass-trimmed bedsteads, another a pyramid of Flexible Flyer sleds, a third a small forest of floor lamps. And when you need a break, there are food stalls offering the savory fare of this region, like Natchitoches crawfish pie and New Braunfels smoked turkey.

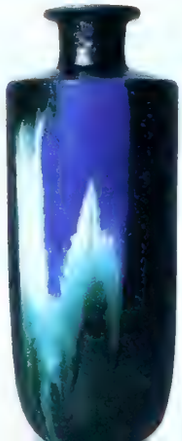
The most wonderful thing I ever found at Canton is a pottery jug molded in the form of a man's face. The jug is probably English—most likely Pratt creamware—with a delicate pearly glaze. I bought him for $15 on a Saturday afternoon, long after the goodies are supposed to have been snapped up. In fact, he may not even be worth that, since his handle is broken, but the hunt is as much for things one loves as for things that will fatten one's purse. I was buying pottery that time and had already purchased a nice example of Roseville Ferrella, a Royal Doulton whiskey jug, and a pair of rare Marblehead bookends. Feeling smug, I celebrated with a Tex-Mex dinner. A country and western



Miami-based dealer and writer Jonathan Lerner, below left, with Ellen Lerner, his wife and partner, live surrounded by antiques market finds, including the fireplace chair and Scandinavian vase, below.









Other Lerner treasures: English ewer, top left, c. 1910 smoking stand, above, painted table, left.

gospel band was tuning up nearby, using the back of a battered pickup for a pulpit. It began to drizzle, but after three days of junking, I was too tired to budge. Jughead lay on my lap, smiling wisely up at me. You just rest, he seemed to say. Enjoy the music. There'll be more next month. (First Monday Trade Days. Four days preceding first Mon., every month. Some dealers set up Thurs. morning. No admission. Information 214-567-6556)

CLARK COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS

Known for reasonable prices and great country things, the market at the Clark County Fairgrounds in Springfield, Ohio, has a strong dealer attendance, even in the dead of winter when as many as 600 exhibitors set up indoors. The three-day extravaganzas in May and September attract up to 2,500 exhibitors. (Springfield Antiques Show and Fleamarket, Exit 59 off I-70. Third weekend, every month except July. Fri. from 5 P.M.; Sat. 8 A.M.–5 P.M.; Sun. 9 A.M.–4 P.M. Admission $1. Information 513-325-0053)

METROLINA EXPO

The merchandise mix at the Metrolina Expo in Charlotte, North Carolina, mirrors that at the Atlanta Fairgrounds. The largest shows are in April and November, when there's an extra setup day. Then, you can get in both Wednesday and Thursday after 6:30 A.M. and make your rounds as the dealers unpack; early admission is $10.(Metrolina Expo Antiques and Collectibles Market, Exit 16A off I-77. First weekend, every month. Fri.,Sun. 9 A.M.–4 P.M.; Sat. 8 A.M. –5 P.M. Admission $2. Information 704-596-4643)

SCOTTSBORO MARKET

The market in Scottsboro, Alabama, like the one in Canton, Texas, descends from a court-day cattle sale, and it still takes place around the town square. There are piles of bric-a-brac and lots of local color. One of my all-time best finds—a primitive ladder-back fireplace chair with a woven twine seat—turned up at Scottsboro for all of $22. (First Monday, between Highways 72 and 79. Scheduled first Mon., every month. Opens early preceding Sun. morning. No admission. Information 205-574-3333)

WASHTENAW FARM COUNCIL GROUNDS

The only monthly market where dealers must guarantee the authenticity of their wares, this Ann Arbor, Michigan, show attracts the sophisticated specialists you would meet in an important indoor event. It also generates all the treasure fever you can handle. (Ann Arbor Antiques Market, Exit 175 off I-94, 3 miles southwest. Third Sun., every month Apr.–Oct., second Sun. in Nov., 5 A.M.–4 P.M. Admission $3. Information 313-662-9453)

KANE COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS

You know terrific things always show up at the Kane County Fairgrounds market in St. Charles, Illinois, near Chicago, because there are legions of buyers who regularly pay $80 to get in at nine Saturday morning during the setup. (Kane County Fleamarket, Randall Rd. between Routes 64 and 38. First weekend, every month. Sat. 1–5 P.M.; Sun. 7 A.M.–4 P.M. Admission $3. Information 312-377-2252) ▲

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WORKROOM

As the Wheel Turns

Mary and David Farrell carry on North Carolina's pottery traditions

By Dana Cowin



Visitors are welcome to watch the Farrells at work at the Westmoore Pottery.

It's always comforting to discover artisans carrying on time-honored traditions, to know that our history is being re-created and sustained by well-trained hands. Mary and David Farrell are potters whose dedication ensures the perpetuation of at least one almost-lost craft. The Farrells reproduce stoneware and redware available long ago around Seagrove, North Carolina, where they live.

When the area was nothing more than a shaggy wilderness in the 1750s, Moravians from Germany unloaded their wagons on the clay-rich land. In between worrying about hostile Indians and settling in, they established surprisingly sophisticated potteries. Old-world masters taught apprentices their craft and produced robust, highly decorated glazed and unglazed wares from porringers to pipkins.

In the early nineteenth century, fiercely independent rural potters, some recently arrived from England and Wales, created one- or two-person shops and passed down knowledge to their children and grandchildren. Today these old family potteries are beginning to thin out; the descendants are shaking the slip from their fingers and finding other work. Tradition is fraying like a rope stretched too tightly from the past to the present.

Mary and David met while throwing pots at Jugtown, one of the respected family shops. After encouragement from the master potter, they decided to stay in Seagrove. So twelve years ago, at ages 22 and 26 respectively, they built Westmoore Pottery from the ground up; they also built their half-timber, half-brick house and the long low groundhog kiln a few hundred yards away.





Mary Farrell, above, draws freehand on a plate. Left: Moravian-style wares on display in the shop.

The Farrells would do almost anything anybody asked them to do in the first few years, which sometimes meant work they were less than proud of. But now they can finally devote themselves exclusively to the replicas of old pieces they love. Mary's voice gets intense when she describes the challenge of re-creating old Moravian pots that she has studied in various private collections and museums. It seems to her as though the pots speak across the centuries revealing how they were made.

Mary and David stand at their electric wheels conjuring outmoded Moravian techniques, some almost 250 years old. After throwing a piece, they draw freehand on the body with various colored clays. Floral or abstract patterns are squeezed into existence, fired, coated with a clear glaze, and then fired again. The transformation from mound of clay to finished pot takes one month.

Neatly arranged cupboards at Westmoore show off the most handsome pieces: perfectly simple redware pots next to banded sugar jars, chocolate-colored mugs decorated with creamy squiggles and green dashes next to Moravian-style earth-toned plates strewn with off-white and green flowers.

Since the display case shares the room with the studio, prospective buyers can watch Mary or David work (they each pot half a day while the other takes care of their two children). Most of the jars, jugs, mugs, and other wares are bought by collectors in neighboring southern states, but a number are also prized by museums that want to demonstrate how life in the South was once lived. At Westmoore Pottery history, indeed, is in the making. ♠



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I Do, I Do, I Do

June is the time for remembering weddings, especially one's own

By Brooke Astor





I am a veteran of weddings. My first marriage was when I was just 17, and I married a young man who was 23 and freshly graduated from Princeton. It was a huge wedding. I had eight bridesmaids and a maid of honor, and my husband had the same number of ushers and a best man. It took place in April at St. John's Church on Lafayette Square in Washington, D.C., opposite the White House. The bridesmaids wore pale green chiffon dresses and large straw hats decked with apple blossoms, and they carried huge bouquets of apple blossoms and lilacs. I was decked out in white satin with a train and a long white tulle veil with a wreath of flowers holding it in place. The ushers all wore morning coats with striped trousers, huge puffy ties, and white gardenias in their buttonholes. The bishop of Washington conducted the service, aided by the rector. After the four o'clock church ceremony we went to a ballroom called Rauscher's, where Meyer Davis's orchestra played, and we danced and the guests drank toasts for a couple of hours. Among the guests was a well-known lady from New York, newly divorced and remarried to a prominent New York man (they had fled to Washington as a refuge). She wore a magnificent huge pearl necklace, which had all the guests gaping and whispering. There were many diplomats and, of course, Mother's idol, Alice Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, who made witty comments about everybody, including me. We had a huge wedding cake, and every guest got a little white box with our initials on it which contained a piece of wedding cake. My family really went all out for me, and I am very glad they did, although the marriage turned out not to be a happy one, ending eight years later. A marriage in a church with a large reception afterward is delightful, especially when the participants, from the bride and groom to the bridesmaids, are all young and romantic. I was the first to be married in this group of friends and I was also the youngest, so they were all enthusiastic, even to the point of following us in the train as far as Alexandria, thus starting us off on our honeymoon at White Sulphur Springs.

My second marriage was quite different. I was marrying a man who got a divorce to marry me, and at that time we could not be married in an Episcopal church, so we were married at six o'clock, again in April, in my apartment on Gra-



Brooke Astor, 38 years later, center, in a Hattie Carnegie suit from her third wedding. Left: Her first wedding dress. Right: Her second.

cie Square, overlooking the East River. We had only my parents, who'd come up from Washington, four members of my husband's family, and a half dozen close friends. We were married by a minister, so I had a little prayer stool put up for us to kneel on, and Billy Baldwin arranged an arch of blossoms over it. I wore a beige chiffon dress and a beige tulle hat, and I carried a small bouquet of pale pink camellias. After the ceremony we all sat down to supper, except my little son and his governess, who went back to their own sitting room—but not before Tony and Madame Grumeau had a bit of wedding cake and a sip of champagne. Then the rest of us had champagne and numerous toasts. My husband's oldest cousin read a long poem, which he had written to please us, and predicted that on our tenth anniversary we would surely be able to go to the moon. We all laughed heartily at that, but in spite of the fact that he wrote jokingly, he meant it philosophically because he was a scientist with his own little planetarium in the country where he was constantly meeting with other astronomers. Full of food and friendship, we all went down to the S.S. *Bremen*, where again we drank champagne and ate sandwiches until the gong was beaten for "All ashore who's going ashore," and the dear gang departed while we waved them good-bye from the deck. It was a happy start to twenty years of total happiness, until my dear husband died suddenly, leaving me very much alone but leaving me also with a sense of security in life that only such happiness can bring.

My last marriage was conducted with the utmost secrecy. Vincent was averse to any publicity, particularly since he was just getting a divorce from his second wife and the press was already sniffing around. I had been a widow for ten months and had wished to wait a year, but Vincent convinced me that it was much better to be married than to be gossiped about. When it began to appear in the papers that he was courting me, we decided to wait no longer. As Vincent had no confidence in the discretion of the license bureau in New York, I called up friends in Maine and asked if we could be married at their house. When they said yes, they would love it, Vincent got his lawyers to arrange all our tests, license, and so on quietly in Maine. When that was done, we settled on October 8 as our wedding day. And so off we started in his plane, Vincent, myself, and my grown-up son, on an overcast afternoon, and got as far as Portland, where it was not only pouring rain but enveloped in deep fog. There was no chance of continuing by air, and after much scurrying about the pilots finally produced a taxicab. The three of us squeezed into it and four hours later arrived at midnight at our friends' house. They welcomed us with a roaring fire, lots of sandwiches, a good drink, and lots of laughter, after which we went to bed. I was rather exhausted. I had been closing my apartment in town and the house in the country and could not sleep because I kept trying to remember just where all my specially favorite belongings were. At last I dozed off and woke up with a start at seven o'clock when Vincent knocked on my door and asked if he could have breakfast in my room or if we would have it downstairs. I immediately said no, it was bad luck to see the groom on your wedding day until you met him at the service. Vincent said that was absurd but dutifully went off with our hosts to the breakfast room. I went down just before noon and saw Vincent in a brand-new blue



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suit looking as nervous as a teenager. I myself was in a dark blue suit with a peplum made to order for me by Hattie Carnegie. I wore a green scarf around my neck and had a turban by Lilly Daché of dark blue and green. The group consisted of our hosts, the Maine lawyer, and the minister. After the knot was tied, we had some champagne with the minister and lawyer, who then left, and we had lunch. Our hosts were the merriest, gayest, most wonderful people to be with. I had always adored them, and even Vincent, who was not gregarious like me, was charmed by their great gesture of friendship. At last we had to leave because it was October and the days were getting shorter. So directly after lunch, leaving my son behind, we got into Vincent's plane and by four thirty were having tea at Ferncliff, my future home on the Hudson. The next morning we had a good laugh when some of the newspapers had a headline saying VINCENT ASTOR, INCURABLE ROMANTIC, ELOPES AT 61.

I suppose it was all very conventional. I have heard of others that were not—one of the most romantic was a couple who knew each other slightly, went off on a cruise on a friend's yacht, fell in love, and got the captain of the ship to marry them. I love a story like that. But these sudden marriages and second marriages miss out on one thing. They get very few wedding presents. That was the bonus from a large first wedding. I received two huge silver chests full of every knife, fork, and spoon imaginable, silver tea sets, trays, candelabras, coffeepots, platters, bowls, salt and pepper shakers, candlesticks, china, glasses, finger bowls, and, from my husband's family, a whole parure of sapphires. Today most young couples receive Cuisinarts and microwave ovens or a couple of cases of really good wine or even vodka. I think it would be nice if they received a modest jewel or a decorative box.

These three different types of weddings all share one thing I am glad to have experienced: I was in love and I was loved. I do not look back on my past happiness, as I wish to live in the present, but I still feel that those words said in the marriage service—"to love and to cherish"—are a true symbol of what it is all about. These marriages were really the three ages of man—17, 28, and 49. I learned a lot. My mother once said, "Don't die guessing," and I took her at her word. ♠



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Despite the world wide acceptance of Miss Stein's observation, there are roses and there are roses. As testimony we point to Sherle Wagner's rose bowl where the only contestants are hot and cold water, thus insuring everlasting life for the lovely flowers. All hail to this bathroom botanist for his own original contribution to the genus rosaceae.
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EDITOR'S PAGE

JUNE 1989

What could be more American, more genuine, more sophisticated in an essential, unpretentious way than George and Barbara Bush at home in Kennebunkport, Maine? When contributing editor Dodie Kazanjian proposed interviewing Mrs. Bush about her family's summer life Down East, I leapt at the chance to have the story for June—after all, the theme of this issue is the American summer. A sense of history and rootedness—of generations of Bushes vacationing there—gives the house, Surf Ledge, its special charm and grace. The camp in Vermont's Green Mountains that Sherley Warner Morgan built for himself in the late 1920s has also acquired a patina of age and family as it passes down through the generations. Both houses reflect a certain honesty—they are made for living, not display. Such comfort, of course, can be found on any scale: compare the 600-square-foot cottage where a Block Island couple finds "Zen-like" serenity year-round with the 30-room Southampton, Long Island, retreat that Lyn Peterson and Kristiina Ratia of Motif Designs transformed in the spirit of Shaker simplicity. Or consider Jane Fonda's Santa Barbara spa with its cozy rustic lodge outfitted with Arts and Crafts antiques. Mark Hampton's colorful design for a Connecticut house is equally relaxed, though unabashedly decorative. Decoration of another sort is the subject of contributing editor Doris Saatchi's illuminating essay on early twentieth century metalworker Marie Zimmermann, a superb craftsman on the brink of rediscovery. We also turn to the fine arts in Deborah Solomon's fresh look at the Americana of Thomas Hart Benton and in John Russell's visit with art historian Robert Rosenblum and his wife, painter Jane Kaplowitz, in their "intelligently historicized" loft. And finally, we feature Brooke Astor's remembrance of her three weddings, another HG tribute to the pleasures of June.



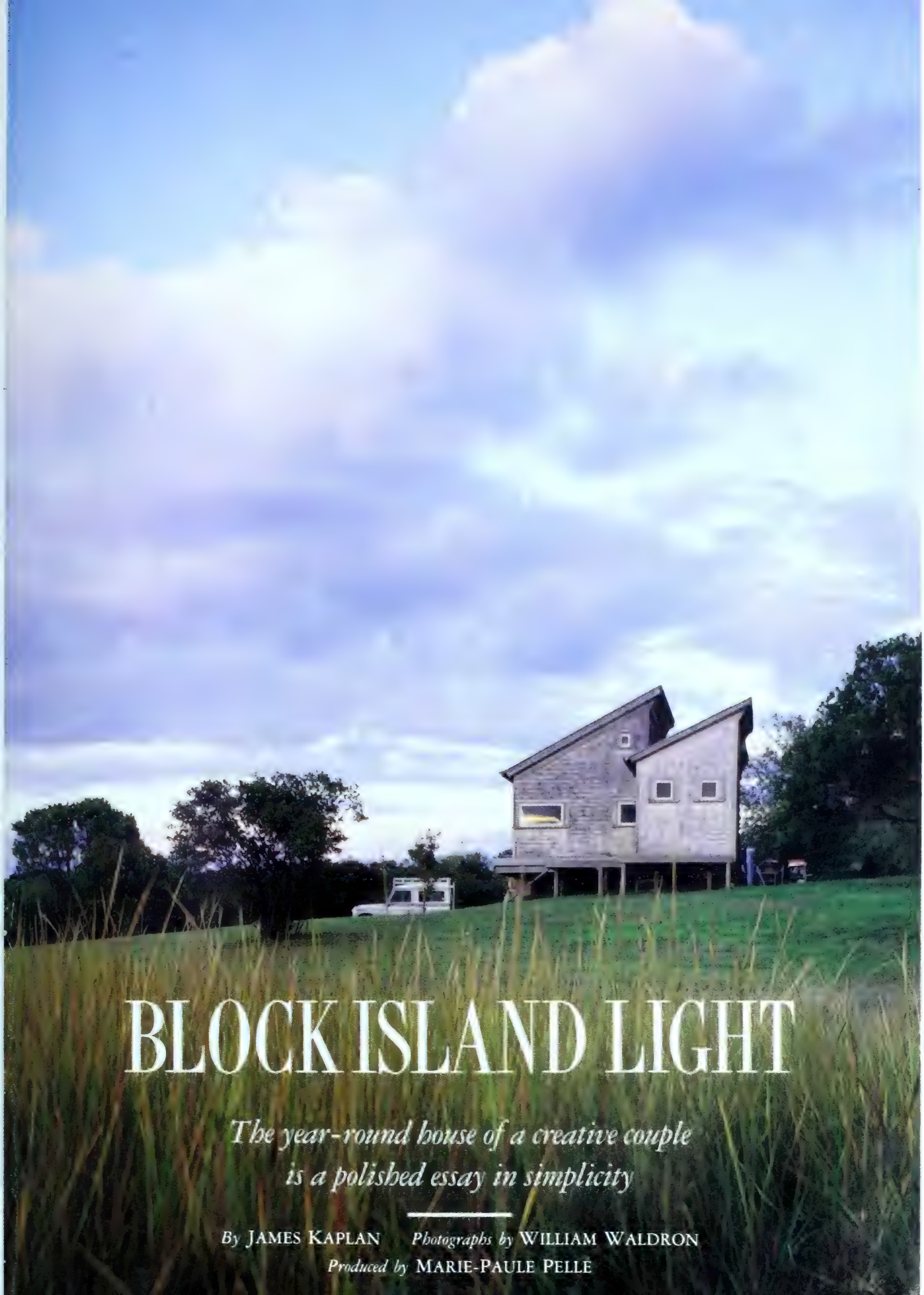
An iron chair by a bay window at Birchbrook, a family's summer house in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Mary Novogrod

Editor in Chief



Geoffrey Rigby-Leather designed a working house, opposite, for a baker—his wife, Ela—and a designer—himself. Below: A Rigby-Leather–designed sofa is flanked by a finch cage and a photograph of the property 120 years ago. Details see Resources.



BLOCK ISLAND LIGHT

The year-round house of a creative couple is a polished essay in simplicity

By JAMES KAPLAN *Photographs by* WILLIAM WALDRON

Produced by MARIE-PAULE PELLE

Their names are the first big clue that Ela Miloszewski Rigby-Leather and Geoffrey Rigby-Leather are not your standard Block Islanders. In fact, this hopelessly exotic, endlessly photogenic, unremittingly delightful couple don't have a standard bone in their bodies. Yet so sweetly do they project their out-of-the-ordinariness that they don't make you hate your own prosaic life; within minutes of meeting them, you might even start to feel kind of interesting yourself.

Sweet isn't necessarily saccharine. Ela has a baking business on the island, making cakes and pies that use fruit reductions instead of sugar. She's a former model for the art and high-fashion photographer Deborah Turbeville; sleek and Slavic, she lacks the usual model baggage of cloying prettiness. Her face is sharply evocative—not of lip gloss or beauty contracts but of ancient Mitteleuropa, a place of close alleys and dark narrow houses. She grew up in Buenos Aires, city of exiles, and the accent is—gently, mind-bogglingly—Spanish-Polish. Ela has been everywhere, true to the cliché about modeling—but if half of travel is what you take with you, then Ela has journeyed fully. Even at rest she suggests motion and possibility.

Geoffrey designs renovations, interiors, and furniture—yet once again the commonplace is thoroughly sidestepped. Where is the hip-to-the-eyeballs Postmodernist with a tiny shirt collar buttoned to the neck and slicked-back hair? Not here. If most designers are thoroughly earth, Rigby-Leather is air and water—hence his affinity for ocean and islands. He comes from the southwest of England, not far from the Bristol Channel. He's tall, thin, boyish, with a mop-top of hair and a big curved beak of a Brit nose. He tends toward work clothes. He blushes easily. His gentle voice questions rather than defines.

When Geoffrey finished his studies in art and design, he spent several years working in construction and consulting



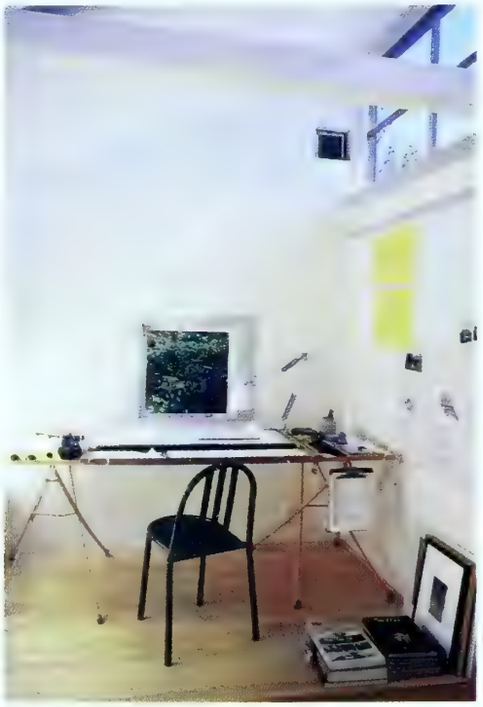
The Rigby-Leathers, top, deliver desserts to local restaurants. Above: A Japanese tray displays rocks and fossils. Opposite: In the living room, gloves protect the wall from the ladder to the loft.





Block Island rocks on a marble tray, above left. Above right: A Rigby-Leather table in the loft. Below from left: Ela's edible art; Geoffrey's studio, where he designs renovations, interiors, and furniture; Ela at work in the kitchen.







on house renovations. Then in 1975 he worked his way across the Atlantic on a freighter with his Russian motorcycle, then biked from Halifax down to New York, intending to continue on to South America. But he did some art directing for Deborah Turbeville, met her model Ela, and stayed. She smiles at the memory. "All the men in New York were too macho or too beautiful or too something," Ela says. "Geoffrey was just Geoffrey. He was eccentric." He helped redesign Turbeville's apartment in a Bedouin-tent motif. Geoffrey and Ela remember sitting on the photographer's terrace on Lexington Avenue, among the billowing canvas, coughing on exhaust fumes.

New York grew prosaic. The empire of money loomed on the horizon. Geoffrey and Ela and some artistic friends, as well as Deborah Turbeville, migrated to Paris. "That was before we were responsible," Geoffrey says. They all lived in Paris in the circle of Turbeville; they had fun.

In 1979 Geoffrey and Ela drifted back to the States. Soon afterward they saw Block Island for the first time when they went there to work on an experimental film with Turbeville. "The light was what amazed me at first," Geoffrey says. "I remember going out on the little old ferry; it was August, and the light was just blinding. I had been to California, but I had never seen anything like that."

In 1980 they celebrated their wedding by buying one and a half acres of wetland and pasture in the New Harbor area. It was the last, charmed time when land on Block Island could still be had for a song. The place seemed magical to them: in winter the terrain was a muted symphony of grays; in spring and summer it was a riot of blossoms. "There were thriving farms here in the late nineteenth century," Geoffrey says. "Then the mainland farms won. Most of the island kind

A weather-beaten bench, above, beside a cedar-shingled wall. Below: A battered bicycle, against a wall of local fieldstone, is the couple's favored means of transportation around the island.





of went to seed in a lovely way. No pesticides have ever been used here.''

The bugs were magnificent, as were the deer and pheasant, kingfisher and heron. And the flowers. This, Geoffrey and Ela decided, was a place they could settle in. In 1983 a local builder named John Mott—whose distant ancestors had come to Block Island from Bristol, England—began to construct the house Geoffrey had designed. Like the two of them, it was to be exotic but not narcissistic. It would be tiny—under 600 square feet—yet it would convey the expansiveness of light and space that the island had taught them. And it was to be a working house for both baker and designer.

Geoffrey's plan was to connect three discrete structures—studio, kitchen, living area—creating a space that was somewhat surreal. Light would come primarily through clerestories under the ridges of the roofs; windows would be small and oddly placed, editing the view rather than blaring it. ''The windows on most houses are far too big and just not spaced properly,'' Geoffrey says.

The result is a small triumph of spareness, subtlety, and quiet humor. From the outside, the house resembles a hunter's duck blind or a quirky peaked utility shed—a cowlick on the lovely terrain rather than a marshaling of it. Inside, the furnishings, all *(Text continued on page 172)*

Deborah Turbeville photographs of Versailles in the sparsely furnished living room, above. The steel chair is a Mallet-Stevens design. Left: The Rigby-Leathers at play. Opposite: An old boat used for rowing expeditions.





JANE FONDA'S SPA

The energetic star works it all out in Santa Barbara

By PILAR VILADAS

Photographs by TIM STREET-PORTER



The retreat's founder practices what she preaches about fitness. The lodge deck at Laurel Springs Retreat, opposite, with furniture from Barlow Tyrie. Details see Resources.





Fonda's favorite things are arranged in a casual clutter that doesn't "look decorated"

Perched high in the Santa Ynez Mountains overlooking Santa Barbara, the Pacific Ocean, and the Channel Islands, Jane Fonda's Laurel Springs Retreat isn't your average spa. Instead of a sprawling resort-like complex, there is just a large shingled lodge and a gym down the hill. Instead of peach and beige hotel-style interiors, the lodge, called Hill House, shelters rooms decorated in a homey but sophisticated mixture of rustic furniture, Arts and Crafts objects, and folk art. Instead of mud baths, herbal wraps, and manicures, there is hiking, mountain biking, and one-on-one personal training. And instead of an army of attendees hell-bent on dropping a quick ten pounds before jetting back to their expense-account lifestyle, there are no more than six guests who, for their $2,500 a week ($4,000 per couple), learn how and why to integrate exercise and good nutrition into their lives—permanently.

This personal approach is something of a new direction for Fonda. Although her Beverly Hills exercise studio, Jane Fonda's Workout, has offered private exercise and nutrition classes for some time, the 51-year-old actress, movie producer, and fitness guru is best known for showing women how to get in shape and stay that way through her four books and ten videocassettes, which have sold in the millions. Few spas, Fonda believes, have a lasting effect on those who go to them. "When you really understand what aerobic exercise and eating properly do for your body, it motivates you to alter your habits," she says. "This is hard to do in an assembly line situation; you need a personal approach. This dovetailed nicely with our situation at the ranch," she explains, referring not just to Hill House but to her entire 160-acre Laurel Springs Ranch, which also includes a children's camp.

Fonda's one-on-one philosophy is echoed in the domestic scale of Hill House, which was originally designed by Santa

Hill House, above, is the center of the retreat. Right: The living room's redwood tree-trunk columns flank a stone fireplace with andirons from Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles. Contemporary furniture is accented by Mexican and Pendleton blankets and a Popsicle-stick lamp. Above left: In the Green Room for spa guests a Pairpoint lamp, a Roseville vase, Victorian child's rocker, and antique wicker bedside table mingle with new pieces such as a sleigh bed from Habersham Plantation and an end table from Richard Mulligan.





A Greene & Greene–inspired lantern by Arroyo Craftsman, Duarte, California, hangs at the entrance to Hill House.

Barbara architect Bob Easton and later remodeled for the spa by Montecito architect Sam Hurst. With Los Angeles decorator Barbara Pohlman, Fonda brought to the lodge a varied collection of one-of-a-kind and museum-quality objects, such as Rookwood pottery and Handel and Pairpoint art glass lamps. "We made up in quality what we lacked in size," she jokes.

The architecture of the lodge, with its redwood tree-trunk columns and stone fireplaces, was the perfect backdrop for Fonda's and Pohlman's favorite things, which are arranged in a casual clutter since Fonda doesn't like rooms that "look decorated." Neither does Pohlman, who has worked with her for eight years. It is obviously a happy collaboration. Fonda recalls, "Barbara would sit in the lodge and just concentrate, not speaking, and then she'd say, 'We need to stain the beams.' Little by little, things come to her. And she's never wrong."

Her client's trust allows Pohlman to follow her instincts. "If I find something great, I don't have to ask—I buy it," explains the decorator, whose preferences range from the exquisite to the corny. "I love the idea of putting a museum-quality lamp on a ten-cent doily."

The fruit of the two women's efforts is a spa that feels more like a cozy private house. When they aren't hiking, biking, or working out, guests can sit on the deck with the paper enjoying the ocean view and the fresh produce and complex-carbos cuisine prepared by Karen Averitt, the spa's chef and manager. After an evening talk on exercise and nutrition by Daniel Kosich, Laurel Springs's program director, they can repair to the library to watch movies on cassette or read.

"Everyone who's been here is deeply affected by it," reports Fonda, who also notes that even though the spa has been open only a short time, it has already attracted repeat clients. "I grew up in the mountains," says Fonda. "Sycamore, eucalyptus, oak trees, rolling hills—those are my roots." After a week at Laurel Springs you feel as if they could almost be your roots, too. ♠ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*





In the Red Room, above opposite, a Pa de Longpré watercolor ab the bed, with linens from th Ralph Lauren Home Collect and antique pillows. The t is set with Franciscan De Rose china. Huichales bea gourds are grouped abov the doorway to the balcony. Left: Bath towels on an antique fortun teller's table.



YANKEE PRESERVE

Mark Hampton puts his signature on a New England house

By ERIC A. BERTHOLD

Photographs by WILLIAM WALDRON







The living room, above, drenched in morning sun, is a showplace for colors and antiques. Club chairs and sofa in foreground are covered in Romney chintz from Rose Cumming. Swedish armchairs, behind, are enhanced by Normandie Bouclé from Cowtan & Tout. Regency mirror over the mantel is from Hyde Park Antiques, NYC. Opposite: Hallway, in tobacco hues, leads to the study. Details see Resources.

The driveway is long and rocky and bordered by a rustic mix of crumbling stone walls, shrubs, and rickety trees. At first the house is camouflaged by its woodsy setting, but then the view opens and there it sits with all its cool New England reserve. It is a classic 1920s Yankee gray-shingled house idyllically sited overlooking miles of forest and the waters of Long Island Sound in the distance.

"This house has everything I always wanted—privacy, beautiful grounds, a sense of water nearby—and it's decorated to perfection," says its current owner, referring to Mark Hampton's recent endeavor. "After a day in the city, I'm revitalized by it, like a shot of vitamin B_{12}."

Prior to embarking on this job, Hampton and the client wandered through her former house, only a few miles away, deciding what to bring and what to store. After 28 years as a wife and a mother to seven children, she wanted a new house for a new life. For the duration of the yearlong renovation, she moved into a barn on the property which had a small apartment. Each day she would don her chinos, flannel shirt, and Top-Siders and watch firsthand as the metamorphosis took place. Selecting Hampton was not difficult; he had done her brother's house in such a "wonderful manner" that she felt there was no better choice. "He seemed to know me so well, as though he could delve inside me and pull out only the best." She let Hampton take complete control and ruthlessly expel old family furniture. Hampton used "her passion for the slightly whimsical" as a guide. "She had a collection of miniature furniture, amusing pictures, and pretty little delicate objects" that he was able to incorporate into every room yet still maintain the classic character that the architecture of the house mandates.

The liveliness is immediately evident. Upon entering the front door, one is welcomed by a splash of sunshine pouring through an open Dutch door at the end of the long hall. "This is one of the surprises that sold me on the house," she says. "I



The dining room is wrapped in Hydrangea chintz from Clarence House. Petite Bouquet from Stark Carpet covers the floor. The Regency dining table and chairs were bought in London.





"It's a humorous mix of everything—every period of furniture, every color, and every pattern," says Hampton of the bedroom





loved the airy and friendly feeling."

Each of the generous and inviting rooms features a different color theme. Hampton made the client's favorite colors—brown, red, and yellow—work together. Perhaps an odd mix, he says, "but what I like best is that each room contrasts with the other, making them separate and distinct, yet there is a harmony here." The walls of the center hall are tobacco, and a needlepoint-style carpet of small red, green, and white checks runs its length. "I like dark halls," says Hampton. "They create a sort of shadow effect, which I always like after being in the light outdoors."

The living room is quite the opposite. Its walls and curtains are a bright sunny shade of yellow, with floor-to-ceiling windows, added just prior to the redecoration, letting morning light drench the room. Hampton introduced variations of green, orange, and red in the upholstered furniture. Although the room is a showplace for a superior collection of antiques, most of which are family heirlooms, Hampton was able to achieve a certain informality that his client wanted by adding his trademark sisal matting and overstuffed pieces.

The floral print of the dining room curtains and walls contains all of the colors of the downstairs, anchored by a black carpet patterned with tiny bouquets of wildflowers. Tucked away in the back of the house, with a view of the sound, the dining room is a special delight to its owner, particularly when *(Text continued on page 172)*

The bedroom, left, is a mix of periods, colors, and patterns. Club chair and bench in Bentley Ticking Stripe, night table dressed in Felicia silk, both from Brunschwig & Fils. Curtains in Jubilee chintz from Clarence House, Buckland wallpaper from Cowtan & Tout. Above: The breakfast room with Japanese pinewood chairs and an early American hutch displaying a collection of Chinese export.







GOTHIC GETAWAY

The zany charm of Victorian resorts is recalled in a house by architect Mark Simon

By MARTIN FILLER

Photographs by LANGDON CLAY

On Fishers Island, New York, the McKim house, left, is a witty tribute to the eccentric seaside architecture of the late 19th century. Above: Living room mantel and frieze continue exterior motif of patterned stick work.



The "drunken fence," above, begins like a conventional picket palisade at right but becomes progressively wilder moving left. Right: The oval living room leads into the library alcove at left and dining room at right. Frieze of diagonal sticks helps make the high ceiling seem less towering. Details see Resources.

The Victorians, for all their high seriousness, also knew how to have fun. Nowhere is that more apparent than in American resort architecture of the late nineteenth century. In coastal and rural regions from Maine to Michigan, wood-frame gingerbread-trimmed vacation houses attest to the playfulness behind the sober public demeanor. That antic quality is what drew architect Charles Moore to a reappreciation of Victorian architecture during the 1960s, long before its current popularity. He passed that enthusiasm on to several generations of students, among them Mark Simon, who eventually became a partner with Moore in the Essex, Connecticut, firm called Centerbrook.

Simon has collaborated on several projects with his former Yale professor, but like all the best students, Simon has taken what he has learned and gone further on his own. Thus, although a new house by Simon on Fishers Island, New York, owes much to both the Victorians and Moore, it is nonetheless a thoroughly original design in its own right. This delightful scheme recaptures the quirkiness and surprise typical of its main sources, but it is also appropriate to its locale and accommodating to the relaxed and gregarious way of life of its owner, Charlotte McKim.

Since childhood, McKim, who is an independent filmmaker and screenwriter, has summered on Fishers Island. Three miles off the Connecticut coast in Long Island Sound, this little-known enclave is light-years removed from the architectural excesses common to most East Coast resorts. It is a vacationland that time forgot, and its summer residents—surely the most white-shoe crowd south of Bar Harbor—like it that way just fine, thanks. Compared with the Hamptons or even Cape Cod, life on Fishers Island is extremely restrained. It is a place where if money talks at all, it does so in a discreet whisper.

The exterior of the McKim house is far from the polite shingled anonymity of most residences in this comfortable community, but neither is it anomalous in form or feeling. Innovative though it may be, this steep-roofed Gothic cottage already shows every likelihood of weathering into just the kind of house that future generations will think of as authentically local. It is an arresting hybrid—part *Adams Chronicles*, part *Addams Family*, part *Grizzly Adams*—with just enough good-humored, oddball detailing to keep one guessing as to what its designer thought he was doing.

Charlotte McKim told Mark Simon she wanted a house with rooms in which she could use her fine inherited furniture in an unpretentious way. In the end she decided not to include those heirlooms; less precious things seemed a wiser choice for a house often left unoccupied. For Simon her first concept suggested formal rooms in an informal relationship to one another. He adapted the Victorian way of creating eccentric spaces within a controlled exterior, and he juggled the expected and the surprising—and many opposing forms—with great dexterity.

The four rooms of the first floor are each a different shape: circular entry hall, oval living room, rectangular dining room, square kitchen. Yet the outer walls of the shingle-sided house do not betray the mixed bag of volumes within it. Simon managed this intriguing contrast by the extensive use of poché—the architectural term for dead areas wedged into the corners of a building when a room of unusual configuration is fitted inside a rectangular exterior. The way those four shapes work in concert is remarkably sophisticated, allowing the rooms a lively continuity and yet avoiding the open-plan amorphousness of many contemporary vacation houses.

Nothing in the McKim house is revealed all at once, and that slow unfolding of this structure's personality makes a visit there an engaging exploration. There are nooks and crannies galore, those bits of unexpected space that people love about Victorian interiors because most of the rooms we live and work in are so relentlessly rational and regular. A further advantage of



the way this four-bedroom house is put together is that as many as eight people can spend a weekend there without being constantly in one another's way or sight, an important consideration for the owner, who likes having many friends around.

Simon grew up in Rockland County, New York, in a house built by the early twentieth century artist-craftsman Henry Varnum Poor. The rustic stick work detailing of Poor's rough-hewn design was inspired by Victorian twig work, an updated version of which Simon used both inside and outside the McKim house. Often employed in Adirondack cabins, this zany technique was an intentionally artless transposition of the intricate jigsaw gingerbread trim popular after the Civil War. Simon's other main point of reference was nineteenth-century crazy-quilt patterns. Simon's stick work of gray-painted two-by-twos is the dominant ornamental motif, filling in the pediments over the front door and several windows, the balcony railing outside the master bedroom, and the eaves of the porte cochère leading up to the front door. It is as if some very large intoxicated spider has wrapped the protuberant parts of this house in its eccentric webs.



The high exposed site on a bluff facing north onto Fishers Island Sound offers dramatic views, but Simon prefers those vistas to be tightly framed to intensify their impact. The tall narrow windows confine the eye to select segments of the surroundings, which can therefore be appreciated with calm concentration. Like Victorian windows, these appear larger on the inside than they do on the façade, and they are peaked in the manner of rural Gothic farmhouses found in that part of the country.

The best qualities of Victorian design are honored in Mark Simon's knowledgeable but easygoing restatement of the architectural fantasies of our forebears. This is not one of those houses of too many gables, which rely on nostalgic emblems while the bulk of the scheme remains the same old contemporary thing. Though the McKim house is a pleasure to be in, its unsolemn seriousness gives it a weight that anchors it firmly to its place on Fishers Island as much as its place in history. ♠

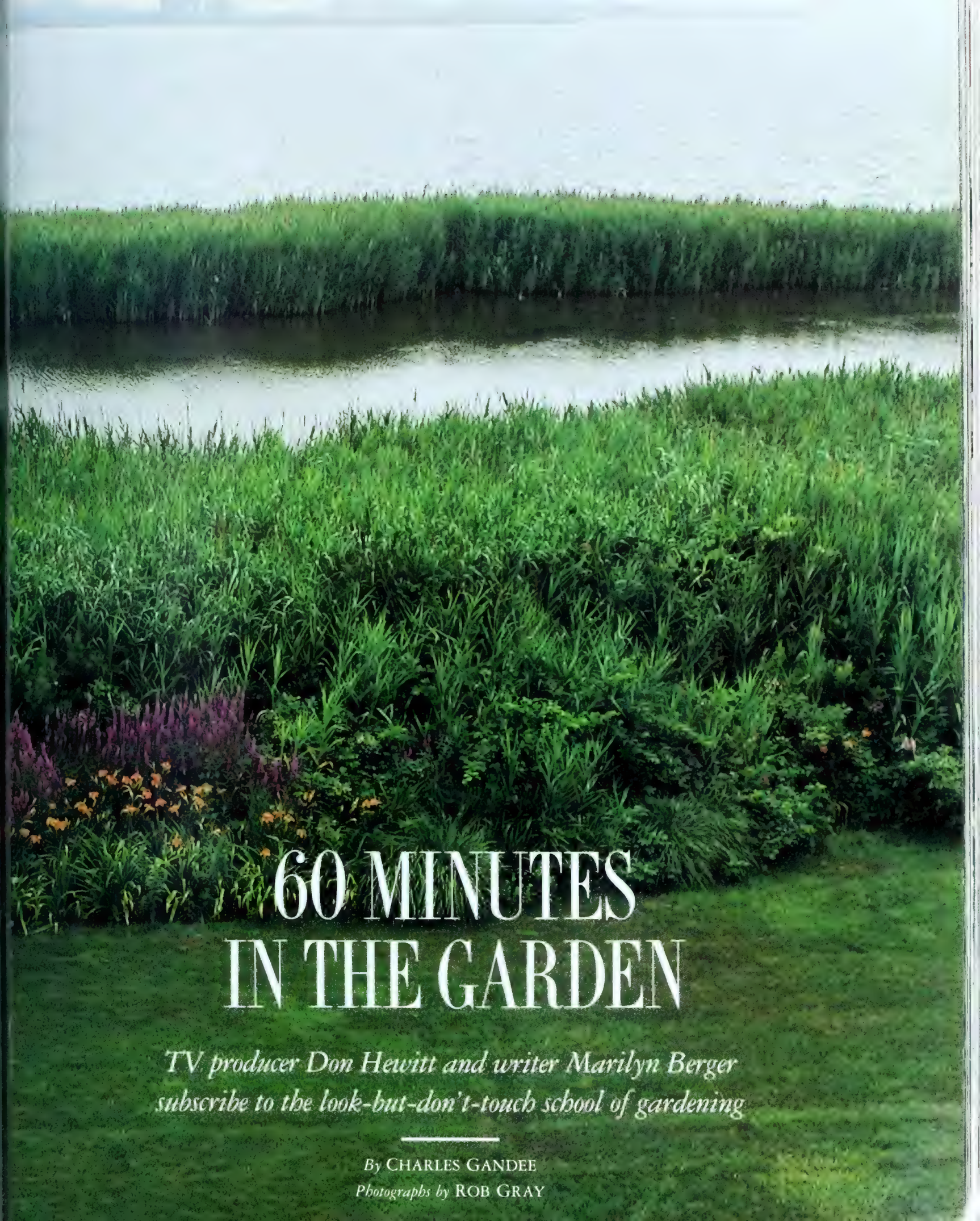
Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



Front entry of the McKim house, left, is sheltered by a two-part porte cochère that seems to march into the doorway. Opposite above: In the living room, low circular copper table by the architect, nostalgic wicker seating. Opposite below: Four-poster in master bedroom has headboard echoing "crazy quilt" stick work pattern on balcony. Bed was designed by architects Trip Wyeth and Susan Edler as a gift for the owner.



Don Hewitt and Marilyn Berger take an aquatic tour of their waterfront weekend retreat on Long Island.

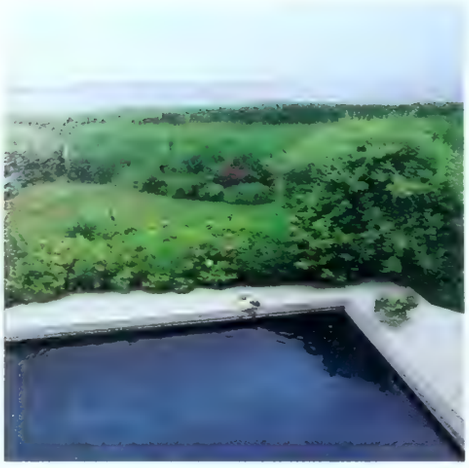


60 MINUTES IN THE GARDEN

TV producer Don Hewitt and writer Marilyn Berger subscribe to the look-but-don't-touch school of gardening

By CHARLES GANDEE

Photographs by ROB GRAY



A new aboveground pool is incorporated into the landscape by means of berms covered with rugosa roses, above and below. Right: The birdhouse was a present from Berger's friend Annette Reed.







Ordinary peach yellow daylilies, above, mingle with other stalwart perennials and annuals, right, in a bed filled with achillea, salvia, rudbeckia, veronica, *Filipendula venusta*, and malva.

Don Hewitt has never planted a bulb, pulled a weed, or pruned a hedge. Not one. Not once. Not ever. Nor does he intend to. Although the executive producer of the most popular television news show in history, CBS's *60 Minutes*, loves his garden, it is a platonic love he feels. In other words, no touching.

Marilyn Berger, Hewitt's wife, is only marginally more involved in things horticultural. Last summer, for example, the *New York Times* writer even went so far as to try her hand at what she calls a "Monet-style garden by number." But it seems that it didn't work out all that well, so she threw in the trowel.

"The garden is not the focal point of our life," reports Hewitt, who, like Harry Reasoner, is a master of the wry understatement. Berger concurs, confessing that she had never even owned a houseplant "because you have to water them." Nonetheless, when the couple decided to trade in their weekend condominium in the Hamptons for a weekend house in the Hamptons one warm July night in 1982, something approaching a garden happened to be included in the deal. True, it needed some work, but then so did the house, which Hewitt regarded as the "ugliest in the world"—at least when he bought it. (The television mogul exaggerates. Judging by old photographs, the house was a perfectly respectable rendition of a popular Long Island architectural style that might best be termed Mediocre Modern.)

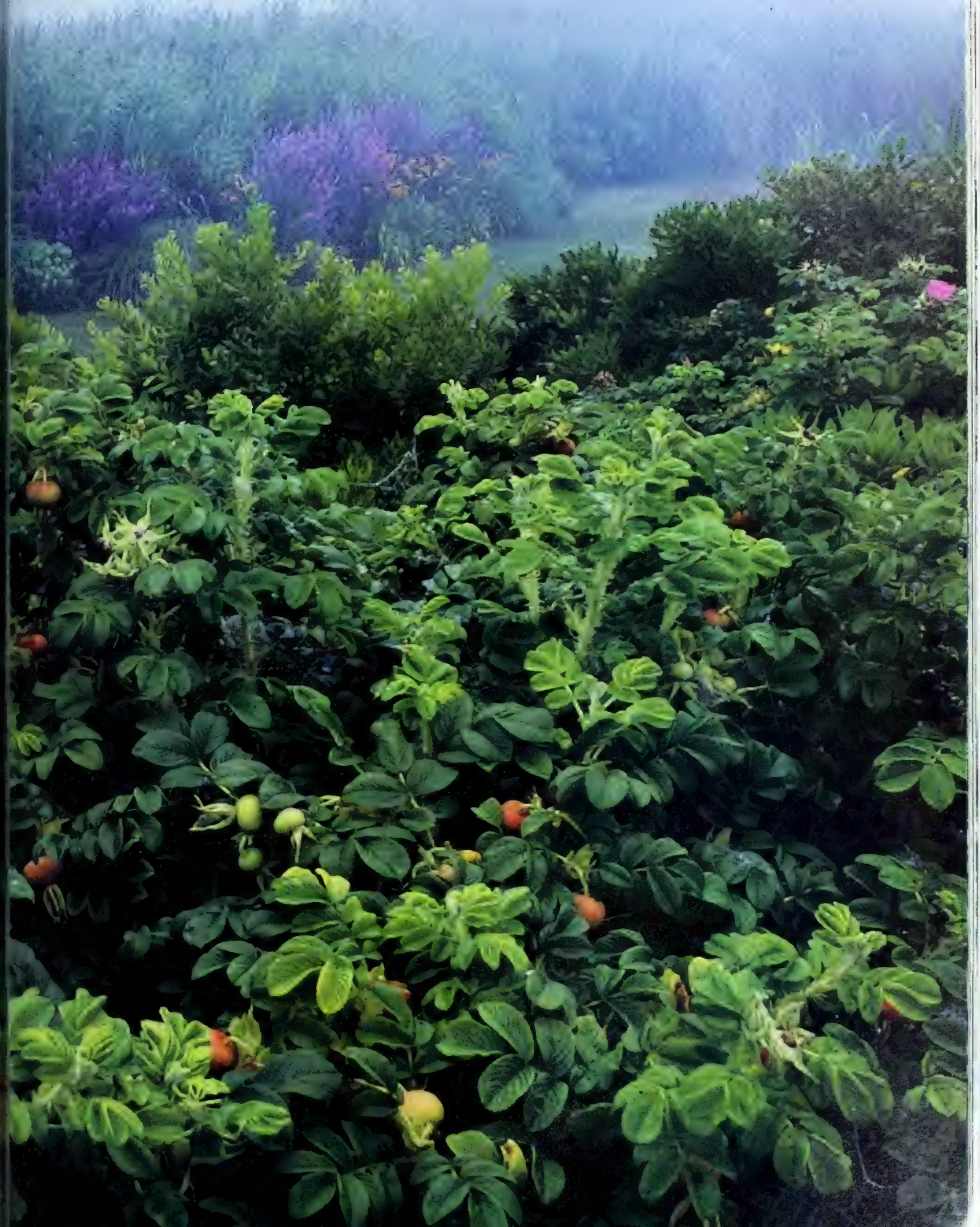
Not surprisingly, Hewitt and Berger are almost grateful that three of their four and a half acres belong to a narrow promontory that reaches out from Long Island proper and into the bay behind their now-renovated (and much improved) house to form a small protected cove. Hewitt likes to think of the marshy sliver as his own private Taiwan. Somewhat less romantically, Berger points out that its tall grass is crawling with ticks—"the kind that give you Lyme disease." Both agreed, however, that the promontory should remain in its natural state. Which left the couple with one and a half acres of more-or-less dry land to contend with.

Although Hewitt and Berger knew virtu-





Even after the bloom is off the rugosa roses that blanket the berms enveloping the swimming pool, colorful rose hips dot the dense ground cover.









ally nothing about gardening seven years ago, they knew a missed opportunity when they saw one. The previous owner had, to his credit, planted masses of peach yellow daylilies and borders of bayberry, mustard, and ornamental grasses, but he had also turned the bay-front backyard into an extended driveway for a garage inexplicably parked at water's edge. Neophytes though they were, the new owners thought they could do better.

The idea was to make it look as near as possible like a wild English garden, something extremely informal, something completely natural that would seem as though it had always been there,'' explains Berger, who enlisted the assistance of New York landscape architect Paul Friedberg for the cause. A former classmate of Berger's at Cornell, Friedberg recommended truckloads of landfill as a means of bridging the gap between the garden and the slightly elevated house and to help create the illusion that a new above ground pool was in the ground.

With the house and garden closer to being in synch, Berger and Hewitt then set about animating the vast wall of spiky reeds that traces their sinuous shoreline. They—or, perhaps more accurately, the series of gardeners they have employed over the years—have chosen sedum, lythrum, and more bayberry to achieve the desired effect. Swatches of open space have been left for a meandering lawn that is given definition by dense beds and borders of pink, purple, blue, and white perennials which extend the ''seashell palette'' of the house into the garden. And just what kinds of flowers might those be? ''I'm at a loss for the names right now,'' confesses Berger, who for once is caught without her reporter's notebook. But then she and Hewitt have both earned the right to leave hard facts back in the city. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

A border blooms, top left, with white physostegia and sidalcea. Center: Berger and Hewitt canoe in the cove behind their garden. Left: Pink and white snapdragons draw the eye to echinacea and towering liatris. Right: Along the shoreline clumps of sedum and lythrum enliven a border of ornamental grasses and reeds.







Kristiina Ratia and Lyn Peterson, opposite, of Motif Designs. Below: Antique wicker porch furniture is upholstered in Hydrangea duck cloth from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Details see Resources.

CLEAN SWEEP

Shaker purity pervades a classic Southampton house decorated by Motif Designs

By DOUGLAS BRENNER

Photographs by JEAN PAGLIUSO

The sweet simplicity of a country place is rarely as simple to contrive as it is to enjoy. And when the place is a rambling thirty-room house in Southampton, of the kind that older villagers still call a cottage, simple pleasures may entail all sorts of complications. "I lied to my wife," confesses the New York advertising executive who bought one such cottage. "At least, I lied at first," he adds with a laugh, as his spouse smiles knowingly. "I said, 'Honey, we're just going to paint the house and move in.' "

The story also draws smiles from the couple's decorators, Lyn Peterson and Kristiina Ratia of Motif Designs, who know full well what actually happened next. Even though their clients were understandably leery of major remodeling, having recently endured the two-year renovation of a Manhattan brownstone apartment, they soon realized that it would take a good deal more than a paint job to make them feel at home in their Southampton retreat. The 11,000-square-foot frame structure was charming but decrepit from foundation to roof, the layout of formal reception rooms and labyrinthine service quarters hardly lent itself to relaxed family weekends, and the existing decor of gravy-brown woodwork, acid-green flocked wallpaper, and Jacobean floral fabrics made the new owners wince.

"White is our favorite color," the husband told Peterson and Ratia. "We love simple, uncluttered things. They don't have to be modern or traditional. The period isn't as important as a comfortable minimal environment." Modern, however, was definitely the period with which he and his wife had until then been most comfortable. The suburban house where they raised their three children had been a classic International Style assemblage of Eames chairs and Herman Miller wall units, and their apartment living room is furnished with Le Corbusier designs.

All the same, Peterson and Ratia made a convincing case that furniture of an earlier vintage would better suit the historic setting in Southampton without betraying any purist ideals. Early on, the decorators arrived at the pristine aesthetic of Shaker crafts as an appropriate model for their own strategy, even though the scarcity of actual Shaker pieces meant they would have to venture further afield in search of kindred arti-





New shingles cover the remodeled 19th-century farmhouse, right, greatly expanded around 1910. Center: In the living room a Swedish armoire dated 1827 in its original paintwork. Side chair is also Swedish. Far right: A sampler acquired in Connecticut hangs above a Pennsylvania bucket bench, c. 1840, holding Shaker boxes. Column lamp from Edward Russell Decorative Accessories. Above left: An 18th-century New Hampshire table supports a weather vane and a small chest, c. 1830. Above center: In the hall bleached floors are laid with a cotton and sisal rug from Phoenix Carpet, NYC, and a Bessarabian wool carpet from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. The dollhouse was made in Maine, c. 1880. Above right: On the porch, iron bases carry a custom marble tabletop. Hurricane lamps from Pierre Deux; chairs from Conran's.













facts. The clients, if sympathetic in principle, were skeptical at first. "In the beginning," he recalls, "they would show us a Polaroid of some old table, and I would ask, 'Now why do you like this? If I saw this at a yard sale, I'd walk right by it.' And Kristiina would say, 'Why don't you go upstate and look at it?' So we'd go, and after a short time we knew that wherever they sent us we'd find something terrific."

Among the things they saw and liked were painted benches and armoires (several of the latter were Swedish with original family genealogies still inside), antique game boards, and samplers. It was soon apparent that Peterson and Ratia had a keen eye for objects whose bold colors and strong sculptural shapes could hold their own in the ample spaces of the Southampton house. The transplanted heirlooms took on new authority against the foil of white-painted walls, windows hung with plain linen tab curtains, and floors bleached and stained to a luminous milky finish. Upstairs, the decorators introduced touches of blue in discreetly patterned fabrics and wallpapers. "We had never used a scrap of wallpaper in any place we ever lived in," explains the wife. "Here, though, we had a house that really called for it, and Lyn and Kristiina used it with such restraint that it looks refreshing rather than gussied up."

With a nod to the Shakers, Peterson and Ratia deftly adapted elementary forms to new uses. Their clients like to point out the ingenuity of a fully stocked kitchenette tucked into an English pine armoire in the family sitting room near the swimming pool—a neat way to provide refreshments without a trek to the kitchen proper on the far side of the house. Another antique cupboard—of Shaker provenance—serves as a capacious medicine chest in the master bathroom *(Text continued on page 172)*

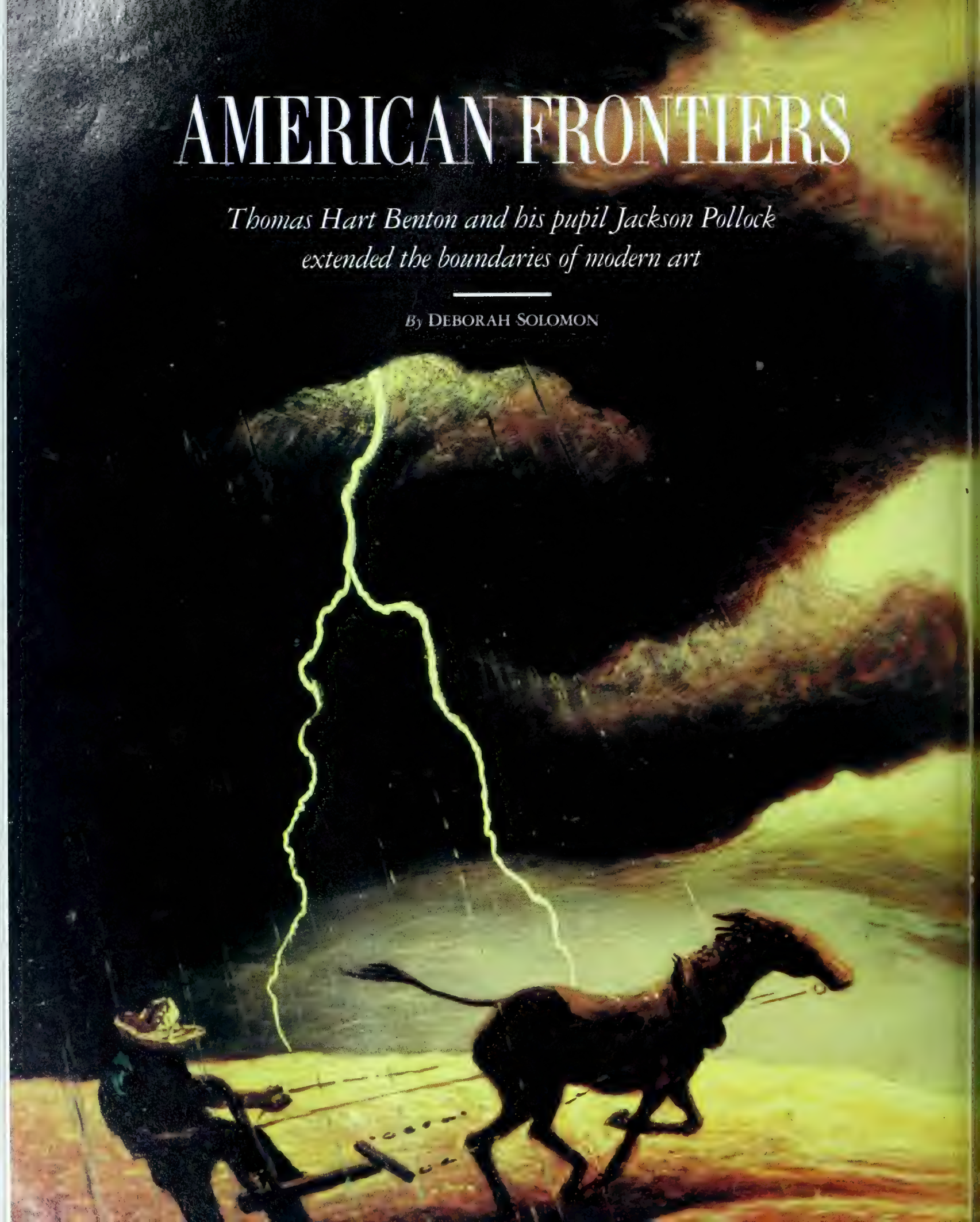
The bedstead in the master bedroom, right, was made by joining two antique iron frames. At the foot of the bed is a sponge-painted blanket chest. Brass candlesticks, each with its own snuffer, are English, c. 1800. Above left: On the mantel is an Indiana Amish horse and buggy. The Seth Thomas wall clock is turn of the century. Chairs and ottoman are from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Left: In another bedroom, rugs as well as wallpaper and the bed and curtain fabrics are also from Ralph Lauren.



AMERICAN FRONTIERS

Thomas Hart Benton and his pupil Jackson Pollock extended the boundaries of modern art

By DEBORAH SOLOMON







Benton's *The Hailstorm*, 1940, and a detail, right, from *Number 14: Gray*, 1948, by his pupil Jackson Pollock both incorporate swirling rhythms.

Thomas Hart Benton is the sort of artist hipsters like to make fun of. Like a character out of a Western, he was gruff, patriotic, idealistic. He wore boots and chewed tobacco. He believed in good guys and bad guys. Cézanne, as he saw it, was a bad guy, and so was just about anyone else who attempted to tamper with the golden truths that had governed painting since the Renaissance. A sworn enemy of abstract art, he spent his life turning out pictures of cotton pickers and wheat threshers intended to appeal to the average man. His goal was to create a native art movement that could rival the grand old traditions of Europe, and it never seemed to occur to him that art—or at least good art—transcends geography.

Benton was a self-styled square, a whiskey-drinking goof who once said he wanted his art to be as important to the public as the funny papers. And he was also one of the most winning artists this country has ever produced. There's something irresistibly pop about his Ozark hinterlands, where skies are always blue, crops are abundant, and farmers are forever engaged in fruitful activity. To be sure, Benton turned America into caricature, but what makes him so great is that he did it with passion. He painted hicks in the style of the old masters; his best compositions, done in the 1930s, have a marvelous swirling energy that owes quite a bit to Baroque art. Benton had a lot of foolish ideas, but they couldn't ruin him as a painter.

This year marks the artist's centennial, and the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City has put together a big boasting retrospective to honor its native son. The exhibition—on view through June 18 before heading off to Detroit, New York, and Los



The painted screen, right, dates from 1925–26, before Benton turned against abstraction. From the 1930s on, the artist claimed to hate nonrepresentational painting, including the work of Pollock, such as, opposite bottom, the scroll-like *Number 2, 1949* (oil, enamel, and aluminum paint on dyed fabric, 38″ x 189½″).

Benton's frontier was a literal place. Pollock's evoked the pioneer experience

Angeles—won't redefine Benton as a hero of Postmodernism, but it does put us in touch with a memorable moment in American art. Benton came of age against the gray backdrop of the Great Depression, when painting took the form of social activism. The key word was "cause," and everyone had one. Benton's was Regionalism, and he championed it in paintings and public murals that remain a testimony to the utopian strivings of the age.

Although he always called himself a realist, his painter's eye was curiously blind to the most compelling sights of his time. Apple peddlers, soup kitchens—he treated these as if they didn't exist. His vision harked back to a halcyon time when the American dream had not yet been corroded by poverty and other city ills. Lovers strolling the countryside hand in hand, an engineer dreaming of a chugging train, people kicking up their heels at a hootenanny—these are the sort of images he favored, and he rendered them in broad sweeping rhythms intended to echo the upbeat spirit of his subject matter. Today his work seems highly stylized. It has the slicked-up folksiness of country and western music. Of all the artists he came of age with, Benton crooned the loudest.

The Benton exhibition is likely to be a hit in Kansas City, where the artist is as legendary as Daniel Boone, but there's no predicting how the show will fare at the trendy Whitney Museum in New York this fall. The East Coast art establishment tends to regard Benton as memorable for one reason only: he was the teacher of Jackson Pollock. How strange, it is often said, that Pollock not only studied with Benton but for years painted in a Regionalist style, the implication being that even geniuses make mistakes. Benton and Pollock have more in common than is generally acknowledged. Some critics see a connection between Benton's looping rhythms and Pollock's drips, but what really unites them is attitude. Benton instilled in Pollock a desire to free American art from its long subservience to European tradition, and both men in a way were painters of the American frontier. Benton's frontier was a literal place of swirling skies and hillbillies. Pollock's frontier was an imaginary place where tossed and flung ribbons of paint evoke the pioneer experience at its most profound.

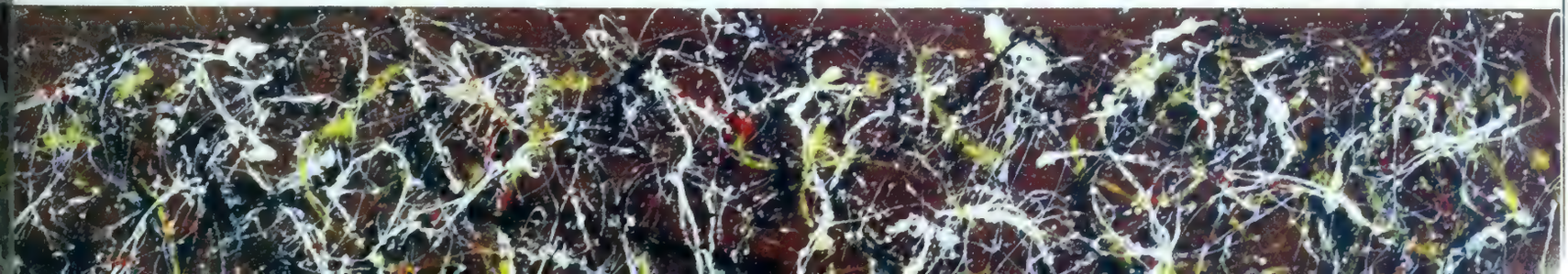
Among the many ironies of Benton's career is that the student whose talents he described as "most minimal" eventually achieved exactly what Benton had sought for himself: Pollock invented an American painting style. Benton, of course, never did. For all his talk about being a Regionalist, he was, in the end, a belated Mannerist who draped the bony figures of El Greco in farmer's overalls and continued the traditions of the past. Benton's mistake was to believe he could revolutionize American painting on the basis of subject matter, as opposed to style. But don't hold his ideas against him—or you might miss seeing that beneath the pop corniness of his art lie a few hot kernels of great paint. ▲







Benton's *Self-Portrait with Rita,* top, shows him with his wife on Martha's Vineyard. It was painted in 1922, the year they married. His *Ballad of the Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley,* 1934, above right, inspired by country music, includes a portrait of Pollock playing the Jew's harp; the portrait is based on the pencil sketch, above left.



FAMILY TIES

Three generations have left their mark on a Vermont lodge designed by the family patriarch

By CHIP BROWN
Photographs by LANGDON CLAY

When a couple of his kids came down with a reaction to the smallpox vaccine in 1923, Sherley Warner Morgan went hunting for a place where his family might beat the fevers of the summer heat. Morgan, who became the director of the Princeton University School of Architecture, tried Connecticut, but it wasn't cool enough. He scouted a potential haven in Vermont, but it had more than a quorum of Princeton faculty members, and that wasn't his idea of summer vacation.

Finally, a spot in Vermont's southern Green Mountains caught his eye: thirty acres on a knoll drained by a little brook with handsome stands of white birch and tonic views reaching north and east across the valley. The only trace of the nearby town was a church steeple above the trees.

He found a builder who looked over the site in 1926. In the winter, he picked out the birch trees that would become the columns and the rafters in the dining room. The following summer the



The front of Birchbrook showing the exterior cedar studs and the overhanging roof. The wood is stained red. On the Fourth of July the family flies Betsy Ross's thirteen-star flag.





There is an air of changelessness here, a sense of ritual

work began in earnest. Morgan, the architect of the Squibb building in Brooklyn, had drawn up the plans himself: he envisioned a fourteen-room T-shaped summer house with 101 windows and eight fieldstone fireplaces. It would only be one board thick—no insulation. All the plumbing would be above ground. For the living room he planned to amalgamate two eighteenth-century barns. Hearthstones were unearthed from the property; birch and cedar trim was cut and planed on the site.

And so, Birchbrook, as the house was inevitably named, took shape on a stony ledge. Morgan referred to the place as a camp, and he liked to say it wasn't built to last more than fifty years. Most of the family thought he wanted to absolve himself in case the roof fell in. One roof beam was replaced in 1960. Otherwise, time has dared to contradict the director of Princeton's architecture school. Last season, 61 years and three generations later, Sherley Warner Morgan's children's children's children romped about his camp.

As with all the best things of summer, there is an air of changelessness about the place, a sense of eternal rituals. Birchbrook is a kind of rustic shrine to the gods of indolence, restoration, and retreat, a place to capitalize on the replenishing powers of nature, to tune in the cicadas and watch the busy wind. It was inaugurated in 1928, and decade after decade with the comforting regularity of the summer itself, the doors of the house have been thrown open. Each June the family returns and breathes in the scent of cedar and woodsmoke—and mothballs as trunks full of rugs are unpacked. The newest members may peer up at the moose head as a fire is lit to take the chill from the air. There is always a bat or two to flush out. And then comes the serious labor of summer which lasts through September—sitting on the rock where your father or grandfather once sat, communing with the valley, plunging into the pond, knocking a croquet ball on the lawn under stands of birch dating back nearly to the Civil War. There are horses to ride on the trails that Morgan himself blazed along the mountain flank.

Sometimes the thunderstorms blow down the valley, and you can sit as your grandmother did by the window, watching the sky, listening to the patter and rapping on the roof. "When it rains, it's like being inside a drum," says one of Morgan's grandsons.

Most of all at Birchbrook there is a feeling of harmony with nature. The house was built in the "noble-savage-Adirondack-lodge tradition," says Morgan's grandson. It is almost an homage to the landscape—the birch columns and rafters and cedar studs still wear their bark. The site was scrupulously laid out to enhance the views and preserve the stands of birch. When the wind comes through, the windows make a marvelous squeak, swaying in the clutch of their hooks and eyes, and the old house creaks—like a wooden ship, like the forest. "Papa wanted to build something that would blend in with the countryside," recalls his daughter, now the matriarch of the family.

Birchbrook realized a number of design ideas that were novel in their time. There



The living room, right, built from two 18th-century barns, has bright birch floors and curtainless windows. It is 45 feet long and two stories high. The silk Japanese lanterns hanging from the oak rafters are three feet across, and the kilim was collected on one of Sherley Warner Morgan's sabbatical trips abroad. In 1940 he went around the world. Above left: An iron chair by a bay window.







are echoes of a Swiss chalet. The notched balustrades are picked out in sage green, brilliant yellow and blue, and Chinese red. And long before it was chic to renovate barns, Morgan bought a couple of barns in a nearby village to create the living room. The entire house was stained a dark red, and to balance the barny darkness of the roof and walls, Morgan laid a floor of bright birch planks and punched out large curtainless windows. The end of the living room originally had a tremendous picture window—"People used to gasp at the view." When a neighbor planted three pines and blocked the prospect, the family moved the window to another side of the

Forked birch columns support birch rafters in the dining room, opposite and above. The casement windows on either side of the room are opened in the afternoon to catch cross breezes. Left: A view of the back lawn, including some of the magnificent birch trees and a peak in the Green Mountains.







A detail of the balcony balustrade, above. Right: The book-lined back wall of the living room and the balcony above on which many of the family's improvisational skits were performed. The newel post is a totem pole carved by an itinerant preacher. Below: One of eight bedrooms in the house.



house. Morgan's design dispensed with gutters—the large overhang of the roof keeps the rain out even on a windy day.

Morgan and his wife traveled widely and brought back many of the furnishings in the house—lanterns from Japan, rugs from Turkey and Egypt. An itinerant Alaskan preacher carved the totem pole that Morgan installed as the newel post at the foot of the staircase. Everybody always dressed for dinner, and the dining room was always full of worldly guests, once including the ambassador to Hungary. Sometimes there was dancing afterward to the music of a band hired from one of the local hotels. Some of the older members of the family remember a way of life that is largely gone now—the time before television.

"It was a very pleasant way of life," recalls the architect's daughter. "People got their entertainment from each other." ♠

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

A view of another upstairs bedroom, seen through its cedar-trimmed doorway, shows the exposed roof construction.





Robert Rosenblum and Jane Kaplowitz in front of a late self-portrait by Andy Warhol. Opposite: Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Venus and Cupid* hangs to the left of the staircase. Details see Resources.

AN EDUCATED PALETTE

By JOHN RUSSELL *Photographs by* OBERTO GILI



Robert Rosenblum and Jane Kaplowitz use color to compose a vibrant domestic still life

Love me, love my loft'' was the siren song of the 1970s in downtown Manhattan, and many there were who heard it and obeyed. To live in a space that was never meant to be lived in was almost everyone's ambition. And with time, money, and perseverance almost everyone achieved it. For them no space could be too misshapen, too ill adapted, too contrary to our instinctive liking for privacy, proportion, and a sense of sweet enclosure.

I myself would date to the year 1979 the first countermove in this regard. It was in that year that Robert Rosenblum, art historian, and his young wife, Jane Kaplowitz, painter, moved into an open-plan loft in a development not far from Washington Square. It is a large development, somewhat collegiate in tone, with courtyards and grilles onto the street and a generally monastic air that is doubtless deceptive.

Both Rosenblums were then, and are now, amused and all-seeing observers of the here and now in matters of art, decoration, costume, and companionship. An open loft might have seemed to be just the thing for them. But what they did, forthwith, was to reverse a virtually universal trend by turning their space into the likeness of an unreconstructed old-fashioned house with an upstairs and a downstairs, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen. ''Palladianization'' is one of the words that the Rosenblums use for this metamorphosis. But, as with a great deal of what they say, we have to shuck off the irony in that remark, the way we shuck off the shell to get at an oyster. Besides, they say, ''you need walls for paintings.''

But more to the point is that neither they nor their possessions would thrive in spatial odds and ends. As foster children of London, a city in which they spend much of the summer, they respond to the archetypal London row house with its unpretentious spaces, its narrow staircase, and its coffin-shaped rooms. It has often struck me that visitors from London look very happy at the Rosenblums'.

For that matter, everyone looks happy at the Rosenblums'. From the moment that he leads the way toward the living room with a brisk, short-stepped, somewhat rolling gait and from the moment that she





Jane Kaplowitz's *Matisse, Laura Ashley, and Chair,* 1987, above. Left: In the staircase, a detail of a painting after Picasso by Mike Bidlo. Below left: Theodore Rosenblum before *Society & Domestic Tea Screen,* 1985, by McDermott and McGough. Below: Sophie Rosenblum in the act (perfected by Marcel Duchamp) of descending the staircase.





appears in a costume that, though sui generis on all occasions, is never affected or perverse, all care is cast aside. So are prejudice, ill humor, and pretension. People are never invited to the Rosenblums' because they are "important" or "useful" or "prestigious." Of one artist-friend of whom they think very highly, they said, "He's very downwardly mobile. No ambition at all."

Once inside, we realize that although it would be hard to think of a more endearing interior, nothing in the house is there to impress. As Robert Rosenblum first made his name as a revisionist authority on eighteenth-century painting, we are not surprised when one of the first things that we come upon is a subject painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are not, however, expected to pause in admiration. "Venus and Cupid," our host will say in passing, "the happiest of all couples."

And as he is the author of a no-less-revisionist study of nineteenth-century painting, we are equally unsurprised to hear that a painting not far away was shown in the Paris Salon of 1819. Learned ears are cocked at the news, and learned eyes brought into focus. But, once again, no holy hush is demanded. The artist's name is forthcoming, on demand, but not one visitor in a thousand has ever heard of it. The image, likewise, is unfamiliar. "*The Last Communion of Marie-Antoinette,*" says our host, who is far too polite to remark upon our ignorance.

As Robert Rosenblum is also an authority on Picasso, particularly on the small print on the fragments of newspaper that went into his papiers collés, hopes of seeing one of them sometimes run fast and free. But even those who are momentarily

deceived by what seems to be a painting by Picasso on the staircase are reminded that this is in reality one of the impudent pastiches of Picasso which a young painter called Mike Bidlo showed not so long ago. "Everything in this house is by Mike Bidlo," the householder has been known to say, if provoked.

In no sense, therefore, is this a conformist interior. Shape and color have a life of their own on the staircase. There are welcoming sofas, generously plumped out, but there is also a fine example of Adirondack twig furniture as well as a small-scale log cabin at the top of a pole that was made by an anonymous craftsman in the 1940s. One of the windows in the cabin lights up on request. "You can see Abraham Lincoln reading there," says our host. The coffee set was made by a Czech refugee in Sydney, Australia, and brought back not long ago.

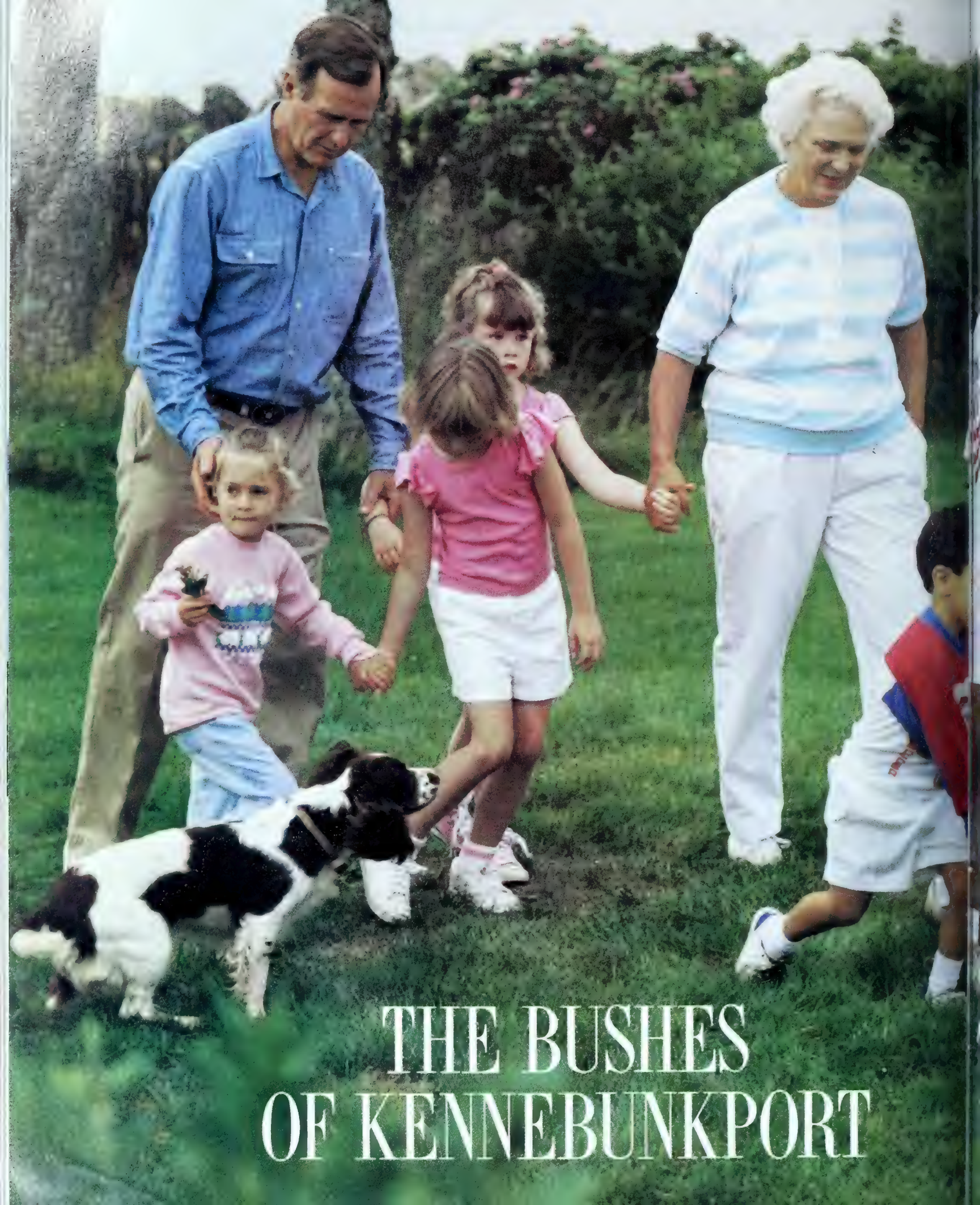
"Of course," Robert Rosenblum says, "this is the most historicizing moment in the history of the world. We can't wait for something to be ten years old so that we can place it in history." Fired up by that concept, the visitor may decide that a historical reference must be found even for their children, Sophie and Theodore, and for their nearly adopted pet, a friend's King Charles spaniel. (We may also remember that perhaps the most original art book published last fall was Robert Rosenblum's *The Dog in Art from Rococo to Postmodernism.*)

What the visitor will most probably not be shown are the paintings of Jane Kaplowitz. Yet they, too, represent historicization in its wittiest and most mischievous aspect, made up as they are of art historical references recombined and unpredictably mated. In one of them, the seated figure from Matisse's great *Music*, now in the Hermitage in Leningrad, is brought home from the bald mountaintop on which Matisse left him and put side by side with an armchair upholstered in fabric by Laura Ashley.

In both Jane and Robert Rosenblum a visitor will at once detect a complete freedom from prejudice in what passes elsewhere for "taste." Hierarchies long taken for granted are not so much discarded as erased. (A great favorite with them is their painting by Robert Colescott. *Eat dem Taters!* is its *(Text continued on page 172)*

The living room, above, with a Roy Lichtenstein landscape, a log cabin on a pole by an anonymous craftsman, and an Adirondack étagère. Below: *David Hockney's Fireplace*, 1979, by Jane Kaplowitz.





THE BUSHES OF KENNEBUNKPORT



In 1945, when Barbara Pierce married George Bush, she also married into Maine. She now tells Dodie Kazanjian about the family's summers on Walker's Point

Our way of life in Kennebunkport is very informal. The difference between Washington and Maine is night and day. I play tennis, garden, and plot and plan everyone's day. I try to see that one and all are included in some activity. Every day is different, although I do have certain rules posted on the doors which no one really keeps: ''Picnics should be planned early for the beach''; ''Please pick up wet towels and use them twice''; ''Please be down for breakfast between seven and nine or no breakfast.'' All rules are broken constantly.

We spend as much time in Kennebunkport as possible. From Memorial Day on, we go there as many weekends as we can. In August we try to have all our children visit at the same time. It's a tight fit, but we can do it—23 strong! We have only three heated rooms in the winter—one of which is our bedroom—but we do get there for Thanksgiving and even the occasional winter weekend.

We bought the house from George's aunt in 1980 to keep it in the family. It came with a name—Surf Ledge—although the whole place is commonly called Walker's Point. George's family had always gone to Maine: both his grandfather and his great-grandfather built houses on Walker's Point at the turn of the century; his mother was born there and still owns a house, The Bungalow, on Walker's Point; his cousin owns two acres—so we do not own the whole point.

The decor of the house is hodgepodge—three houses of furniture put in one, no antiques, fifteen-year-old slipcovers—a house grandchildren are more than welcome in. There are six bedrooms and six baths in the main house plus a girls' dormitory. My favorite room is the end

Barbara and George Bush out for a walk with seven of their eleven grandchildren and Millie, their English springer spaniel, at Walker's Point.









TOP: ROY FRIEDMAN/BLACK STAR. CENTER: DAVID VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE. LEFT: CHRISTOPHER LITTLE. RIGHT: DAVID VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE

Barbara Bush spends as much time as possible working in her garden, right. At Walker's Point the president often goes fishing, left, and takes the grandchildren for a ride, above. Above left: Surf Ledge, where the Bushes summer.



room, painted aqua as it was in George's grandmother's time, with a large fireplace, latticework on the walls, and water on three sides. We're on eleven acres, rocky, a peninsula. I am trying to re-green Walker's Point.

The garden is where the old garden was. I spend hours in it—therapy. I have many perennials but I also have annuals. There is a cutting garden, so I can have flowers for the house. I mix my garden flowers with wonderful wildflowers and have big loose arrangements. My favorites are hard to say, but certainly lilies, gardenias, daisies of all varieties, phlox, and delphiniums.

The day starts with coffee in bed at six—children and grandchildren drift on down. They all have breakfast at the dining room table, and there's a choice of pancakes or muffins, depending on the day. Many of us go our separate ways—boating, swimming, softball, tennis, horseshoes, and golf. Many ages play together.

I am trying to re-green Walker



int. Hours in the garden are like therapy





Barbara Bush, left, with grandson Pierce. Right: The Bush boys get a chance to read the morning paper while Ganny and Gampy entertain the grandchildren on their bed. In August the Bushes try to have all their children visit Kennebunkport at the same time. It's a tight fit with 23 around the house.

It's a hodgepodge—

a house grandchildren

are more than welcome in

Lunch, usually on the deck, is a big pot of soup—clam chowder, corn chowder, zucchini—with sandwiches or salad. The children eat dinner early, but the two older grandchildren usually eat with us. I do not cook these days. Most of our meals are cooked on the grill, swordfish being my favorite and lobster a close second. We usually have a clear soup served in mugs in the living room. A favorite dessert is ice cream with Paula Rendon's butterscotch sauce—she's been with us for years. We entertain a lot on four round tables of ten—big family dinners and get-togethers mixing childhood friends with foreign friends or just out-of-town guests.

I'm not big on games after dinner, but I keep a jigsaw puzzle going. Bedtime varies, people go at different hours. George and I crawl into bed—happy and very tired—at nine thirty and read for a bit before turning off the light. ▲





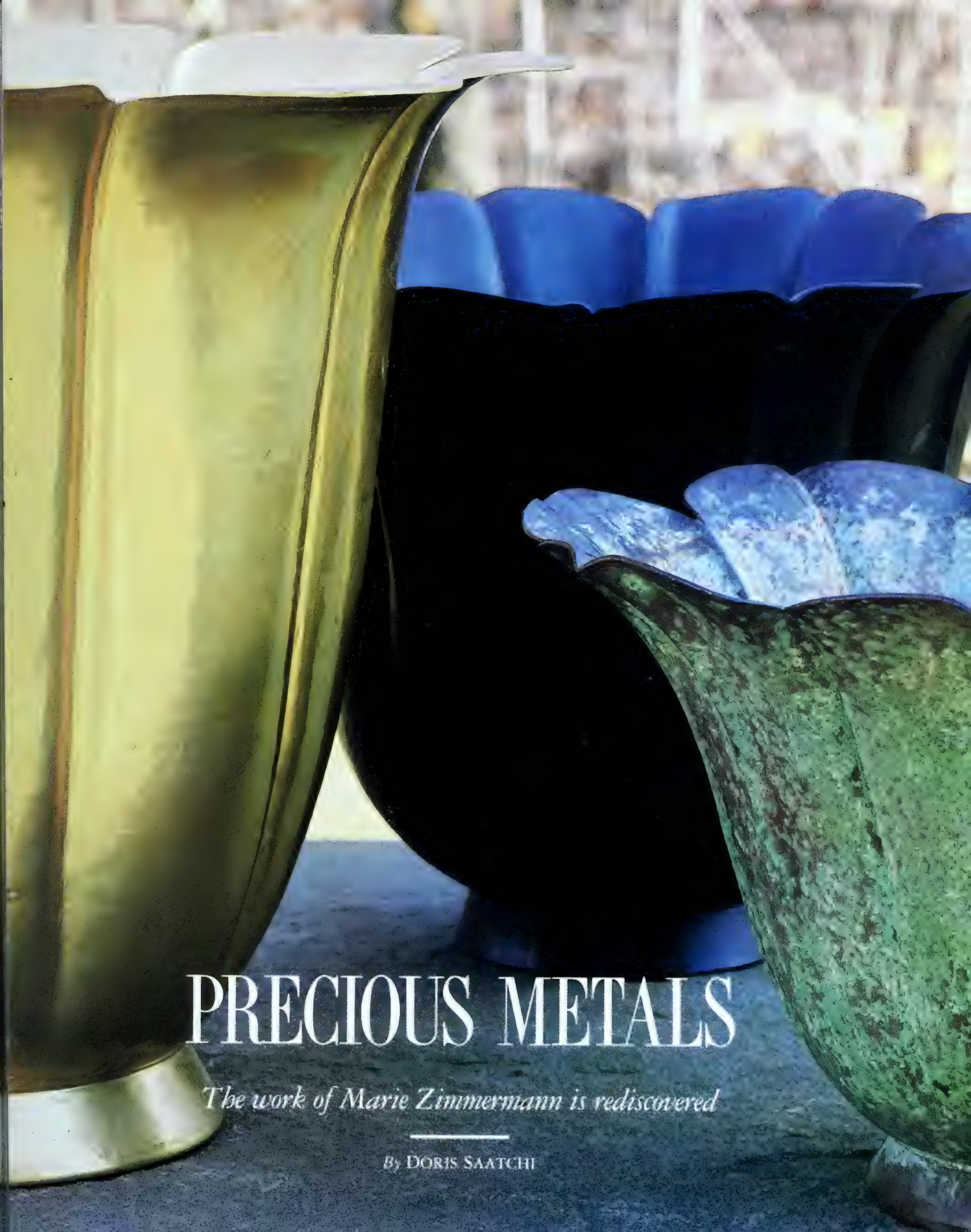


CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

Four generations of Bushes—George's mother, Dorothy Bush, with her dog, P.D., George, Barbara with Millie, and the Bushes' daughter Doro with her daughter Ellie, left inset. Right inset: The president, with his sons, loves playing horseshoes so much that he just installed a horseshoe pit on the White House grounds.



During her heyday in the 1920s, metalworker Marie Zimmermann catered to a clientele of Astors and Vanderbilts. Right: Two of her handwrought silver designs, including the covered pitcher that sat on her own table. Opposite: Three floral-form copper vases bearing Zimmermann's trademark richly colored finishes.



PRECIOUS METALS

The work of Marie Zimmermann is rediscovered

By Doris Saatchi



Critics heralded Marie Zimmermann as a "female Cellini" and the "last of the great craftsmen"

On coming of age at the turn of this century, most daughters of prosperous and distinguished parents settled more or less happily for a married matron's life. With the full support of her Swiss-born parents, Marie Zimmermann chose a career instead. But when it turned out to be metalworking, her father refused to speak to her for almost a year. By the time Pater Zimmermann simmered down, his thoroughly modern Marie had studied drawing, painting, sculpture, and chemistry and in 1901 joined Manhattan's National Arts Club, where she later set up a workshop.

With characteristic determination she strove to overcome the disadvantages of her privileged background and establish herself first and foremost as a hardworking artisan. Proclaiming that "it isn't so much what you are as what you produce," Zimmermann embarked on an energetic production of beautiful objects from stained-glass windows in the manner of Louis Comfort Tiffany to Egyptian-inspired settees. But it was when she discovered the wide-ranging possibilities of designing in metal that she found her true métier. Standing over a modern gas-jet version of the smithy's flame in her favorite blue gingham apron, she hammered, welded, and twisted copper, silver, gold, bronze, and iron into bowls, vases, candlesticks, bracelets, cigarette boxes, even massive garden gates and tiny riding spurs.

Guided by her love of the countryside and Goethe's view of the essential unity of art and nature, she interpreted naturalistic motifs in an astonishing array of materials.





Zimmermann used petals, leaves, and scrolling stems to form a trio of fanciful gold-plated copper vases. Opposite: The artist, c. 1910, smocked and holding one of her metal bowls.



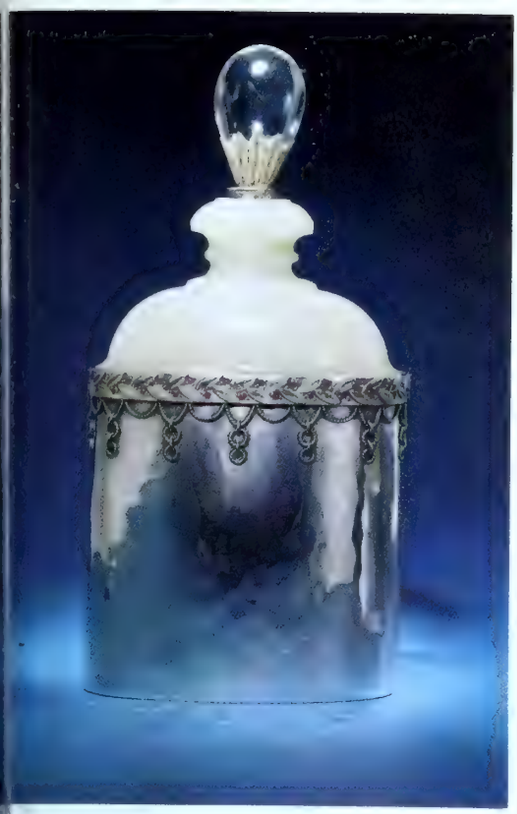
When light shines on the ivory and silver box, left, decorated with pearls and semiprecious stones, it reveals four vibrant Persian miniatures lining the interior. Below: A pair of coral beaded bracelets fitted with dragon's heads of silver and enamel.



ANDREW GARN

One moment Zimmermann used ancient techniques, the next she combined stainless steel with gold





In 1922 the Metropolitan Museum of Art purchased Zimmermann's flask-shaped box of silver and white jade embellished with a crystal finial and garlands of gold and rubies.

There were berries wrought, cast, and carved out of gemstones; silver leaves; bronze water lilies; twining vines of iron; and copper lotus petals. Her way of working metals was both serious and irreverent. One moment she would use ancient techniques, such as lost-wax casting to create a jewel-encrusted dagger that looks as if it were once worn by a Florentine nobleman. Then, for a carving set, she combined stainless steel with gold, years before anyone else thought—or dared—to do it.

"A metal in itself is neither base nor precious," she asserted. "It is our treatment of it that places it either in a glass case or in our kitchen closet." Zimmermann's own treatment always combined spontaneity and guile. Once she achieved a satisfying form, she often disguised the material from which it was wrought by gilding, plating, or painting it with a patina. For her favorite lotus petal bowls and vases, she brushed on black blue, verdigris, Chinese red, and terra-cotta patinas, producing highly textured, painterly surfaces.

Such a freewheeling approach to the possibilities of material, form, and color could produce a watchcase deemed by an unknowing expert at the time to be a hundred years old; a thin-lipped flaring silver bowl heralding the spare Modernist pieces of the Art Deco period; and a vanity box bearing such an unlikely combination of antique cameo and garishly colored semiprecious stones that it would not look out of place in the most au courant contemporary art gallery.

Maverick as Zimmermann's work might be, it appealed to the rich and famous of her day. There were commissions for mausoleum doors in Chicago, gates for imposing Long Island estates, commemorative silver bowls, fountains for town house gardens, necklaces for gala balls. Throughout the twenties and thirties her work was shown in leading museums and galleries in Chicago, Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia. Articles by and about her appeared in *The New York Times, Arts & Decoration,* and House & Garden. Critics heralded her as a "female Cellini" and the "last of the great craftsmen."

Just as her work could never be categorized, *(Text continued on page 170)*

TOP RIGHT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, PURCHASE, EDWARD C MOORE JR. GIFT, 1922 BOTTOM COURTESY HIRSCHL & ADLER GALLERIES



Zimmermann applied a secret technique to achieve the midnight blue patina of this Chinese-inspired lobed copper bowl.

ABOVE IT ALL

A glamorous Manhattan triplex is a study in superlatives

By JAMES REGINATO
Photographs by MICHAEL MUNDY

Jeremy and Friederike Biggs dwell not just at the height of Park Avenue splendor but at the heights: their triplex penthouse spans floors 16, 17, and 18. It's quite likely, however, that the couple would never have arrived at this summit had it not been for the terrace.

They explain. Just a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Biggs—he an investment manager, she a decorator—were comfortably sheltered in a perfectly nice apartment just down the avenue. Weekends they retreated to Fire Island. Everything was fine, except that when spring came, they longed to step outside into a garden. A search for property in Connecticut was proposed, but the pair began to have second thoughts, namely, according to Friederike Kemp Biggs, "Who's going to want to get in a car and drive every weekend?" They ruminated on this until the solution arrived. She recalls: "Finally one morning I said, 'What about a penthouse?' " He had to agree—it made

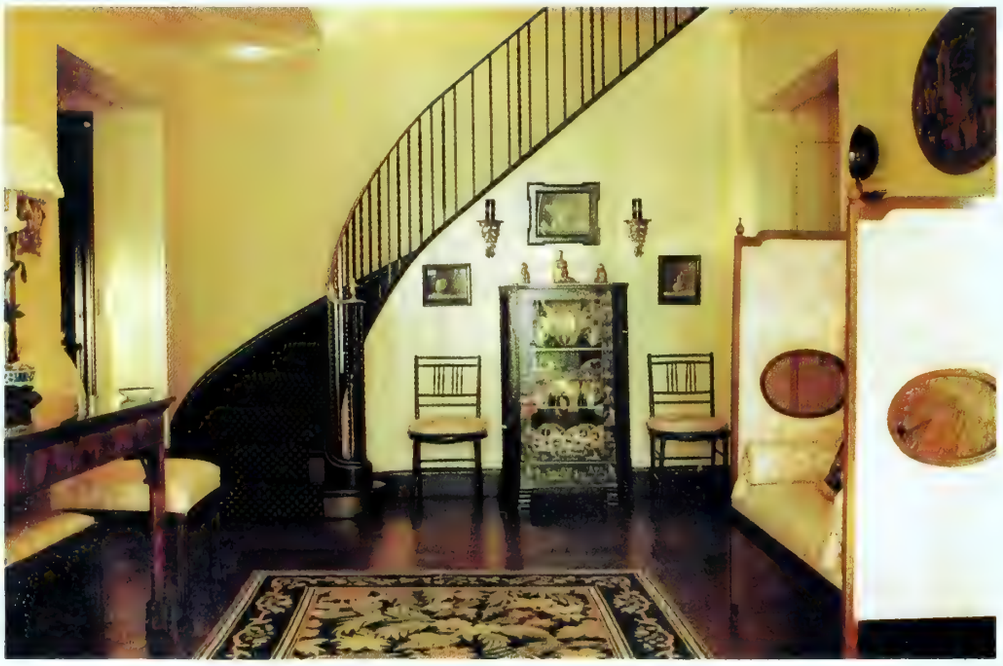


For the living room of Jeremy and Friederike Biggs's Park Avenue penthouse, pale peach was chosen to flatter the couple's collection of Japanese and Chinese antiques. Curtains and caned Régence armchairs in Clarence House silks; sofa in Volnay Texture from Brunschwig & Fils. The needlepoint carpet is from Rosecore. Details see Resources.





The Biggses' triplex features most of the contents of their previous apartment, "shuffled around" along color lines



Living room niches, top, display some of Friederike Kemp Biggs's Oriental lacquerware and paintings in the Dutch floral style. The large Japanese screen depicts court ladies engaged in a "flower battle," for the amusement of the empress. Above: An antique courting bench covered in Brunschwig's Harrow damask dominates the hand-painted entrance hall. Opposite: A bathroom was transformed into a book room, which houses Jeremy Biggs's collection of Winston Churchill memorabilia. Shutters are faux bookshelves.

sense. Since they only too rarely get to escape the city, thanks to their jobs, why not buy a wonderful terraced apartment? There they could satisfy nearly every horticultural longing. What's more, they could relax without leaving home.

But when the real estate agent called to tell them about this penthouse, they laughed. They had seen the place—the children of its former owners were schoolmates of the elder of the Biggses' two boys—and they knew it was extravagant.

A year passed. After another penthouse was found and lost while he was locked in jury duty, the triplex was still on the market. They took another look. They discovered that nearly every one of the thirteen rooms opens onto its own terrace. Sold.

While the apartment's bones, according to its chatelaine, were undeniably good, the place needed an overhaul and, of course, redecoration. The Biggses took possession one day in October 1986 and started tearing it apart that morning. They departed for Bermuda that weekend, but they could hide out for only so long.

"For a year and a half," she remembers, "he kissed me good-bye at seven thirty and left me with ten men." Jeremy Biggs, for his part, faltered on no occasion. "I would never have bought it if I didn't have a very high degree of confidence in my wife's ability to fix it up," he explains.

But camping out in one room on the top floor for most of this period was no month in the country. He pulled through by imagining that decorating must be like childbirth. "After it's over, you'll forget the pain," he reasoned. Still, there were dark days—days when it appeared as though they were providing a "nice warm place for ten men to play their radios."

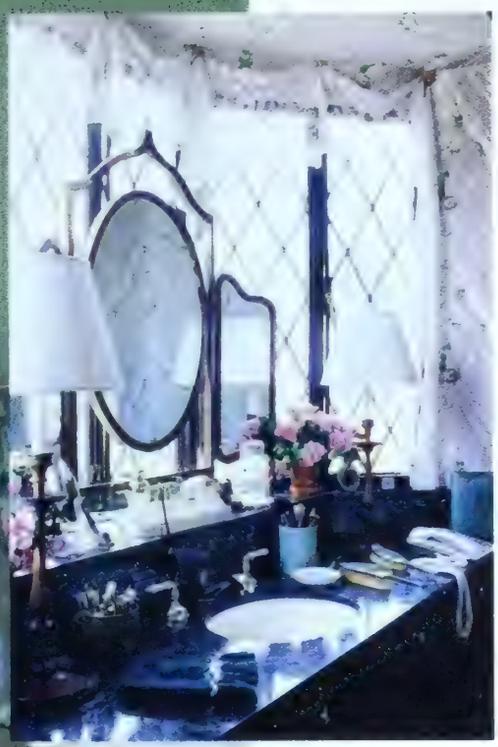
The couple developed some helpful rules of thumb: if workmen say a job will take four months, figure eight. The process was not speeded up because Friederike Biggs was decorating for herself. On the contrary—when she found a really good craftsman, he would invariably be dispatched to one of her clients.

Situated as it is on the roof of a prewar building designed by Rosario Candela, architect of such other Park Avenue beauties as number 740, the triplex was a warren of apparently insurmountable and undisguisable obstacles: obtrusive shutoff valves and unroutable ducts, among


THIS IS AUSTRALIA
THE HOUSE BOOK



others. But the decorator triumphed over them all. Antique birdcages offer marvelous camouflage for valves, and mirrors do wonders for ducts.



Although the apartment is nothing if not capacious, many spaces weren't exactly of the right proportions. So one bathroom off the library now serves as a book room; a closet became a bar; the axis panel for the Jacuzzi protrudes into a hallway, though it's cleverly concealed by a Regency panel.

When designing for herself, she operates under a handicap: "I'm not as free to throw it all out." When working for clients, though, her approach is not so different. "I say, 'Let's see what you have, what we can do with it.' I'm always working around somebody's grandmother's trunk," notes Friederike Biggs, who describes herself as a "soft traditionalist" and whose recent projects have included not only residences and offices but also banquet rooms at New York's Harvard Club, elaborate curtains for a period *(Text continued on page 171)*

Magique swag border and Winfield chintz, both from Cowtan & Tout, and a handmade needlepoint rug enliven the top-floor master bedroom, left. Curtains and sofa feature Carleton V's Stissing. Below: Antique botanical prints decorate bedroom walls; carpeting is Rosecore's Petite Fleur. Above: Cowtan & Tout's Barroco lace and Brunschwig's Roses Pompon wallpaper adorn the bathroom.







Friederike Kemp Biggs, top, in her office—"my padded cell," as she calls it. Above: In the dining room she retained the original chinoiserie paneling and covered the wing chairs in Coromandel from Clarence House. Right: The breakfast area has decoratively hand-painted walls and cabinets. The banquette and cushions are in Brunschwig's Howqua's Garden.



SAMPLES

Making an Entrance

Dressed-up doors add a dramatic presence to any room

By Dana Cowin

The fate of the door in America has been a curious one,'' wrote Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr. in *The Decoration of Houses,* asserting there is ''relentless animosity'' directed toward that humble feature of the house. And it's true: doors have often been disguised—tucked into walls, blended into rooms—or left out altogether. On these pages doors come into their own, drawing attention away from gussied-up windows, domineering fireplaces, and highly decorated mantelpieces and toward a worthy doorknob or a brightly trimmed panel. With a few well-considered accoutrements, doors can be the deserving focus of any room. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray





Schumacher's Centennial Bouquet draws attention to the half-hidden door, left. The portière is suspended from pole tipped with Clare Mosley's gilded spearhead and flight finials. Mezzotints by J. J. Haid from Ursus Prints, NYC, grace the walls, covered in Cowtan & Tout's Chevalier Stripe. Rug is from Braganza, NYC; urn from Kogan & Co., NYC. Above: Gilt acanthus leaf tieback from Christopher Hyland, NYC. Below: Louis XV–style door handle and escutcheon from P. E. Guerin, NYC, adds an elegant touch. Details see Resources.





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SOURCES



Grey Watkins's bold fabric La Gloire de la Mer sets the tone for this sea-life extravaganza, right. A row of real shells is beached on the chair rail and door. Sea horse chair is from Florentine Craftsmen, NYC. Striped fabric from Laura Ashley. Above: A metal shell from P. E. Guerin serves as the doorknob.



Classical composition, left, with Italian bamboo chairs from L'Aquitaine Interiors, NYC. Brackets crowned with covered jars from Limited Editions, NYC, are posted on either side. The roughness of Brunschwig & Fils' Potomac linen check on cushions is balanced by Manuel Canovas's luxurious Bei Jing on the walls. The sapphire color, prominent in the background, is echoed on the door, highlighted with a milky blue. Right: Brackets from Ballard Designs, Atlanta, are painted to match the fabric.



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SOURCES

SAMPLES

Fruits of the Loom

The time is ripe for wovens with fruit motifs

By Eric A. Berthold

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, fruits from apricots to pineapples, valued for their symbolic importance, were glorified in old masters' still lifes and tapestries. The pineapple, for example, was a sign of hospitality; the pomegranate represented fertility because of its many seeds. Today fruit continues to be an alluring subject for weavers, and they are bursting forth in a delicious array of colors and textures. Combined here is a patchwork of two dozen different fabrics: Clarence House's line of richly toned grapes in bold lightweight-cotton prints suggests the look of a Tuscan vineyard; Frutteto from Stroheim & Romann boasts a thick tapestry-like weave with flowering citrus; and, on sturdy canvas, giant tangy lemons and pomegranates, which seem seasoned by the Mediterranean sun, are newly imported from Italy. Ready for picking, this bumper crop of fruit adds flavor to any room. ♠



Fabric houses are harvesting a record crop of fruit this summer—from apricots to pineapples. Details see Resources.

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An antique Indian painted dowry box, above, from Lexington Gardens.

FORECASTS

Tulipomania

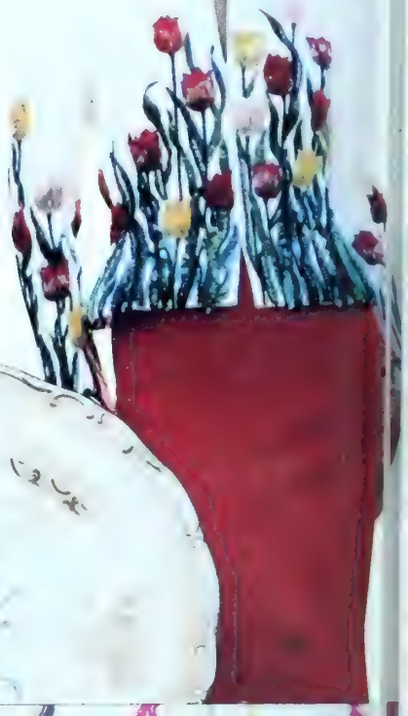
The flower takes root everywhere—
from fabrics to fashion
By Dana Cowin



The tulip, a Turkish contribution to horticulture, was once the most exalted of flowers. Seventeenth-century kings and noblemen paid the equivalent of thousands of dollars for a single bulb, and greedy Dutchmen imperiled their full-blown economy by trading tulips that only existed on paper. Inspired by tulipomania, craftsmen captured its likeness on wood, pottery, silver and created forms, such as delft tulipières, to flaunt each stem's beauty. The flamboyant bloom, whose appeal has been buttressed by time, is now cropping up everywhere—on jackets, furniture, plates, and fabrics. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray









Oscar de la Renta's spring jacket, above right, abloom with tulips. Above: Delicate gilt-edged plate. Right: Exotic-looking parrot tulips on Cynthia Gibson's fabric. Details see Resources.



Tulipière, left, modeled after 17th-century original, and, right, cup and saucer copied from 18th-century faience sketchbooks, both from Mottahedeh. Above: Armchair, Florentine Craftsmen.



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ARCHITECTURE
Page 28 Wooden dining table, by Paul Fortune, $2,500, armchairs, $1,200 ea (incl pillows not shown), from Paul Fortune, Los Angeles (213) 652-2771. Painted Italian wooden bowl, $210, to order at Wilder Place, Los Angeles (213) 655-9072. California pottery bowl, vase, candlestick, c. 1930s, at Buddy's, Los Angeles (213) 939-2419. Pillows, $95–$250 ea, wool blankets, $375–$550 ea, at Territory, Los Angeles (213) 937-4006. Paddle armchairs, $412.50 ea, suntanning bench, $525, at Umbrello, Los Angeles, Santa Fe, NYC.

FOOD
Page 54 Wicker picnic basket, $325, by Frank McIntosh, at Henri Bendel, NYC (212) 492-1681. Aubusson pillows, $1,200–$2,400 ea, bread knife with ivory handle, $225, woven silver baskets, c. 1865, $450–$1,250 ea, needlepoint rug, $3,800, at Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122.

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Pages 84–90 All wooden furniture, custom-designed by Geoffrey Rigby-Leather, to the trade to order from Geoffrey Rigby-Leather, Block Island (401) 466-2391. Pastry catering, by Ela's Pâtisserie, Block Island (401) 466-2391. **88** Chair, a Robert Mallet-Stevens 1928 design, $210, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Colorcore Formica laminate kitchen cabinetry, by Universal Designs, Queens (718) 721-1111. Italian porcelain floor tile, by Fiandre, approx $5 sq ft, at Integrity Tile, Queens (718) 899-5540.

JANE FONDA'S SPA
Page 92 Capri lounge chairs, $604 ea, Cambridge side tables, $172 ea, Devon dining chairs, $232 ea, Arundel table with hole for umbrella, $901, Roma parasol, $1,305, base, $333, at Barlow Tyrie, for nearest dealer call (800) 451-7467. **94** Pairpoint lamp, from a collection, at Toulouse Antique Gallery, Los Angeles (213) 655-1271. Alderwood end table, approx $1,200, to the trade at Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204. Southwest cabinet, from a collection, at Umbrello (see above for pg 28). Sleigh bed, similar ones available in twin size, $600, from Habersham Plantation, for nearest dealer call (800) 241-0716. Charlotte cotton duvet, $490 full/queen, Charlotte cotton ruffled shams, $80 std, Polo white cotton flat and fitted sheets, $61 ea queen, Polo white cotton pillowcases, $43 pr std, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, San Francisco. **95** Star andirons, approx $1,000, to the trade at Richard Mulligan (see above). **96** Monterey lantern with etched sycamore filigree, $616 24" size, from Arroyo Craftsman Lighting, Duarte (818) 359-3298. **97** Astor Floral Cotton fabric for sham and duvet cover, 54" wide, $67.50 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Wedgwood's Franciscan Desert Rose china, $46.50 per 5-piece place setting, at Foster-Ingersoll, Los Angeles; Waterford Wedgwood, Chicago; Ivy House, Dallas; other Wedgwood dealers. Sweetheart bed, $1,100 queen, from Habersham Plantation (see above). Delta II fan (#141212D) with light fixture (#K1-12), globe (#G501), approx $250, from Casablanca, for nearest dealer call (818) 369-6441.

YANKEE PRESERVE
Pages 98–99 Romney chintz, 48" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. Normandie Bouclé cotton, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. March Bank Cotton Matelassé on left sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Daughtry Cloth viscose/flax orange-colored fabric, 48" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Moiré Ondine cotton/linen on curtains, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Large Chinese jardinière, $1,500, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Regency overmantel mirror, at Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. Natura natural-colored sisal carpeting, $58 sq yd, Chinese needlepoint rug, $51 sq ft, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **100–01** Hydrangea chintz 52¼" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Petite Bouquet wool carpet, $128 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above). Russell cording, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. **102–03** Jubilee Chintz, 52½" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Felicia Silk Plaid, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Quo Vadis viscose/cotton on chaise, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Bentley Ticking Stripe cotton/rayon/linen, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Buckland wallpaper, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Limerick wool broadloom carpeting, $102 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above).

GOTHIC GETAWAY
Page 107 Alfresco wool broadloom carpet, $85 sq yd, at Einstein Moomjy, NYC (212) 758-0900; also New Jersey stores. Bird's-eye maple dining chairs with Shaker-style woven seats, side chair, $560 ea, armchair, $620, to order from Ian Ingersoll, West Cornwall (203) 672-6334. **108** One-of-a-kind bird's-eye maple/cherry dining table, copper on painted wood cocktail table, by Mark Simon. Other designs, to order from Mark Simon, Centerbrook Architects & Planners, Essex (203) 767-0175. Le Nouveau II wool broadloom carpet, $80 sq yd, at Einstein Moomjy (see above). Lusty Lavender cotton, 54" wide, $55 yd, to the trade at Daphne Tyson, for nearest showroom call (800) 828-2454. Stained and painted ash bed, similar designs, to order from Trip Wyeth and Susan Edler, Centerbrook Architects & Planners (see above). Lloyd Loom–inspired armchair, $290, to order at Grange, NYC (212) 737-8080.

CLEAN SWEEP
Page 119 Hydrangea cotton duck cloth, 54" wide, $55 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach; Polo/Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto. **120–23** White cotton/sisal area rugs, range from 7'x9', $1,960, to 11'x18', $5,200, to the trade to order at Phoenix Carpet, NYC (212) 758-5070. **121** Julianne cotton damask on wicker chairs, 45" wide, $100 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Column lamp, $210, to the trade at Edward Russell Decorative Accessories, NYC (212) 226-1360. Antique Bessarabian kilim, similar ones, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Nelson lamp, $240, to the trade at Edward Russell Decorative Accessories (see above). English bell lantern, c. 1850, $1,600, from a collection, at Bardith I, NYC (212) 737-3775. Hurricane lamps, 12" size, $195, at Pierre Deux, NYC, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston, Carmel, Dallas, Houston, Kansas City, Newport Beach, Palm Beach, San Francisco, Scottsdale, Washington, D.C., Winnetka. French Park side chairs (#P491314), $45 ea, at Conran's, for nearest store call (800) 626-6726. **122** Yorkshire chairs in Alabaster linen, $1,335 ea, Yorkshire ottoman in Alabaster linen, $680, Whitney linen rugs, $285, 5'x7' size, $120, 3'x5' size, Village Stripe wallpaper, $32.50 std roll, Clearwater Supima-cotton herringbone bed blanket, $160 full/queen, Rosemary cotton dishtowel fabric for duvet and shams, $35 yd, oxford cloth tailored shams, $62 ea std, Marissa Lace cotton on curtains, 45" wide, $55 yd, Jasmine cotton on bathroom chair, 51½" wide, $35 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). **123** White linen on curtains, 58" wide, $77.50 yd, Clearwater Supima-cotton herringbone bed blankets, $190 ea king, Hemstitch linen duvet, $990 king, top sheet, $920 king, European-tailored shams, $135 ea, pillowcases, $75 ea std, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above). Rome lamp in foreground, $250, to the trade at Kostka of America, for nearest representative call (212) 213-0880.

AMERICAN FRONTIERS
Pages 124–27 For more information see Henry Adams's *Thomas Hart Benton: An American Original* (to be published in October by Alfred A. Knopf, $60) and Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith's *Jackson Pollock: An American Saga* (to be published in November by Clarkson N. Potter, $29.95).

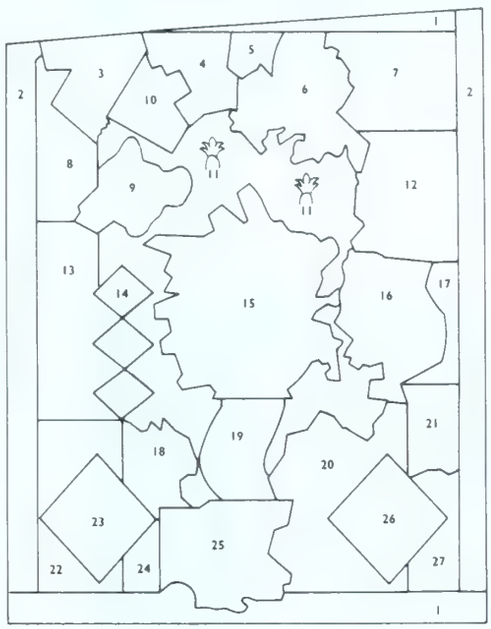
AN EDUCATED PALETTE
Pages 137–39 Leopard-pattern wool/nylon carpeting, $60 sq yd, from Safari Collection at Einstein Moomjy (see above for pg 107).

ABOVE IT ALL
Pages 152–53 Jardin Tropical silk on foreground chairs, 55" wide, $150 yd, La Vie Japon-

aise silk on curtains, 55" wide, $180 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). Volnay Texture cotton on L-shaped sofa, all fringes and tassels, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). Custom Portuguese needlepoint carpet, $60 sq ft, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Richard Guillen, Laguna Niguel; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Wroolie & LoPresti, San Francisco; Collins Draheim, Seattle; W. F. Carter, Tempe; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. **154** Harrow Damask Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). BPS Portuguese needlepoint rug, $4,500, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 98–99). Beauchamp wool runner, $88 per linear yd, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). **156–57** Stissing cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Charles Gelfond, Miami; C. L. McRae, San Francisco; Marion Kent, Washington, D.C.; Carleton Varney at Greenbrier Hotel (retail), White Sulphur Springs. Magique Border, Winfield chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98–99). **157** Barroco Lace, acrylic/polyester, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98–99). Roses Pompon wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). Petite Fleur wool carpeting (custom colors), $128.50 sq yd, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). **158** Coromandel cotton fabric on wing chairs, 54" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). **158–59** Howqua's Garden Cotton Print (laminated), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99).

SAMPLES/DOORS

Page 160 Centennial Bouquet linen, 53" wide, $126 yd, to the trade at F. Schumacher & Co., NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Bailey Showrooms, Kansas City; Prade, Milwaukee; Edward Linder & Assoc., Pittsburgh; Designer Resource, Portland; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Carlos fringe of Dralon, used at Soughton Hall, Chester, England, 4" wide, $29:70 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander & Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach, Los Angeles; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Giltwood spearhead and flight finials, by Clare Mosley, $775 pr, at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320. Mezzotints, c. 1760, by J. J. Haid, $12,000 for set of 10, at Ursus Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-8787. Chevalier Stripe chintz, green viscose fringe, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 98–99). Late 19th century Aubusson rug, 4'6"x7'8", $22,000, to the trade at Braganza, NYC (212) 371-4630. Marbleized ceramic urn, $8,250 pr, at Kogan & Co., NYC (212) 288-8523. Gilt resin and metal acanthus tieback, $132, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Louis XV–style brass fittings, 24-kt gold: lever (#7191), $90, escutcheon (#7192), $115, thumb knob (#7194), $46, at P. E. Guerin, NYC; to the trade at Rozmallin, Chicago; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Keith H. McCoy & Assoc., Los Angeles; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco. Silk tassel, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. **162** La Gloire de la Mer linen/cotton, 50" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Grey Watkins, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles, Washington D.C.; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Sea horse armchair, welded cast aluminum in Pompeian green finish, $575, to order at Florentine Craftsmen, NYC (212) 532-3926. Cirque cotton, 48" wide, $15 yd, at Laura Ashley, for nearest store call (800) 223-6917. Gray rayon gimp around door, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. Pewter-plated brass seashell doorknob (#7048), $187.50, to order at P. E. Guerin (see above). Bamboo chairs with brass finials, $9,000 for set of 6, at L'Aquitaine Interiors, NYC (212) 219-9332. Italian delft-patterned earthenware jars with covers, $150 ea, to the trade at Limited Editions, NYC (212) 249-5563. Potomac Linen Check linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). Bei Jing cotton, 55" wide, $117 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. Antique glass doorknob, $90, from a collection, at P. E. Guerin (see above). Blue rayon gimp around door, to the trade at Standard Trimming, NYC. Chinese Man plaster brackets (#815), $60 ea, from Ballard Designs, 2148-J Hills Ave., Dept. 596, Atlanta, GA 30318.



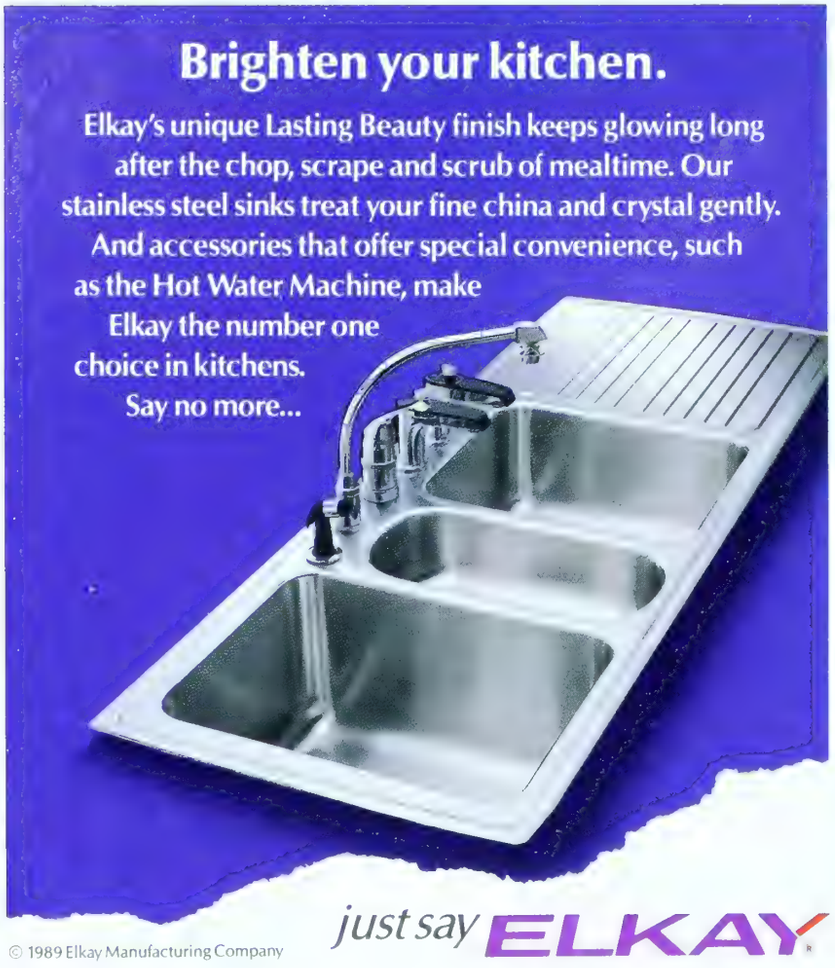
SAMPLES/FRUIT FABRICS

Page 164 KEY TO FABRIC COLLAGE **1.** Pomegranates cotton fabric, 54" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). **2.** Lemons cotton (two patterns), 54" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors, NYC (see above for pg 162). **3.** Château Renaud linen/cotton, 58" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). **4.** Popoli cotton, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman & Assoc., Seattle. **5.** Balmoral Harvest Tapestry wool/cotton, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 54" wide, $275 yd, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach, San Francisco. **6.** Les Vendanges glazed cotton, 54" wide, $109.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 98–99). **7.** Bradley Theorem cotton, 54" wide, $34 yd, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). **8.** Summer Harvest cotton, 36" wide, $41 yd, to the trade at Greeff, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Port Chester, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. **9.** Fruit Theorem, glazed cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). **10.** Strawberry Hill glazed cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). **11.** Pineapples polished cotton, by Dek Tillett, 48" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett, Sheffield; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mimi London, Los Angeles; Decorators Walk, Miami; Walters Wicker, NYC; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Billi Born, Troy; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. **12.** Finistère glazed cotton chintz, by Galacar & Co., 50" wide, $97.50 yd, to the trade at Carleton V, NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia, West Palm Beach; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Clifford Stephens, Los Angeles. **13.** Montrachet Print on Moiré cotton/rayon, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). **14.** Framboise cotton, to the trade at Payne Fabrics, for nearest showroom call (800) 543-4322. **15.** Lemons cotton, 57"x138", $915 panel, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). **16.** Villandry cotton, by Bassett McNabb, for nearest showroom call (215) 922-8717. **17.** Plums cotton satin, 54" wide, $68 yd, to the trade at Laura Ashley Decorator Collection, for nearest showroom call (800) 847-0202. **18.** Eliza glazed cotton, 53" wide, $42 yd, Historic Natchez Foundation Collection, to the trade from Schumacher (see above for pg 160). **19.** Kelmscott Vine cotton, 54" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **20.** Corinthe cotton, 59" wide, $72 yd, by Etamine, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC, for nearest showroom call (212) 421-0534. **21.** Same as #17 above. **22.** Riviera cotton, 55" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France (see #20 above). **23.** Same as #2 above. **24.** Pommerie cotton, by Bises Novità, 55" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Boris Kroll, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **25.** Filoli Tapestry linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pgs 98–99). **26.** Flowers cotton, 54" wide, $135 yd, to the trade at L'Aquitaine Interiors (see above for pg 162). **27.** Frutteto cotton, 54" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.

FORECASTS

Page 166 Faience tulipière, by Mottahedeh, $2,250, at La Falce, Campbell, Robbin, Canton (203) 693-8345. Faience cup and saucer, by Mottahedeh, $200 set of four, at Barneys New York, NYC; George Watts & Son, Milwaukee. Armchair, cast aluminum, Pompeian green finish, $575, at Florentine Craftsmen, NYC (212) 532-3926. Embroidered cotton piqué jacket (#4510), approx $5,600, long red silk-crepe skirt (#4406), approx $800, from spring 1989 couture collection by Oscar de la Renta, NYC (212) 354-6777. Parrot Tulips wallpaper, by Cynthia Gibson, std roll, $33, matching cotton, 54" wide, $26 yd, for nearest store call (800) 272-2766. Painted box, $125, at Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE





Precious Metals

(Continued from page 151) Zimmermann herself resisted restrictions. In the 1930s, when a law was passed requiring goldsmiths and silversmiths to record all purchases of these metals and their use and resale of them, Zimmermann declared, "I am an artist, not a bookkeeper," and closed her workshop.

Shortly afterward, she left the city for her family farm in Pennsylvania and never worked again. Life in the country, where she could enjoy the natural environment she had always incorporated into her designs, suited her. She was a keen horsewoman, a crack shot (her Purdey shotgun was custom-made to suit her diminutive size), and so skillful with a fly fishing rod that she was the first woman invited into the fiercely guarded male ranks of the local hunting and fishing club.

She taught her great-nephew Jack Zimmermann to fly-cast, and while they fished in the stream on the family property, she told him stories about her life and work that she had never told anyone else. Before her death in 1972, she mentioned a silver and crystal box that New York's Metropolitan Museum had included in one of its shows in the 1920s and subsequently purchased. But her work had been dispersed and her talent forgotten to such an extent that when Jack Zimmermann inquired at the Met about "Aunt Marie's piece," there was no trace of it. "They had no biography, no record of purchase, nothing," he says. "I kept insisting, and I think they were about ready to throw me out." Thanks, however, to his insistence, a misfiled card was located, and having been forced to rediscover Marie Zimmermann, the museum eventually displayed a small selection of her artifacts.

Recently one of her lotus petal bowls was included in "The Art That Is Life," an important exhibition of Arts and Crafts work at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and New York's Hirschl & Adler Galleries will include a similar bowl in a forthcoming Arts and Crafts show. Dealer Rosalie Berberian of ARK Antiques in New Haven, Connecticut, first discovered Zimmermann's work in a Christie's auction seven or eight years ago and has been assembling it ever since. "Zimmermann doesn't seem to have been tied to any one traditional influence," Berberian remarks. "She had an advanced aesthetic for the times in which she lived. Her lines are very strong, very sure, but just when I think I know the work, I come across something else and find myself thinking, 'Oh my goodness, did she really do that too?'" ▲

Above It All

(Continued from page 157) room at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, and a New Jersey yacht club with its adjacent dockominiums.

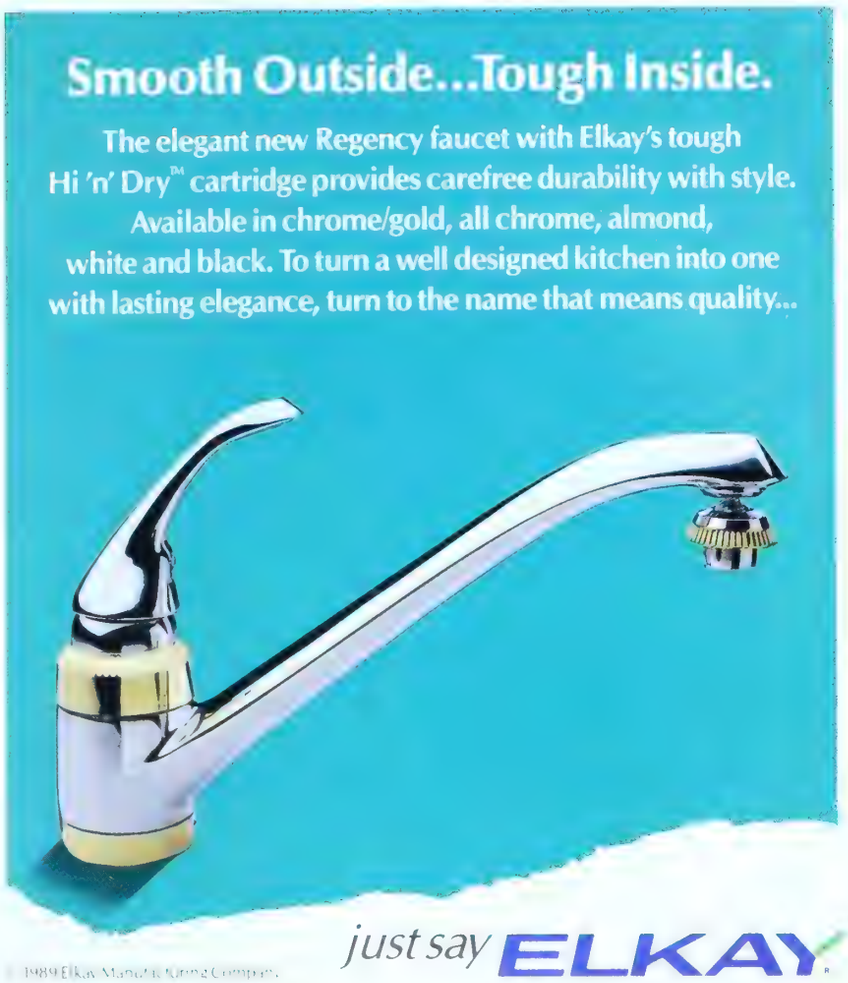
Accordingly, the Biggses' triplex features most of the contents of their previous apartment, "shuffled around" along color lines, according to the decorator. Furniture from her former blue dining room and a small guest room is now ensconced in the indigo guest bedroom. The new living room is pale peach, chosen to flatter the Oriental porcelains—her passion—and the black-lacquer chinoiserie. In the dining room she retained the mustard-hued chinoiserie paneling, after initial reservations. "If you're a blue and white person, it's tough to become a yellow and green person," she explains.

When it came to the top-floor master bedroom, she confesses that she desperately wanted sky blue. But she went with celadon, to complement the room's botanical prints. The choice was winning. Filled with greenery, the room feels like some wonderful secret bower eighteen floors above Manhattan —360 degrees of which shimmers from its part-wraparound terrace. Anybody who could climb up to this aerie would have to allow that—like the National Gallery and Garbo's salary, an O'Neill drama and Whistler's mama—it's the top, by Cole Porter standards or any other.

Best of all, this garden flows seamlessly from within, where trompe l'oeil rosebushes and trellises climb the walls, to without, where rosebushes grow along with daffodils, weeping Siberian peas, climbing wisteria, drop-leaf maples, Russian olives, and many another verdant thing. ▲

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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Clean Sweep

(Continued from page 122) next to a rustic step stool whose treads supply open shelf space. Amid such vignettes of studied austerity, the occasional whimsy of a primitive toy or the ornamental flourish of a weather vane betrays a sure hand with the small gestures that give intimate scale and warmth to a spare aesthetic.

On the two long verandas, antique wicker combines with Adirondack chairs and bistro furniture to extend the mood of cultivated serenity outdoors. Porch columns and beaded-board ceilings were refurbished as carefully as interior wainscots and mantelpieces, in the spirit of the painstaking restoration conducted throughout the house by architect John C. Fondrisi. The visible result of his work belies the scope of the project, since the building now looks as though it has merely been maintained—impeccably—over the decades since earlier owners remodeled what had been a farmhouse, around 1910. In fact, Fondrisi reoriented the entrance by creating a new façade (after earlier haphazard alterations had made the front door indistinguishable from the back), totally reorganized the service wing and kitchen, and stripped the exterior down to the frame to replace rotted clapboard with new stained shingles.

"All summer long," says Lyn Peterson, "we'd catch the painter hosing down the sides of the house that aren't hit by the ocean spray so that the shingles would weather evenly." Peterson also remembers how during construction "local dowagers—those erect women of eighty in plaid skirts—would walk by, glance at the house, and say, 'They seem like a nice young couple, but I don't think they should have done a thing to the place.' " It's easy to imagine the same ladies passing by the house this summer and praising it as an example of how the best things, the simple pleasures, of their little colony never really change. ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

Yankee Preserve

(Continued from page 103) lit by candlelight alone. "It makes everyone and everything look voluptuous—even the food," she says.

With its bay window, eclectic mix of Japanese pinewood chairs, early American hutch, and Chinese export porcelain, the breakfast room, added by Hampton, is to the owner the "perfect morning room in which to relax and be alone, just sitting and reading the newspaper over a cup of coffee." Though admittedly not much of a gardener, she planted a bed of roses last spring directly outside, to bring the outdoors into the breakfast room. "It's work to maintain them," she says, "but they bring me great joy."

Toward the front of the house, with a view to the drive, is the study. In warm tones, the room is just big enough to accommodate a desk, a fireplace, and bookshelves. Here she feels safe and sound. Hampton says small rooms give that sense of security: "Most people do not feel comfortable in a large room with a lot of empty chairs."

Many of the whimsical pieces in her collection ended up in her new bedroom. Hampton finds humor here, as it is a "mix of everything—every period of furniture from the French commode to the English chests—and every color and pattern (plaids, florals, and stripes), not to mention the few pieces of children's furniture." The size of the children's pieces makes their owner feel "cozy," perhaps appropriate, she herself being quite petite. The walls are pale green, the color of lime juice. Hampton says, "Most people would not use it in a bedroom, but I find it fresh, watery, and pure." Clearly, decorator and client here had an enviable relationship. "It was more than a collaboration," she says. "It was fun, like playing." ♠ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*

Educated Palette

(Continued from page 139) title, and it takes the somber subject of Van Gogh's *The Potato Eaters* and restates it in terms of free-running and irrepressible high spirits.) If there is in one corner a lamp that doubles as a rather wimpish fountain and yields no more than an almost invisible spray, they will look at it with shared glee and say, "Every dentist should have one." There are objects already long in the canon of high art—a tiny black painting by Frank Stella, a piece of wedding cake by Claes Oldenburg—and there is a painting by Roy Lichtenstein which has its place in art history not only as one of the artist's very rare landscapes but—rarer still—as his only English landscape.

But although it would be difficult not to notice the very late self-portrait by Andy Warhol, the Rosenblums' greatest pleasure is not to point the visitor in the direction of celebrity art but to make us look at work that we have not seen a hundred times elsewhere. At one end of the living room, for instance, there is a big double-sided folding screen by David McDermott and Peter McGough. On the panels of the facing side, members of the jeunesse dorée of the year 1925 are seen to be taking their ease, with uniformed staff in attendance. On the other side, life below stairs is portrayed with an equal vivacity. The result has elements of parody (not least in its pictorial style), but it is also a tour de force of—what else, in this house?—intelligent historicization. ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Block Island Light

(Continued from page 90) designed by Geoffrey, except for one steel chair, are at a Zen-like minimum. A storage closet and the bathroom are housed in a gabled structure with two doors that look as if they might pop open any second to reveal clockwork figures.

But humor and beauty coexist easily here. Spending time in this unique house, you have the feeling of being under translucent tents of pale, glorious ocean color. Each structure has its own key hue: aqua for the living room, pink for Ela's kitchen, a slightly different pink for the bathroom. The ceilings are a very light blue. "We used pure pigment added to a white base," Geoffrey says. "It's hand-mixed paint, with three coats on top of a white undercoat. So while the colors are subtle, they're very intense, even on a dull day. The light really does bounce around. I tried to get the color of the ceiling to match the sky—the ceiling goes into the sky."

Ela, who refers to no recipes when creating her one-of-a-kind pastries, is proud that Geoffrey does the same thing. "Usually when people try to create something, they borrow from here and there; they make it too complicated," she says. "Look at most buildings today. Geoffrey makes something completely simple and completely new. That for me is the mark of a true artist. That, and that he doesn't call himself an artist." ♠



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Gandee AT LARGE

Julia Child—Still cooking at 76

"Save the liver!" shrieked Julia Child in that remarkable patrician voice of hers—only a Monty Python falsetto comes even close. And then she roared with laughter. I had asked if she had enjoyed Dan Aykroyd's characterization of her, in what is arguably the funniest skit of *Saturday Night Live*'s long tenure—the one in which Aykroyd in drag as Child lethally gouges himself/herself while wrestling with a chicken—and she responded by mimicking Aykroyd mimicking her.

Julia—it never occurred to me to call her Mrs. Child—is in a jolly mood this particularly perfect Saturday afternoon. She and her husband, Paul, adore southern California; they love being bicoastal. They used to be tricoastal, but the annual trek to their house outside Grasse in the south of France is now "a bit too much" for Paul, who celebrated his 87th birthday in January. And besides, the last time they went everyone came down with the flu. "It was dreadful," recalled Julia, rolling her eyes in mock horror. "You know how the French love their suppositories—even the poor cat!"

So Paul and Julia now divide the year between their rambling house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and their modest condominium in Santa Barbara, which is where I stopped in for lunch.

"Come into the kitchen," beckoned my hostess when I presented myself at the door. She was wearing a brilliant green skirt, a sprightly striped blouse, and massive athletic shoes with thick soles and lots of racy graphics. "We're having quiche, free-form quiche," she announced. "I've declared that quiche is back in style." So in I went. Save for a butcher block–top work island and a pegboard wall laden down with well-worn pots, pans, and assorted paraphernalia, Julia's kitchen is standard condominium issue. There's even a small microwave perched on top of the refrigerator. "I use it to melt butter and defrost homemade bread," she explained.

Julia then poured three glasses of chardonnay, and we got acquainted while she washed and ripped romaine for the salad. "How old are you?" she queried, out of the blue. "Thirty-six! And you still have all your hair!" "Married?" came the next question. "No, well that'll come. And can you cook?" she asked inevitably. I told her about my success with chicken and my failure with fish. "If it's falling apart, you're leaving it in too long," she said. "Don't leave it in so long."



When lunch was ready, Julia, Paul, and I adjourned to the living room with the quiche, the salad, and the white wine. (The condominium dining room has been turned into Julia's office.) "I feel as if I've been let out of jail," she sighed, bearing down on the quiche with a massive cleaver. She was referring to the recent completion of her seventh book, *The Way to Cook*. "I wrote every word in it," said Julia, who then excused herself to retrieve the galleys of the 500-page tome, which she dropped next to my plate. "It's not trying to be an encyclopedia," she explained. "It covers a lot of ground, though—what I would consider the basics." Julia noted that *The Way to Cook* includes 800 color photographs—"all taken from the cook's point of view," she added proudly. "This is very important."

Julia's publisher, Knopf, has scheduled an October publication date, and she is excited by the prospect of the cross-country publicity tour that will follow in November. "You've got to go out and sell it," said Julia. "No sense spending all that time—five years on this one—and then hiding your light under a bushel. My mother used to say, 'If you don't blow your own horn, nobody else is going to blow it for you.' Besides, I'm a ham," added the woman who once dropped a potato pancake onto the floor of the oven on camera, then scooped it up, placed it back on the rack, and advised her television viewing audience, "Remember, you're alone in the kitchen."

Although Julia is an energetic saleswoman for her books and how-to videos, she draws the line at selling her name. She has steadfastly refused to endorse anything other than good cooking. And when others have taken the liberty of appropriating her name for their own commercial purposes, Julia sues. And wins. "There was a hotel that said, 'Julia Child says such and such a restaurant is the best in town.' They had big banners and everything. So we sued them and won $50,000, which is now in a trust fund sending people abroad to study. Then there was a computer company that used someone who had my voice, and they said, 'Here's a recipe for the computer. Bon appétit!' And it was called Julia Wild or something. So we sued them and won $40,000, and that's gone for something else. We keep hoping someone else will do it," she added. "It's easy money. But I'm afraid the word gets around that I'll sue."

I asked Julia how she felt about actress Jean Stapleton, who appropriated Child's persona in the musical monologue *Bon Appétit!*, which was presented at the Kennedy Center in Washington this past March. "She's wonderful," reported Julia, who hadn't yet seen *Bon Appétit!*, though she had been in correspondence with Stapleton about the recipe for *gâteau au chocolat l'Éminence Brune*, the preparation of which is the ostensible plot of the musical.

"Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" asked Julia, when the coffee and honey vanilla ice cream had come and gone. "No? Well then we'll be seeing you," she said, escorting me out to the terrace from where you can see the ocean in one direction and the mountains in the other. "Aren't we lucky?" said Julia, taking in the view—and Paul's hand.

Charles Gandee

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